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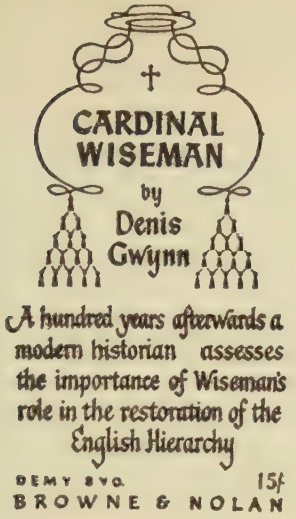

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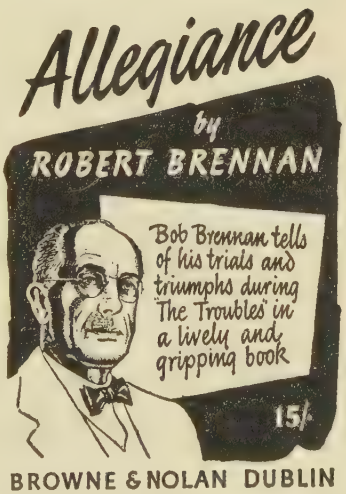
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LOOKING BACK

BY MICHAEL TIERNEY
President, University College, Dublin

WAS it a little unkind of the Editor of that delightful book *A Page of Irish History* to remark in a footnote that the connection of *Studies* with the new University College was not so close as that of its predecessor with the old? There is at least one member of the College staff whose feelings towards *Studies*, to whose pages he has been perhaps an all-too-frequent contributor, can yield nothing in piety, affection and admiration to those which his old teachers and friends must have felt in the vanished world of Dr. Delany towards the *New Ireland Review*. Bravely and brilliantly indeed did that journal and its distant forerunner *The Lyceum* realise in their day the hopes cherished by Newman when he founded *The Atlantis* ninety-two years ago. It was the imperishable contribution to Irish education of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus that they blew into new brightness the languishing flame of Newman's ideal. Like him, they showed themselves determined that the University should be more than a place where the young are shepherded through an endless series of lecture-halls towards the abattoir of periodic examinations. It was also to be a nursery of vigorous and challenging opinion, a hotbed of living ideas; and as for Newman, so for the Finlay brothers and their fellows the publication of a journal was as essential a part of University activity as oral teaching.

When the College of Gerard Manley Hopkins and James Joyce, of W. P. Coyne, F. J. Sheehy-Skeffington and William Magennis was transformed through the queer instrumentality of Edward VII's Charter into the College of Denis J. Coffey, Arthur Conway, Douglas Hyde and Eoin Mac Neill, the Society withdrew, indeed, with grace and dignity from the leading role it had so successfully played for nearly forty years in 86 St. Stephen's Green; but it was far from fading away, and its stamp on the new College, while different, is as clear and definite as on the old. *Studies* began to appear in 1912 almost as soon as the new College had got into its stride. It was published from 35, Lower Leeson Street for the simple reason that only the Jesuits had the organisation, the resources and the cohesive ability to publish it. Like the earlier journals, it was from the beginning more than merely an instrument for the publication of academic treatises cut to article-length. It was written mainly by scholars, but not for scholars, and strove at all times to reach and meet the needs of a wide as well as a highly-educated public. Perhaps there is something especially Irish in this pragmatic blend of the learned and

the popular. At any rate it has by now become a well-nigh centenary tradition of Newman's University, and *Studies* is as unmistakably its natural medium as was *Atlantis*.

Modesty should at this point restrain a constant writer from further praise of a journal which has so gallantly printed his own effusions for nearly thirty years. If I emphasise the success of *Studies* in maintaining and enriching a tradition in a special kind of journalism of which University College and Irish Catholics have a fair right to be proud, it is only in order to express with no less emphasis the gratitude which College and nation together owe to the Editor who now relinquishes its direction after thirty-six years of devoted, unremitting and immeasurably skilful labour. Father P. J. Connolly took over the editorship from the late Father Timothy Corcoran in July 1914, less than a week before the outbreak of the first World War. He saw *Studies* through the Rebellion, the War of Independence, the excitements of the Treaty and the Civil War, the many great changes and crises of the long peace, the second World War and its aftermath, culminating in the final establishment of the Republic of Ireland. From the beginning he gave its pages the quality of that actuality which I think he prizes most highly even in the remotest and most forbidding fastnesses of learning. Practically every question on which public opinion was active, whether that question was political, economic, literary, religious or moral, will be found discussed in the long row of the volumes he has edited ; and many times under his unobtrusive and gentle, but none the less authoritative and watchful guidance have new questions been brought before the public mind and major items of public policy shaped into readiness for the action of statesmen.

Father Connolly was of course fortunate in having been called to his difficult, if rewarding, task near the beginning of perhaps the most remarkable epoch of constructive activity in a thousand years of Irish history. Hardly since the days of St. Malachy have Irish thinkers, writers and men of action been so busy and at such high levels as during the generation whose achievement is epitomised for its future historian in the volumes of *Studies*. Nor has anything been more characteristic of his editorship than its liberality, which has welcomed contributions from writers of every creed and drawn freely on every Irish University. A list of the contributors to *Studies* will be found to omit very few of the famous Irish names of that brilliant generation, and to include a surprising number of names famous all over the world. It is quite intimidating to reflect on the host of great men from whom Father Connolly has exacted tribute, and on the powers of persuasion he has displayed so successfully for so long—not to mention the tact and skill required from him in cutting their often pretty recalcitrant contributions into the form dictated by his unfailingly firm and definite standards.

Editorship, one must suppose, is an art in itself, or rather several distinct arts: the qualities required, for example, from the editor of a daily newspaper are scarcely the same as those that bring success to a weekly, a monthly, or—least of all—a quarterly. It would be as futile to inquire by what means Father Connolly kept to such heights of unfailing excellence in his editorship of *Studies* as to seek to account for Shaw's achievement as a dramatist or Eliot's as a poet. The only possible answer to such a question lies in the undiscovered domain of personality. There is always something in the power of the artist that is compounded of attraction and compulsion—as Plato might say, of *peitho* and *ananke*. Some such power was wielded by Father Connolly over the contributors with whom he worked as an artist with his materials. Like many great editors, he wrote little himself; but no one could excel the exactness with which he judged just what treatment a subject required. From another aspect he might be called a most skilful hunter. Having lured a possible contributor into a preliminary consent by the gentlest blowings on his elfin horn, he would suddenly change into an inexorable pursuer, a tireless tracker, a watcher with a hundred eyes. Elusive enough the quarry often was, insensitive to the most lifelike decoys, unpredictable in the direction of its efforts to escape, recalcitrant even when caught to all the arts of the tamer; but, as always happens in such a relation, the difficulty of the challenge only provoked greater and greater skill in the response.

On the 7th December, 1939, the National University conferred on Father Connolly the degree of Doctor of Literature, *Honoris Causa*. It is characteristic of his deep modesty that he dislikes being given the style of Doctor in ordinary address. Few have better deserved it, for the strict and literal reason that he has taught a whole generation of men who might without him have remained mute at least the beginnings of self-expression. True to the tradition set by his predecessors in the old College, he has always welcomed contributions from younger writers, guided their first faltering steps in authorship and castigated their literary efforts with a zeal no less kindly for its apparent sternness. If at times the tasks he set were beyond the powers of amateurs, if his desire for actuality led him to suggest subjects which tended to shatter the mould of a quarterly and might have better suited a less serious or more ephemeral journal than his own, the cause was inherent in the necessities of the pragmatic policy from which he has always been unwilling to waver. More wary contributors learned in time to hesitate about making suggestions for articles of their own, in case they might find themselves compelled by that gentle insistence to translate their random ventures into words. It was vain, too, to plead that a particular subject was too wide in scope or would require a book for its proper treatment; this might easily end

in the proposition that the easiest way to write a book was by instalments in *Studies*.

Though there has recently been a welcome revival in the kind of serious journalism of which Father Connolly is such a master, the last thirty years has been a hard period for quarterlies. Our present world is far less favourable to their survival than the very different one into which *Studies* was born. Public opinion, in spite of the cant about progress which still remains fashionable, is now much less amenable to rational guidance, or to the influence of trained and logical discussion, than it was before the wars. Though the Universities have swollen in population far beyond what was dreamt of when Edward VII gave the College its Charter, their resources have not kept pace with their growth, and their task of maintaining and strengthening humane traditions has grown more exacting through the social and political upheavals for which the century has won such distinction. The continued existence of *Studies* at the level at once of scholarly inquiry and of appeal to an educated intelligence to which Father Connolly brought it under unceasing difficulties is a necessity both for the College and the nation it serves. He will, I am sure, ask for no better acknowledgement of the value of his work than the determination to continue it in the spirit he inherited from predecessors stretching back to Newman and has handed on invigorated and enriched by his own long years of unselfish devotion.

Perhaps I may be allowed to end this brief tribute to a fellow-Galwayman with whom my own association has suddenly begun to appear almost startingly long by an expression of my personal gratitude for his limitless forbearance, for his unfailing kindness towards compositions of very varying merit, and for the friendship, help, and counsel to which I should like publicly to acknowledge an indebtedness only second to what I owe one other, also a Jesuit Father, my beloved teacher and master, Henry Browne.

MICHAEL TIERNEY

BARON VON HÜGEL AND THE CATHOLIC RELIGION

BY HUMPHREY J. T. JOHNSON

WITHIN two years the centenary of the most remarkable, though not the wisest, religious teacher the present century has seen will come round and the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Friedrich von Hügel will be widely celebrated throughout the Protestant world. Catholics will have to make up their minds whether they will join in these celebrations or treat the centenary as one which it is best discreetly to pass over. Both views will have their supporters. Baron von Hügel was not a public figure in English Catholic life. He was not invited to speak at Catholic congresses. Few English Catholics knew him at all well and his intellectual contacts lay rather with Liberal Protestants.

I

The son of an Austrian diplomat who represented the Emperor at the Grand-ducal court of Tuscany, Friedrich von Hügel was born in Florence in 1852. His mother was Scotch and the family settled in England when he was a boy. At the age of eighteen he passed through a spiritual crisis and devoted himself seriously to the practice of the Catholic religion. Four years later an attack of typhoid rendered him deaf, an affliction which grew worse with time. Von Hügel married a convert daughter of the statesman Sydney Herbert first Lord Herbert of Lea whose widow was also a convert. Giuseppe Prezzolini speaks of the Baron as a link between the English, German and Italian aristocracies (*Cos'è il Modernismo?* p. 75).

In early years drawn to the study of Natural Science von Hügel's later interests were in the philosophy of religion and the higher criticism of the Bible. In the latter science his first master was the German priest and orientalist, Gustav Bickell. Von Hügel leaned sympathetically to the more radical school of Loisy rather than to that of the French Dominicans at Jerusalem; an attitude which had disastrous results on his friend, Father George Tyrrell. Indeed, once while he was making his thanksgiving after Holy Communion the Baron tells us that his prayers were disturbed by a fear that he had "urged too much or too rapidly" on Tyrrell "the Wernle-Troeltsch-Weiss-Loisy contention as to the large element of Hereafter and Non-morality in the First Form of Christianity".

Few priests, and hardly any laymen were at that time interested in the higher criticism of the Bible, and the Baron's interests were shared by but a tiny handful of Catholics in England. Abroad he was better

known. His first and greatest book, the *Mystical Element of Religion* (2 vols.), appeared in 1908, the fruit of ten years labour. As his example of the mystical life in the Catholic Church he chose St. Catherine of Genoa, a contemplative who lived before the Tridentine reforms which he regarded as having narrowed the Church's spirit. For the diabolical mysticism accepted by Schram and Görres he felt disgust and contempt, and he made use of the teachings of Pierre Janet and William James in the elucidation of religious experience. Combined with the study of St. Catherine and her friends is an exposition of the author's religious philosophy. Its central thesis is that religion consists of a synthesis of three elements, the traditional, historical or institutional, the intellectual or speculative, and the mystical or experimental. In Christianity he maintains that the first is represented by the Petrine " School ", the second by the Pauline and the third by the Johannine. The book has undoubtedly exercised a very deep influence on all subsequent writers on mysticism or the philosophy of religion though the author's defence of the doctrine of the eternity of future punishment did not everywhere meet with approval. The *Mystical Element of Religion* appeared at a time when its author's close relations with men like Tyrrell and Loisy made him an object of suspicion among those who accounted themselves orthodox Catholics, and a few months after its publication he wrote to Tyrrell that he had heard from a well-informed source in Rome that no Catholic bookseller dare expose it for sale owing to pressure from the Cardinal Secretary of State (Merry del Val).

Von Hügel's next book *Eternal Life* (1912) gives perhaps the most complete synthesis of his teaching to be found. Written at the request of the Presbyterian divine, Dr. James Hastings, as an article for the *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics* which he was editing, it was found on completion to be far too long, and was published as a separate work. The concept of eternal life is analysed as it appears in the ancient orient, in Graeco-Roman, Jewish-Hellenistic and Christian times leading up to a study of contemporary systems of philosophy and theology of evolution and of the Socialist movement, which is followed by a survey of institutional religion. *Eternal Life* is a work of extraordinary industry and erudition and contains some penetrating judgments, but the author's animus against the Roman Curia crops up. On the outbreak of war in 1914 von Hügel took British nationality and made, perhaps unwisely, a contribution to war literature entitled the *German Soul*. Two volumes of collected *Essays and Addresses* on sundry theological and philosophical topics, papers delivered to various audiences, none of them Catholic, were later published, and a fragment of his incompleted ' Gifford Lectures ' edited by his friend Edmund Gardner appeared posthumously. In 1926, a year after his death, appeared a volume of the Baron's *Selected Letters*, prefixed by a not very satisfactory memoir by another friend Bernard Holland. In 1937 Miss

M. D. Petre published von Hügel's correspondence with George Tyrrell. The Baron occasionally wrote papers in French or German and was a contributor to the Italian Modernist periodical *Il Rinnovamento*, to his articles in which reference will later be made. The death in 1914 of Pius X brought a certain relief to him. For he regarded both Benedict XV and Pius XI as relatively enlightened men.

During the last ten years of his life it was whispered that the Baron had changed. It was said that he was a cruelly misjudged man who had held some rash opinions on the subject of Biblical Criticism but was profoundly orthodox at heart. He underwent a kind of quasi-rehabilitation. On a visit to Oxford he stayed with the Jesuits at Plater's Hall. A biography of von Hügel is at present being prepared by the Editor of the *Catholic Herald* who has already let us know that he takes a favourable view of this thinker's religious orthodoxy. In a letter to the *Times* of 23 November 1949 he refers to von Hügel as " a loyal and utterly convinced Catholic " and in an article in his own paper on 27 January of the present year he defends this view, while qualifying it by the admission that the Baron was not always wise and his conduct not always objectively defensible. In the opinion of the present writer the view that Friedrich von Hügel was an orthodox Catholic is one which it is dangerous to assume without weighing some passages in his writings, though often it is difficult to do this owing to the cumbrousness and obscurity of the style.

II

That Friedrich von Hügel believed in a personal God is beyond dispute. He had no use for either the higher or the lower pantheism. The doctrine of the Blessed Trinity he valued as preventing any co-ordination between God and creatures ; " God is God, already apart from His occupation with us ". (*Essays and Addresses* II p. 218). It was a ' grand preservative ' against any theory which would make God ' a mirror and purveyor of men's wants.' (*Essays and Addresses* I p. 277). The doctrine of the Two Natures in Christ as defined by the Council of Chalcedon von Hügel found full of difficulties while admitting that it ' stammered out ' and protected ' a nucleus of truth ' which was still of priceless worth. (*Essays and Addresses* II p. 196). But he considered that insufficient attention had been paid to ' obscurities, weaknesses, growths, temptations ' in the life of Christ which appeared to him ' on clear record in the Synoptic Gospels '. (ib.). More than once the Baron asserts that Christ committed no actual sin. But he seems no less clearly to affirm that Our Lord shared in the ' proneness ' to sin which we attribute to the Fall. This is perhaps due to the fact that von Hügel's mind contained no clear ideas on the subject of original sin. He found the Tridentine decree more philosophical than the opinions of the

Protestant Reformers and declared it to be " an impressive proclamation of the profoundest truths, the necessity of God's help from the first and the solidarity of mankind in evil as well as in good ". Yet he believed that parts of the decree had been undermined by the progress of science and was critical of the statement that original sin possesses the " true and proper nature of sin ". (*Mystical Element* ii. 299-301).

It is in the light of his views on original sin that we must consider von Hügel's doctrine of the Incarnation. Rejecting that of a primaeval innocence he held that there could have been no true Incarnation unless there had existed in the Incarnated One a propensity to sin. This makes him critical of theologians whom he censures for denying the " reality " of Christ's temptations. A true Incarnation involved also, he maintained, intellectual error in Him who was incarnate. He must be subject to the limitations imposed by his environment. It was fitting, the Baron argued, that the Incarnation should take place in the Jewish race since the Jews were more religiously advanced than other peoples. From this he proceeds to a gratuitous assumption. " It was impossible " he says " for the Revealer not to imagine, think, feel and will except with Jewish categories, images and emotions ". One such category was that divine action was conceived as instantaneous. (*Essays and Addresses*, I 124-127). Under the influence of this last idea he supposes that Christ fell into the error of believing that His own Second Advent would precede the destruction of the Jewish Temple.

Von Hügel seems to have rejected all miracles except those of healing, explicable as the result of a strong suggestion conveyed to the mind of the person cured, though he would allow that such a suggestion may come from God. Miracle in the higher religions, he says, is composed of " three vivid interdependent apprehensions ", firstly, " the vivid apprehension of something unique being produced *hic et nunc* in a particular soul ". Secondly, the vivid apprehension " that this unique experience comes from the one divine *spirit* to this particular human spirit ". The third of these apprehensions is that the effect of spirit upon spirit is not restricted to the human spirit alone, but that the spirit can affect the body and " the visible exterior condition and history of mankind " . . . " grave difficulties," he continues, " arise only when these three central experiences constitute breaches within the phenomenal rind and level of natural reality—breaches which can be demonstrated to be such by Natural Science itself ". (*Essays and Addresses* I, 57, 58).

Von Hügel could not avoid facing the fact that miracles were not merely recorded in the Bible but were affirmed in the creeds as well, and in his solution of the problem which this fact created he is singularly unsatisfactory. He never took the extreme Modernist position, which divorced Christianity entirely from history. Religion required, he maintained, not only " a really extant God ", but, as he quaintly put it,

" really happened facts ". It was however the function of scholars to determine the extent of this factual basis and the Church must bow to their verdict. " The historical occasions of religion and their documentary evidence cannot rightly fall under the direct jurisdiction of theology, for only if they do not can theology appeal to them ". (*Hibbert Journal* Vo. VI. 1907-8, p. 926). Here von Hügel confounds theology with dogma as he does in *Eternal Life* (p. 344).

In this matter he made no exceptions for the Virgin Birth, and corporal Resurrection of Jesus Christ. Here he pleaded for a reinterpretation of dogma such as he claimed had already begun as regards the doctrines of Christ's Ascension and His descent into hell. This latter he argued was " no longer understood in the old sense ". (*Essays and Addresses* I. 240). Belief in the Virginal Conception and Birth he maintained was something alien to those strata of the Gospel tradition which could be reasonably regarded as the most factual. Devout Catholics need not, he continued, fear that by surrendering belief in Mary's Virginity belief in the Incarnation would be imperilled, though in past ages the doctrine of the Virginal Conception had played a perhaps necessary part in feeding the faith of the Church and might still be necessary to preserve faith in Christ's divinity among peoples at a certain level of culture. Yet the Baron felt that there was one objection to such a reinterpretation. Though he had so much in common with Liberal Protestants he was sufficiently unProtestant to be attracted towards the ideal of celibacy, and he admitted that the doctrine of the Virgin Birth had done much to foster the feeling of honour in which celibacy was held in the Church[1]. He considers however that this difficulty is not insuperable and that there were other grounds for holding celibacy in esteem. Yet if it was to possess value this reinterpretation must be made by the official Church herself, and not by an individual scholar. (*Il Rinnovamento* V (1909) Fasc. iii 399-401[2]).

Von Hügel's view of the Resurrection was curious. With all his admiration for Loisy's critical work he could not follow him in regarding the appearances of the Risen Christ as wholly subjective. He could not feel confident that Loisy's rejection as unhistorical of the burial in Joseph's garden was justified. As regards the historicity of the discovery

[1] Von Hügel strongly esteemed the idea of a celibate priesthood, but he held that a priest who came to feel that he had acted unwisely in undertaking such an obligation should be allowed to marry and retire into lay communion, holding however 'a specially honoured position among the lay communicants of the Church '. *Essays and Addresses* II p. 94.

[2] Abbot Butler in the *Tablet* of 14 February 1925 says that von Hügel on his deathbed asked for his rosary and said his beads very devoutly, adding that he had always had a deep devotion to Our Lady. It is curious to note that the biologist St. George Mivart looked forward to a reinterpretation of the dogma of the Virgin Birth. Von Hügel admitted to the present writer his disbelief in Our Lady's corporal Assumption though he feared that it would be defined along with the Immaculate Conception of St. Joseph.

of the empty tomb he seems hesitant. He felt that the accounts of the appearances of Christ as recorded in St. Luke and St. John could not be treated as strictly factual. On the other hand, those related in I Corinthians XV were not to be thought of as simple hallucinations. But the Risen Christ whom St. Paul saw had neither *ψυχή*[1] nor *σάρξ*[2] both of which perish for ever when a man dies. He possessed instead *πνεῦμα*[3] and *σῶμα*[4] the material substratum of *σάρξ* being transformed into *δόξα*[5]. Unfortunately the Christian Church had at an early date fallen into the error of taking a materialistic view of Christ's Resurrection.[6]

In his attitude towards these two dogmas and indeed towards dogma in general, von Hügel, a modernist of the right wing, differed from Tyrrell, a modernist of the left one. Tyrrell's head was clearer than von Hügel's : he knew quite well that the Church would never reinterpret her dogmas along the lines wished for by the Baron. He believed that a break between Modernism and the official Church as complete as that between the Church and the Synagogue must ultimately take place, while von Hügel with his more nebulous outlook seems to have believed in the possibility of these dogmatic reinterpretations for which he thought that he saw a precedent in the acceptance by the Church of the Aristotelian philosophy. It is however disappointing to notice a certain lack of candour in his English Catholic admirers when confronted with this aspect of his thought, due perhaps to the fact that it is less prominent in his English than in his Italian writings. Dom Cuthbert Butler's panegyric on von Hügel in the *Tablet* on the occasion of his death is far from satisfactory in this respect. Père Nédoncelle is more candid. (*Baron Friedrich von Hügel*, p. 190).

The Baron's conception of the Church was neither the Liberal Protestant nor the Catholic one. His belief in what he called " the proximate futurism of the authentic Jesus "[7] dominated it : " . . . . Historical criticism ", he says, " has ended by clearly establishing how that Church organisation and Officialism in all but a very rudimentary form was not the direct and deliberate creation of Our Blessed Lord Himself ". (*Essays and Addresses* II p. 18) ; " He spoke and acted according to the current belief that this Church . . . . would soon end at His Proximate Second Coming " (ib. 19). On the other hand he wrote " the germ of the Catholic Church was planted by Jesus Himself

[1] appetitive soul [2] flesh [3] spirit [4] body living or dead [5] glory.

[6] II. *Rinnovamento* V 265 ff. Fasc. ii (1909). The late Bishop of Oxford told the present writer how von Hügel's deafness rendered comic an attempt by the Dean of Westminster to explain to him that his opinion on this question could claim no support from the Greek text.

[7] *Essays and Addresses* I 132. Von Hügel's portrait of the " authentic " Jesus was drawn from the Gospel of St. Mark or matter common to St. Mathew and St. Luke but not found in Mark. The " Johannine Christ " he regarded as an unhistorical figure created by theological speculation.

in His continuous respectful presupposition of the Jewish Church, His institution of the Apostolic band, with Peter at their head[1], and His central doctrine of the Kingdom, as a social and visible as well as invisible association of His followers". (*Hibbert Journal* op. cit. 930). For Friedrich von Hügel the Catholic Church was ever the most perfect embodiment of the institutional element in religion, though he admitted that "the post-Tridentine type of Catholicism with its regimental Seminarism" had failed to win his love. (*Mystical Element* I v.) Towards the non-Roman churches his attitude was tolerant. In general he seems to have held that it was best for a man to adhere to that form of institutional religion in which he had been brought up and he had usually no wish "to turn Protestants into Roman Catholics". In many cases such a change would seem to him undesirable. For he believed that for a man with intellectual interests conversion to Rome might in the days of Pius X be followed by shock and painful disillusionment. Yet he was not in all cases opposed to such conversions and believed that they were a duty in the case of those who feared that they would lead immoral lives if they remained outside the Church. In his later years von Hügel might almost be described as an honorary member of the Church of England in which body his admirers were far more numerous than among Catholics, though his closest affinities lay not with those Anglicans who were nearest to Rome, but rather with the extreme Broad Church school. He was not however in sympathy with all Broad Churchmen and found the views of Hastings Rashdall[2] antipathetic.

Among Anglicans, except perhaps extreme Evangelicals and extreme Anglo-Catholics, he was venerated as a prophet. Bishop Talbot of Winchester, one of the greatest Anglican Bishops of the day, regarded himself as no more than a humble learner at the Baron's feet If it would be untrue to describe the Church of England as von Hügel's spiritual home he yet shared much common ground with Liberal Anglicans which he did not share with Catholics He had indeed Catholic friends but he found in them a lack of receptivity to new ideas and lamented that they rarely if ever seemed "to open out mentally".[3] He could only feel at real ease in an environment in which the credibility of the Gospels, instead of being taken for granted, was discussed as an open question. Archdeacon Lilley and Professor Clement Webb were probably the men with whom he felt the closest intellectual kinship. Yet von Hügel would never participate in Anglican worship and once declined an

[1] A Catholic publisher has printed some *Notes on the Petrine Claims* written for an Anglican by von Hügel in the period before he was known as a Modernist. It was surely not fair to the reader to publish them without a word of introduction explaining the writer's later theological position.

[2] Leader of extreme Broad Church party and Dean of Carlisle.

[3] P. Franklin Chambers *Von Hügel Man of God*, p. 13. The Baron believed that for the past two centuries the position of an intellectual man in the Catholic Church had been full of difficulties which it was his aim to remove.

invitation to address some Anglican candidates for ordination on the eve of the ceremony, excusing himself on the ground of a promised visit to his mother. He did however prepare a boy for the reception of the Anglican rite of Confirmation.

III

Was von Hügel a Modernist? The present writer has already answered this question affirmatively, but his answer is not accepted by all. The author of the forthcoming biography writes of the Baron's "deep deep loyalty in spite of everything to the Faith." (*Catholic Herald* 27 Jan. 1950). "He yielded none of the essentials", says Mr. F. J. E. Raby, adding that there was to be found in him "no deviation from the great truths which he accepted without diminution or reserve". (*Great Christians* p. 277). Mr. Christopher Dawson writes of von Hügel "we feel at once that he was no true Modernist however much he may have shared the views of the Modernists in critical matters, because he wholeheartedly accepted the dogmatic principle of Catholicism". (*The Spirit of the Oxford Movement* (1945) p. 119). An anonymous Catholic writing in the *Guardian* of 28 Jan. 1950 calls von Hügel a 'semi-Modernist'. More just is the verdict on him pronounced by Dr. D. A. Binchy in an article on the *Modernist Movement* in the *Cambridge Journal* for January 1948. The *Selected Letters* he says were "carefully selected with the object of portraying him in as orthodox a position as possible." "To deny that von Hügel was a Modernist" Dr. Binchy concludes "would be rather like refusing to include Pusey among the leaders of the Oxford Movement because he did not follow Newman over to Rome".

How did von Hügel escape condemnation? More than one answer has been given to this question. The frivolous affirmed that it was because the ecclesiastical authorities were not sufficiently intelligent to understand his books. Some simple-minded persons said that it was because the Baron was too big a man for Rome to dare to touch. Certainly the condemnation of so religious a man would have brought the fiercest denunciations on its authors; yet it is difficult to believe that Rome could have been more frightened of von Hügel than of Lamennais, Döllinger or Loisy. Others said that the Baron avoided condemnation by the practice of deliberate deceit. He was a daily communicant in the period before the papal decree on frequent communion and those who were hostile to him insinuated that his communions were made out of hypocrisy and for the purpose of throwing dust in the eyes of the authorities.[1] This view may be safely rejected. Nothing was further

[1] Did von Hügel follow Loisy in holding that the Eucharist was not instituted by Christ? The present writer has found no certain answer to this question. But it is significant that when a Protestant Bishop addressed to his clergy a pastoral charge on the Eucharist von Hügel wrote begging leave to send the Bishop a copy of Loisy's *Evangiles Synoptiques* to keep him critically up to date.

from von Hügel than hypocrisy. He never sought to conceal his opinions from the ecclesiastical authorities though he desired to avoid giving provocation when he deemed such to be unnecessary.

Abbot Butler, the English Catholic ecclesiastic, for whom the Baron had probably the greatest regard, gives a rather curious answer to this question. His view is that von Hügel's writings were not condemned because of the great influence for good which he exercised over minds " enmeshed " in the theories of Pantheism, Monism, Idealism and Materialism (*Tablet* op. cit.). The Authorities he says " well knew the man himself ". Abbot Butler does not state whether he is referring to the Authorities at Westminster or those at Rome. Whichever be the case we do not as yet know the full story of von Hügel's relations with them, but the biographer tells us that Cardinal Bourne gave an assurance that he had never troubled the Baron and never would. The scandalised Catholics whose delations for heresy flowed into Archbishop's House were left without satisfaction; yet that von Hügel's relations with the Authorities were strained not even the Editor of the *Selected Letters* can conceal. Mr. Raby is even more frank. " The official church " he says " watched him with growing disapproval " (op. cit. 279). Yet the tension developed slowly helped by the fact that he published but little till he was approaching the age of sixty.

All the Baron's writings appeared without an *imprimatur* and most of them would probably not have received one had it been applied for. In 1907 his relations with the ' official Church ' showed signs of an acute degree of strain which was to continue for several years. A group of Italian laymen launched in Milan the periodical *Il Rinnovamento* for the purpose of bringing about a reconciliation between the Church and what they conceived to be modern needs. Von Hügel, deeply sympathetic towards the project, was an early contributor. The tone of the review was such that Rome could not do otherwise than disapprove and Cardinal Steinhüber, Prefect of the Congregation of the Index, in a letter to the Archbishop of Milan, Cardinal Ferrari, on 29 April 1907 called the *Rinnovamento* ' una rivista notabilmente opposta allo spirito e all ' insegnamento cattolico ' (*Acta Sanctae Sedis* (1907) Vol. XL p. 272). The Cardinal charged the contributors with arrogating to themselves a magisterium in church matters. Among them were those already noted for being animated by this spirit. He went on to mention the names of Fogazzaro, Tyrrell, Murri and von Hügel himself. This so far as the present writer has been able to ascertain was the only occasion in which von Hügel was censured in a Roman document.

At the end of that year the Baron was in Genoa for the marriage of his eldest daughter to Count Salimei, afterwards going on to Milan where he interviewed the future Pius XI recently appointed Prefect of the Ambrosian Library. Mgr. Ratti was acting as intermediary between

Cardinal Ferrari and the *Rinnovamento* which he hoped to save by getting it to apologise for its attack on the Encyclical *Pascendi* and to accept a censor. This proposal was rejected by the directors and at the end of the year the periodical was condemned. Von Hügel however continued to write for it and the articles contributed by him during 1908 and 1909 are probably the most heterodox of all his writings and the ones which Catholic enthusiasts for him will find most difficult to explain away. While von Hügel disapproved of the language used by Tyrrell about Pius X whose position he himself felt to be tragic, he encouraged Tyrrell in his attitude of resistance to the Church approving his ' castigation ' of the authorities. Miss Petre has, let us hope, finally disposed of the legend which represented Friedrich von Hügel as the good angel seeking to draw his friend back into the paths of orthodoxy. It was indeed he who by his letters to the Press removed whatever possibility there was that his friend might have received Catholic burial.

There were those who charged Baron von Hügel with urging on other men, such as the directors of the *Rinnovamento*, courses of action which would have led to their excommunication, yet being unwilling to incur excommunication himself, and it was remarked and not altogether cynically that his relatively cautious attitude was motivated by the fear lest otherwise he might prejudice the matrimonial prospects of his daughters, of whom only one in the end did marry, and she an Italian who was not a ' clerical '. Certainly von Hügel would have wished to avoid causing embarrassment to his family in its social relations but deprivation of the Sacraments would have been a real pain to him, though a pain not to be avoided at the price of disloyalty to ' truth ' as he saw it. " That von Hügel escaped ecclesiastical censure " says Mr. Webb " during the campaign against Modernism was probably due to a greater extent than he realised to his social position " (*Dictionary of National Biography*).

Subscription to the anti-Modernist oath would have annihilated the Baron's reputation in the non-Catholic world but he would never have courted excommunication out of a love of notoriety. Had it come we may suppose that he would have looked on it as a trial sent by God, and one to be bravely borne. Unlike his friend Miss Petre it does not appear that von Hügel was asked to subscribe to the anti-Modernist oath though for some years he feared deprivation of the Sacraments. When in 1913 Loisy's English admirers were arranging for the Modernist leader to pay a visit to Oxford, he refused to associate himself with the project writing that " the cup of official grievance against him was already filled almost to overflowing " (Bernard Holland in Memoir prefixed to *Selected Letters* p. 31). Certainly no man would have willingly brought on himself the torrent of abuse which Cardinal Bourne would have had to face had he refused the Sacraments to Friedrich von Hügel. He would have been charged with excommunicating not merely a scholar but a saint. To

try to get a very deaf man to subscribe to a long and complicated dogmatic formulary would be a task few persons would relish. But had the Cardinal asked von Hügel for a simple statement of belief in our Lord's Virgin Birth and Resurrection, he would have been doing no more than many Protestants were demanding should be done in the case of their own Liberal clergy.[1]

IV

Was von Hügel in good faith? That he was a material heretic is a conclusion which it seems not easy to avoid. Was he a formal one? There will be not wanting those who will answer this question affirmatively. Such will declare that it is known to every child in our elementary schools that the Catholic Faith teaches that Jesus Christ had no human father and that it is quite impossible that one of the most learned of living men could believe that the contrary opinion could be held by a Catholic. Yet in the opinion of the present writer the Baron was in good faith and the explanation must be sought in the deafness which isolated from normal contacts with other minds one of the most capacious intellects of its day. A von Hügel who had not been deaf would have been either more orthodox or less so than the von Hügel who actually was. Deafness by itself would not have driven him towards Modernism. A highly-gifted intellect possessed of extraordinary vigour necessarily reacted against an environment of mental torpor mingled with fanaticism. His mother, a convert of the Tractarian age, was prone to the extremist behaviour by which such were often characterised. It is related that in Rome she once kicked a man who had been behaving irreverently in church, while the vehemence of her feelings is shown by the fact that she suffered an attack of *angina pectoris* on seeing the medium D.D. Home at the opera.

In early manhood von Hügel formed a friendship with 'Ideal' Ward of whom he spoke as 'a man whom I loved, but who provoked me to the day of his death' telling the present writer that had he been unable to withstand Ward's influence his religious faith would have been entirely destroyed. This man had, he maintained, exercised an evil influence directly on Manning and indirectly through him on Herbert Vaughan. The three whom Newman once cynically spoke of as 'the three tailors of Tooley Street' were in von Hügel's view jointly responsible for the intellectually unwholesome atmosphere which he believed to prevail among English Catholics. When von Hügel was thirty-four his director the Abbé Huvelin, seeing the effect of his environment upon him, cautioned the Baron against reading religious newspapers. It was not however it seems till many years after this that Friedrich von Hügel

[1] The present writer has been unable to come across any printed retractation of his views on the reinterpretation of those dogmas up to the end of his life. The biographer may be able to tell us whether he ever made a private one.

developed his unfortunate opinions about the reinterpretation of dogma, adopted under stress of what he believed to be the legitimate demands of the Higher Criticism of the Bible. This peculiar mental process was undoubtedly facilitated by his deafness, but it is difficult not to recognise in him an exaggerated confidence in his own judgement combined with an impatience towards ecclesiastical authority. Yet the present writer has heard no words uttered with more heartfelt sincerity than those addressed to him by von Hügel as he said ' If you ask the officials they will tell you that I am not a good Catholic. But God knows that I have tried to be one '.

Among the religious thinkers the present century has produced none has exercised so wide an influence as this strange and paradoxical man. It may be doubted whether it has even been exceeded by the posthumous influence of Sören Kierkegaard which has grown up since the First World War. If we cover the century since von Hügel was born the only religious personality who would seem to have exercised as great an influence on his contemporaries, in England at least, was Newman. Von Hügel was a more learned man than Newman, though gifted with a less original mind, and his influence penetrated where that of Newman did not reach. To the non-Catholic world he was the ablest theologian the Roman Catholic Church possessed. The Rev. William Temple (afterwards Primate of All England) wrote in the *Guardian* on his death that the closing pages of his *Eternal Life* were the " most impressive defence of the essentials of the Roman position to be met with anywhere ". Though any craving for popularity was something alien to von Hügel, he became towards the end of his life the most fashionable among directors of souls and a spiritual letter from him was held in the highest esteem even if the recipient was a Protestant. Even more deeply prized was an interview with him granted at his house in Kensington. Archbishop Söderblom, the greatest Lutheran ecclesiastic of the day, though he sometimes regarded the Baron as unevangelical, on learning of his death fell on his knees and thanked God that von Hügel had lived. Dom Fernand Cabrol, the learned Abbot of Farnborough, accounted him a saint. That Rome who refused to excommunicate him during his lifetime will one day canonize him is an eventuality we need not anticipate, though future historians of religion may speak of him as the ' Saint of Modernism '. When, however, those who have felt the grandeur of his personality have passed away there may come a decline in his influence. For one set of minds will find him insufficiently ' Roman ' while to others he will appear as a man who failed to extricate himself from bondage to the Pope.

HUMPHREY J. T. JOHNSON

OSBORN JOSEPH BERGIN

1873-1950

BY GERARD MURPHY

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IN the year 1760 John Bergin of Mountrath, in the county then known as Queen's County, married Catherine Roberts of Carnarvon, in Dublin. They had a son Denis, who in the year 1787, when he was twenty-two years old, moved to Cork; here, four years later, he married Anna Osborn. Their son, Marmaduke Osborn Bergin, married Mary Jones, and in 1833 had a son, Osborn Roberts Bergin, who in 1858 married Sarah Reddin. Osborn Roberts Bergin had seven children. The first five were girls, the last two boys. Of these the elder was Osborn Joseph Bergin, who, born in Cork on the 26th of November 1873, died on Friday, the 6th of October 1950, in a Dublin nursing-home, after a lifetime spent in the study of the Irish language, which, though never the ancestral language of the Joneses and Osborns to whom his family owed many of their traditions, had once doubtless been the native language of the Bergins from whom he was descended paternally.

Many Irish Bergins are Catholic by religion: this would suggest that families bearing that name are not descended from post-Reformation immigrants. Indeed they are probably of pre-Norman Irish origin, for Woulfe in his *Sloinnte Gaedheal is Gall*, though without citation of authority, states that Bergin is an Anglicized form of a Leinster surname *Ó hAimhirgin* which had been corrupted to forms such as *Ó Meirgin* and *Ó Beirgin*. The great scholar now dead in his youth adopted *Ó hAimhirgin* as the Irish form of his surname and has become known to Irish-speakers all over Ireland as *An tAimhirgineach*.

The Joneses and Osborns had been connected by marriage before they intermarried with the Bergins. The founder of the Irish Jones family came from London to Kinsale in 1714. He was a Baptist and is said to have left England as a result of the discomfort caused to dissenters by the Schism Act. The founder of the Irish Osborn family was an English sea-captain in the merchant service, who in the early 18th century married Susannah, daughter of John Harrington, a sea-captain of Cork. From John Harrington's daughter, who married Daniel Jones after the loss at sea of her first husband, were descended both Osborn Joseph Bergin's great-grandmother, Anna Osborn, and his grandmother, Mary Jones.

The Bergins, and the Cork families with whom they intermarried, seem to have been mainly shopkeepers by calling and 'protestant dissenters' by religion. This connection of shopkeeping with dissent was not accidental, for in the 18th and early 19th centuries when dissenters were debarred from entering the professions, dissenting families developed

a certain pride in maintaining their station in retail trade. Osborn Joseph Bergin's father was one of the founders of the firm of Foreman and Co., which still survives in Cork. His mother is stated in a family document to have been the daughter of a ' shopkeeper '. His grandparents are described on their marriage certificate as ' protestant dissenters ', and as a boy Osborn Joseph used to accompany his family to the meetings of the Plymouth Brethren till some date in the 1880s, when they migrated for a short time to the Independent Chapel. The Bergins, however, did not continue permanently in their attendance at the Independent Chapel. Some of them began to attend the Baptist Chapel, while others, with Osborn Joseph among them, went to the Cathedral. Osborn Joseph does not seem, however, to have felt the need of institutional religion, and during his lifetime he attended religious services only on rare occasions. His early upbringing was evident, nevertheless, not alone in his astonishing familiarity with both the Old and New Testaments, in his strict morality, and in his devotion to truth, but also in his exaggerated dislike of alcoholic drink, of sweepstakes, betting, and other ways of ' getting money without earning it ', and in an admirable abhorrence of all forms of luxury, hypocrisy, or pose. The family tradition in politics would have tended towards Liberalism, and there was probably little or no family opposition when the specially loved child Osborn Joseph developed Irish nationalist sympathies. He remained a firm nationalist all his life, though without party affiliations.

I

Osborn Bergin—he never used the name Joseph except when signing with his initials—was destined to bring more fame to the family than any of its earlier representatives. He was educated at the Cork Grammar School and at Queen's College (now University College), Cork, distinguishing himself in many subjects, but above all in classics, in which he had William Ridgeway as his professor. After taking his degree he became a secondary school teacher in his native city and was for a time on the staff of the Cork Grammar School. As a young man he had entered with enthusiasm into the movement for the revival of the Irish language. Already in the *Gaelic Journal*, Vol. V, March 1895, one may read a letter from him in Irish on the distinction between the prepositions *do* and *de*:

> *Dála na bhfocal* do *agus* de, *is cuimhin liom, nuair do bhíos ag léaghadh* T. B.-Gh. an Bháis *maraon leis an nGaedhilgeoir mblasda, Seaghán Ua Manacháin a ainm, go ndubhairt seisean liom gur bh' iongantach leis* do bhrígh, do réir, 7 *a leithéid sin d'fhaicsin ag an gCéitinneach, óir is* de bhrígh, de réir, *do chualaidh féin i gcomhnaidhe,* 7 *is dóigh go ndéantar deithbhir idir* do 7 de *annso.* Do, de, 7 di, *atáid uile gearr annso* (*i gCorcaigh*).

The style of that early letter bears unmistakable marks of belonging to the period when Keating's Irish still served as a model for all. A little later its writer was to be an apostle of the more colloquial style based on *caint na ndaoine* with which Father Peter O'Leary was then beginning to familiarize the Irish reading public. Moreover, though the attention to detail and careful citation of authority manifested in the letter are typical of the scholar in the making, its writer was clearly still a learner, not yet the erudite professor who in the course of reading some Middle Irish text in a classroom would, from a vast treasure-house of learning, throw out a few illuminating remarks on the early confusion of the simple prepositions *do* and *di* and the later tendency to distinguish them, based on the analogy of the distinction which always remained in their prepositional pronouns.

By the frequentation of Irish-speakers living in Cork city and by repeated visits to the Irish-speaking districts of West Cork, and in particular Eyries, where his friend Pádraig O Laoghaire had his home, Bergin rapidly became a master of the spoken Irish of West Munster, and in the year 1897 his knowledge of spoken and literary Modern Irish was so sound that he was appointed lecturer in Celtic in Queen's College, Cork. In those days Bergin thought nothing of a twenty-five miles ride on a bicycle to spend an hour or two with some *seanchaí*, or to assist in the foundation or encouragement of some village branch of the Gaelic League, of which he was then an active member. He was beginning too to be known as a poet in the language to the study of which he had now definitely begun to devote his life, the language, which in a letter written in Irish to Douglas Hyde about the year 1896 he described as that which he ' loved more than any other language which is spoken or ever has been spoken in the whole world '.[1] Bergin's moving lament for his friend Pádraig O Laoghaire, beginning *Tá ceó ar na cnocaibh is ar thaoibh an ghleanna*, was doubtless written in 1896, the year of Pádraig's death, and his best-known poem *Maidean i mBéarra*, which he composed for singing to the beautiful Londonderry Air, was first published in the year 1901. In later life Bergin used his gift of verse-writing in Irish, English, and Latin, more often in the line of amusing satire to give pleasure to his friends, or of learned pastiche for an occasion of congratulation or greeting, than for the production of serious poetry. Perhaps the last of his poems which will find a place in future anthologies is *Wanderlust*, written in August 1914, when he was forty years old. In it he urges his friends John Fraser of Oxford and Edmund Curtis of Trinity College, Dublin, to cast away their books and join him on the ' long white roads ' and the water :

[1] Dubhglas De Híde, *Mise agus an Connradh*, p. 175.

A malairt sin níor bh'fhearr liom ach bád seasgair siubhlach,
'S í a' léimrigh le fánaidh is lán srotha fúithe ;
Éamonn geal bheith láimh linn 's do lámh-sa dár stiúradh,
'S a chara dhil na n-árann, nár bh'álainn an triúr sinn !

II

The year 1904 was an important year, not alone for Osborn Bergin, but also for the whole future of Irish studies. Bergin was then thirty years of age, and through his personal contact with Gaelic Leaguers all over Ireland, through an occasional short note printed in the *Gaelic Journal*, and through his editions of *Caoineadh Airt Uí Laoghaire* (1896), of *Laoi Chnuic an Áir* (1897), and of *Eachtra Lomnochtáin* (1897-1899), he had won for himself the reputation of having a knowledge of Modern Irish more firmly-based and more critical than that of any of his contemporaries, with the exception perhaps of John MacNeill. Bergin's publications up to that year had not, however, been of the quality which would merit ranking him in that band of scholars whose work was at the same time aiding in the development of the science of linguistics and adding to the literary and social understanding of Gaelic civilization in the field of Celtic studies—the band to which Stokes, Strachan, Zimmer, Thurneysen and Meyer belonged.

In spite of the good work done by the Rev. E. Hogan, S.J., who had trained the young John MacNeill in University College, Dublin, it may be said with truth that before the year 1903 there had been no institution in Ireland in which it was normal to have the Irish language taught scientifically to regular groups of students at a true university level. To remedy this lack the School of Irish Learning was founded. The School's first session was held in 1903, mainly in University College, Dublin, with some classes in Edward Gwynn's rooms in Trinity College. In July of that year Strachan lectured forty students on Old-Irish grammar and read *Táin Bó Cúailnge* with a small group ; and in September Kuno Meyer trained twelve students in Irish palaeography and the reading of Irish manuscripts, while Sweet gave a course of practical phonetics with special reference to Modern Irish. Osborn Bergin attended the second session, held in 1904 in the School's own recently-acquired rooms. Kuno Meyer was then director of the School, R. I. Best its secretary, and J. G. O'Keeffe its treasurer. John Strachan was professor. In that year the School issued the first volume of *Ériu*, which at once took its place beside the *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie* and the *Revue Celtique* as one of the three great European journals of Celtic studies. In the second part of the first volume of *Ériu* the School's new student ' O. J. Bergin ' published his first serious contribution to linguistic science. It was entitled *Analogy in the Verbal System of Modern Irish*, and was followed

in the next number of *Ériu* by an equally important paper by the same author, entitled *The Future Tense in Modern Irish*. With these papers the scientific study of Modern Irish as a branch of general linguistics may almost be said to have begun: the least that may be said is that it had entered on a new phase; for though Finck, Atkinson, and Sarauw, each of them a great comparative linguist, had already done useful work in the field of Modern Irish, it was clear that a scholar had now appeared who was as gifted a linguist as they and a greater master of the Irish language at all its stages.

After the publication in 1904 of his paper on the verbal system, Osborn Bergin was recognized as *the* authority on Modern Irish. Through the generosity of that distinguished patron of Irish studies, Mrs. Stopford Green, the School was now in a position to offer Bergin a scholarship which enabled him to spend some years in Germany. There he studied in Berlin under the great Celtic scholar Heinrich Zimmer, and in Freiburg under Rudolf Thurneysen. In Freiburg, in 1906, he was awarded the degree of Ph.D., his doctorate thesis being entitled *Contributions to the History of Palatalization* in Old Irish. The thesis was published in Vol. III of *Ériu* in the year 1907. Strachan died in September of that year. Bergin succeeded him as Professor in the School of Irish Learning, and henceforward he ruled as king in the field of Irish studies, for though Thurneysen may have been looked upon as his equal where Celtic philology and Old Irish were concerned, it was gradually becoming clearer that no scholar had ever possessed—and it is probable that no scholar ever will possess—so accurate a knowledge as Bergin, not alone of Celtic philology, but also of Irish at every one of the various stages of its growth and decay.

As well as being Professor in the School of Irish Learning, Bergin was now also Assistant Editor of the Royal Irish Academy's *Dictionary of the Irish Language*, of which he was later to become General Editor. In 1909 he was appointed first holder of the chair of Early and Medieval Irish in University College, Dublin, which had in that year been transformed into one of the three constituent colleges of the recently-founded National University of Ireland. After a thirty years occupancy of the chair of Early and Medieval Irish in University College, Dublin, Bergin resigned it in 1940 to become first Director of the School of Celtic Studies in the Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies.

By his teaching in University College, Dublin, Osborn Bergin has left a permanent mark on the course of Irish studies both in this country and abroad. From him his students absorbed not alone that love of precision and accuracy for which he was famous, but also an understanding of the methods of scientific linguistics and how to apply them to the study of Irish, in which his main interest remained permanently fixed. The majority of the chairs of Celtic studies both in Ireland and abroad are

now occupied by former pupils of his; and if research-workers in the field of Irish linguistics have today the tradition of aiming at a method as precise as that employed in any other discipline, and a philological foundation that goes deeper and is more essentially connected with the whole than is the rule in most linguistic disciplines in this country, it is to Bergin above all others that such a tradition is due.

Had Bergin done no more than train the scholars at present working in the field of Irish research, his contribution to the advancement of learning would have been considerable. During his thirty years of teaching, however, he continued to publish books and papers, each one of which has now become an indispensable aid to the serious student. His *Stories from Keating's History of Ireland*, first published in 1909, at once became the standard text-book for beginners in the subject of Early Modern Irish. In 1910 he collaborated with his old Cork friends Shán O Cuív and Dr. Richard O'Daly in inventing a simplified spelling designed to teach learners the true pronunciation of spoken Irish, which is often obscured by the traditional spelling. In 1912 he began his edition of the 17th-century prose satire known as *Pairlement Chloinne Tomáis*. It appeared in parts in *Gadelica*, a journal of Modern Irish studies edited by his friend T. F. O'Rahilly, to whom from this on he willingly yielded the palm as *the* expert in Early Modern and spoken Irish. Turning from prose to poetry Bergin began in the same year to publish personal lyrics of the Early Modern period in Pearse's *Irish Review* and elsewhere, thus drawing attention to a pleasing branch of Irish literature that had hitherto been neglected. In 1913 he opened up a new world to students of literary history by a paper on *Bardic Poetry* published in Vol. V of the *Journal of the Ivernian Society*. In the same year, in a volume of essays presented in Cambridge to his former classics teacher Sir William Ridgeway, Bergin published *Mór ar bhfearg riot, a rí Saxan*, a fine bardic poem by the 14th-century Gofraidh Fionn O Dálaigh. This is one of the first Early Modern bardic poems to have been edited by one who really understood the intricacies of bardic language and metre. Bergin followed it up by a long series of similar poems, all chosen as being both representative of bardic artistry and at the same time pleasing to the poetry-lover. Of these the majority appeared under the title *Unpublished Irish Poems* as thirty-six contributions to Studies in the years 1918—1926.

Bergin's paper on *Bardic Poetry* in 1913 had drawn attention not only to the personal poetry of the bards and to their official odes, but also to the peculiar type of school in which they received their training. The poems mentioned in the preceding paragraph amply illustrated the nature of their poetry. In 1916 Bergin began publication of the Early Modern *Irish Grammatical Tracts* as specimens of the doctrine taught in the bardic schools. Four of these tracts had been published by him when death intervened, preventing the completion of the series. In the

Sir John Rhys Memorial Lecture which appeared in the *Proceedings of the British Academy* for 1938, Bergin gave an account of those tracts and of the methods of ' The Native Irish Grammarian '. This paper of Bergin's on *The Native Irish Grammarian* is almost as important as the paper on *Bardic Poetry* with which he inaugurated his long period of study of an aspect of Irish literary and social history which had hitherto received but scant attention.

While working at bardic poetry Bergin had found time to continue both his early study of Keating's Irish and the study of Old and Middle Irish towards which his university lectures directed him. His labour on Keating was completed in 1931 by the publication of a text with complete glossary of Keating's long treatise on the *Three Shafts of Death*. Bergin's lectures on Irish metre resulted in a series of valuable notes on Meyer's *Primer of Irish Metrics*, published in *Ériu* in 1916 and 1921. Revised editions of Strachan's handbooks for students of Old Irish were produced by him at various dates between 1928 and 1949, while hardly a number of *Ériu* appeared after his return from Germany up till his death in which he did not publish some paper of importance for the expert. During most of these years he was in addition an editor of *Ériu* and General Editor of the Royal Irish Academy's *Dictionary*. Some ten years of collaboration with his friend Dr. R. I. Best, who holds the same undisputed primacy among Irish palaeographers as Bergin did among the philologists, resulted in 1929 in the publication of an accurate transcript of *Lebor na hUidre*, the oldest and largest extant manuscript collection of Irish saga-texts. In 1938 a text and translation of *Tochmarc Étaíne*, which is perhaps the most beautiful of our Old Irish mythological tales, was published by the same two editors.

Less than a year after he had been appointed Director of the School of Irish Studies in the Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies, Osborn Bergin resigned both the senior professorship which he held in the School and his office of Director. The reason for his resignation was never made public, but is believed to have been a difference of opinion with the Irish government of the day regarding their share in the control of the School. Bergin was now sixty-eight years old. During the nine years of life which were left to him he continued the research work to which he had always devoted the time left free to him after his teaching duties had been fulfilled. Vol. XIV of *Ériu* (1943-1946) contained the usual long series of notes by him on Old Irish subjects, along with the last two instalments of the Early Modern *Irish Grammatical Tracts* already mentioned in this article. In 1946 the Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies issued ' *A Grammar of Old Irish* by Rudolf Thurneysen, revised and enlarged edition, translated from the German by D. A. Binchy and Osborn Bergin '. This was followed in 1949 by an ' *Old Irish Reader with a supplement to a Grammar of Old Irish* by Rudolf Thurneysen ',

translated from the German by the same two scholars. Both volumes contain valuable notes added by the translators. In the same year appeared Bergin's final revision of Strachan's *Old-Irish Paradigms and Selections from the Old-Irish Glosses*. During these years Bergin was working also on the metrical portions of the *Irish Grammatical Tracts*, which, alas, were still in the form of rough notes when death interrupted his labours. Death also deprived Dr. Best of the help Bergin was giving him on an edition of the *Book of Leinster*, which it was proposed to issue under their joint editorship on the same lines as their earlier edition of *Lebor na hUidre*.

III

His published work has guaranteed that Bergin the scholar will never be forgotten as long as interest in Celtic philology and Irish literature survives. Bergin the man has gone the way of all flesh: those who knew him intimately would gladly perpetuate their memory of the bearded professor who would lie in the shallow water of the *Solán* on a day of July sunshine discussing etymologies, or suddenly quote Dante as he climbed the hill to hear John the Bull tell in vivid Irish how he wrestled with the bear in America; the day is bound nevertheless to come when all but his scholarship will have vanished from this world. He had indeed the gift of friendship. In youth and middle age he was intimate with Pádraig O Laoghaire, Canon Peter O'Leary, Shán O Cuív, "Torna", Curtis, Fraser, "A.E.", and others, most of whom died before him. R. I. Best, W. K. Magee (better known as "John Eglinton") and Joseph O'Neill have survived him, along with many others of a younger generation. To be his friend it was not necessary to be a scholar. Bergin loved A.E., and A.E. loved him; but with A.E.'s unscholarly use of Irish and Hindu mythology Bergin the Gaelic scholar and Sanscritist had no sympathy. 'Dear Osborn', wrote A.E. in the opening poem of *The House of the Titans*—

> Dear Osborn, not only because you are my friend,
> but that you are one of those who learned
> an ancient speech for us, who rediscovered
> myths, once the scriptures of the northern world,
> I bring this poem, half dream, half vision, to you.
> I know, incredulous scholar, you will lift
> ironic eyebrows as you read the tale.
> But being poet yourself you will forgive
> unto the poet things unpardonable
> done by a scholar.

A.E.'s appeal from Bergin the scholar to Bergin the poet was perhaps of little avail: Gofraidh Fionn, Bergin may have thought, had told the Lugh episode much more artistically and with no intermingling of an unpalatable philosophy in the Irish poem *Mór ar bhfearg riot, a rí Saxan*, which he himself had edited in 1913. Nevertheless he looked forward to A.E.'s weekly visit, and when his friend died in 1935, Bergin felt his loss deeply.

Bergin's friends admired him for his vast learning, which he generously placed at the disposal of all whom he regarded as serious workers, and for his literary sensibility which he constantly manifested by apt quotation from Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Goethe, Dante, Horace, Homer, the Irish poets, and authors in a surprising number of languages ranging from Sanscrit to Swedish. More than these well-used talents, however, it was his devotion to truth, his integrity, his outspoken honesty, his fidelity, and his affectionate nature which led his friends to love Osborn Bergin as they did. Of those qualities his devotion to truth, his outspokenness, and his honesty were manifest to all. That he was simple, kindly, and affectionate, was hidden from many, partly by a certain austerity of manner which was not unbecoming in a scholar, and partly by unconscious, or perhaps deliberate, departures from customary courtesies: it may be that Bergin, by reason of his stern integrity, refused to behave in a way which did not correspond to his instinctive reaction or had in it any trace of hypocrisy or flattery, even when the common rules of politeness seemed to call for such behaviour.

During the first year or two of their training Bergin's students used to be ill at ease in his presence and full of awe. He showed no sympathy for one who made mistakes, and tended always to lecture above the heads of his class, thus inspiring the few to read more widely in an effort to understand him, but undoubtedly discouraging the majority. Perhaps his most successful lectures were those delivered to post-graduate students, which were constantly attended by several of his colleagues, many former U.C.D. students, and occasional distinguished visitors from other universities. Though he had himself a discriminating taste and a real love of good literature, he seemed to lack the power of analysing or discussing it. His lectures were therefore almost wholly grammatical, philological, or metrical. Sometimes his students would not be fully aware of the privilege they enjoyed in listening to him. Many years, for instance, before Bergin's rules governing the placing of verbs at the end of their clause in archaic Old Irish and Irish poetry had been published in *Ériu* in 1938 and incorporated in the 1946 edition of Thurneysen's *Grammar*, Bergin's students were familiar with them. It would be a mistake, however, to distinguish between that in Bergin's lectures which could be found in books and that which was the result of his own original

research. Whatever Bergin taught was in a sense original. An etymology as illustrated by him was seldom or never the mechanical repetition of some formula of Meillet's or Pedersen's. It was rather a re-thinking in the presence of his class of a thought which Meillet or Pedersen had thought before him. It is not always easy to distinguish between that mechanical use of a good memory which characterizes the imperfect scholar and the use of a good memory to supply matter for thought, which is in the true line of human activity. Bergin's memory was unusually tenacious, but it was always subordinate to his marvellous power of philological thought, and students who had the privilege of listening to him, even if their own bent was not philological, were inspired to a love of thought and the desire to enjoy like him the living perception of truth.

Beginning with admiration for his scholarship, Bergin's best students, having broken through the barrier of initial passivity which characterized his friendships, normally passed to love for the man himself. When he died many of them may have wondered what their tribute to their dead friend should be. As tribute Bergin himself would doubtless have chosen a resolution on their part to maintain the standard of Irish scholarship at the high level to which he, more than any other Irish scholar, has helped to raise it.

GERARD MURPHY

THE CENTENARY OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

BY G. A. HAYES-McCOY,
M.A., PH.D., D.LITT.

THE spade of the archaeologist reveals in eastern cities the successive layers of building in which the inhabitants renewed their dwellings, founding the new on the dust and ashes of the old. So does the eye discern on the uneven ground of Edinburgh the existence of two cities; but here the older is not submerged in the dust. It has a continued existence as part of the whole. In places it still crowns the narrow ridge of the old capital; in others it has become tucked almost out of sight between great masses of modern building and beneath lines of modern streets that are superimposed on the older yet still subsisting plan.

From various points of vantage in this superstructure streets that were the haunts of an older community are glimpsed, as when one looks over the South Bridge and sees the smoky gloom of the Cowgate beneath. It is these low lying areas, so industriously built over, rather than such parts of the earlier fabric as are still on the topmost level that suggest a living antiquity. Under the whole bright roof of streets and bridges there seems to lie, cramped in the valleys, another town of shadows, and even in this age of the levelling of all local traditions the chimneys smoking busily beneath the causeway symbolise the presence of the past.

And there is, too, another symbolism. Although one is well aware that the dwellers in the valley are as respectable folk as those on the upper level, the steep huddle of buildings and the gloom pierced by stray beams of dusty sunlight seem the very setting of an underworld of darker human relationships than the city above. If the ghosts of David Hume and Walter Scott strut below there, the unquiet spirits of Burke and Hare, the body snatchers, and Deacon Brodie, the burglar, slink there as well. If Allan Ramsay sings his songs, Robert Fergusson declines into the madhouse, and if there is an echo of the puritanical respectability of the past, there seems to be an echo too of a ranting extremity of intemperance and licence.

It would be too much to claim that one is continually reminded in Edinburgh of the Scottish past, and any picture of Scottish history that places the less lovely characters and happenings in the foreground would be quite out of proportion. But the Edinburgh of bygone times still lives, and with her ghosts walk the strange rebellious crew that so frequently in the past of Scotland marked their protest against the narrow, formal life imposed by the official creed by flying to the opposite extremity of thought and action. A peculiarly Scottish company, it was no unusual thing for them to conceal their flight by keeping up an appearance of

conformity with the accepted mode of living, yet seldom, even in the midst of pleasure, did they escape the private tortures of conscience. For the warfare of house against house that so long depressed Scotland was substituted a " war of the members " that depressed Scotsmen.

How much more readily the Edinburgh of a hundred years ago must have suggested these things is indicated by the life of Robert Louis Stevenson, greatest of modern Scottish writers, the centenary of whose birth in the Scottish capital was celebrated on 13th November this year. The light and shadow, the inclement weather, the familiar sights and stories of his native city haunted Stevenson to the end of his days and provided him with an inexhaustible store of material for his writing. In youth, when life presented itself to him as a riddle, he heard the call of the Scottish underworld. He answered it and turned from the uninspiring daylight of safe Edinburgh respectability into the shadows. The crisis precipitated by his actions coloured his subsequent career. He escaped from the underworld as, with a noble courage, he later on rose superior to the repeated physical prostrations of a sickly life ; he wrote much that is famous and that contains no hint of suffering, early or late, mental or physical, but the memory of the riddle remained, and he died working it out on paper in the pages of a novel.

II

Robert Louis Stevenson is described as the most autobiographical of writers. A consistent egoist, he delighted in writing of himself. But there can be few literary figures whose talk of themselves is so intensely interesting to such a wide public. His own opinion of *Thrawn Janet*, which is acclaimed as among the best of his short stories, includes the statement that it is " true only historically, true for a hill parish in Scotland in old days, not true for mankind and the world ", and he regarded that as a defect.[1] In the same way, it might be suggested that Stevenson himself is " true only historically ", for he is characteristically a product of Scotland, the Scotland of the nineteenth century, however much he owed to France for the completion of his education as a writer. Yet the steady outpouring, edition by edition, of his books in the past sixty years, and the rise in each generation, not only in the old world but in the new, of a fresh crop of enthusiastic readers is a fair indication of the universality of his appeal. There are some qualities that are admired and claimed by all peoples, although we may consider them primarily characteristic of a nation at some periods of its history, just as there are some men who, though they are essentially nationals, instinctively speak and act on the understanding that civilisation, in its widest sense,

[1] G. Balfour : *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson*, I, p. 189.

has played its part in moulding them, and has imposed in return certain duties which they must fulfil. Stevenson possessed the Scottish qualities of love of home and his people, and in a sense his egoism might be regarded as a more than ordinarily strong dose of Scots individuality. He had besides courage and a rare facility in feeling and expressing gaiety in adversity. He had pity—an almost too sensitive pity—for suffering in others, and next to none for suffering in himself, and he was blessed at all times by a complete absence of meanness, both of feeling and of the intellect. He was " careless as the daisies " of material gain—scarcely a Scottish trait—but, like Parnell, he would far rather have appeared dishonourable than to have been so. " He hated chiefly the loss of what soldiers call morale rather than what parsons call morality ".[1]

Out of this background of self Stevenson drew the background for his work. His travel books tell of his own travels, his essays preach his own—not always fully baked—philosophy, his books for boys are a call from his own boyhood, his novels are peopled by characters who meet—or avoid—his own problems. As a letter writer he stands confessed as a natural companion of the spirit of Wolfe Tone, for the intense personal air, the agility of mind, the outspoken egoistical comments are an echo of the stuff of which the Paris diary is made. Most of all, as was of course quite inevitable, his poetry is a self-expression. All of his own qualities of greatness as a person Stevenson poured into his work. They are enough of them Scottish traits to mark him indelibly as a Scot, but they are mostly universal qualities, everywhere appreciated, and their expression in his books won him, and has not ceased to win him, a host of admirers. With them he fashioned what he so laboriously wrote and re-wrote, always under the strain of present or foreshadowed debility, into a body of writing that is acknowledged, fifty odd years after his death, to contain much that appears imperishable.

III

Stevenson's career must continue to interest us as long as his work does so. It was said of him years ago, and it has been frequently repeated since, that the picture of his life that was built up by his early biographers, leading as it did to the wave of Stevenson mania of the first quarter of this century, rendered him a disservice. The claim is that it placed a glamorised version of his career between his work and the public, and that the public, nauseated by too much of the " I can remember Robert Louis Stevenson " outpourings, discovered a distaste for his writings. But it is questionable if it would have been possible to prevent his being

[1] G. K. Chesterton: *Robert Louis Stevenson*, p. 100.

glamorised, even had there been anybody to undertake the task. Certainly when W. E. Henley spoke out about his former friend his words made little impression. And it is questionable too if the reaction of the public was ever correctly stated as distaste. There is too much of Stevenson in his work to have—at least so shortly after his death—kept him in the background. Even if the full story of his life had been told from the start, and he had not been presented to the world as, in the language of Henley, a " barley-sugar effigy ", it is probable that the result in the long run would have been the same. Matters of genuine interest survive much fashionable glamorisation of them.

The story of Stevenson has many times been told, with and without omissions. He was the only child of devoted parents and was, accordingly, " spoilt ". Early prone to illness, his schooling was erratic, but what he lost in formal training he made up in an enraptured listening to the folk tales and Covenanting history of his nurse, in much reading, and in an extraordinary development of the powers of observation that came from his being left to amuse himself alone.

For him, more than for most, the years of adolescence were the years of danger. All the ingredients of trouble were there. He very conspicuously lacked, while a student at Edinburgh University, any sense of responsibility to anything save the calling of letters, to which he had already devoted himself. His devotion to what was to be his life work amply, in later time, repaid him, and we are indebted forever to him that at least in that he never faltered. But his callow days were made more than usually callow by a more than ordinary irresponsibility. His earlier existence had been greatly sheltered; he had the name of illness, and all the windows had been carefully closed.

Coming of a family the male side of which had consistently produced men of science who built lighthouses, the career of engineer had been inevitably chosen for him. But in the working out of his apprenticeship his comings and goings seem never to have been questioned. The system of attendance at classes in the University encouraged this: at Edinburgh one attended when one pleased, and the idler was suffered in the certain knowledge that he carried with him a provision for his own timely removal from the academic scene. Finally, the youthful Stevenson had gone through a course of Calvinism of the lurid Scottish kind. Sin, to the devotees of this hard creed, was ever present. The God of the hill conventicles of the harsh Covenanting days was a God of wrath more than a God of love, and, although the conventicles were no more, the wrath remained. If Stevenson's instructors regarded as somewhat out of date a product of the Scottish reformation who reported of himself that when he prayed his " soul shouted in extreme bitterness," [1]

[1] This was Johnston of Wariston. Stevenson was quite familiar with him and many like him from the pages of Howie of Lochgoin's *Scots Worthies*, a lurid bedside book.

they still felt some pride in numbering him with the " saints and martyrs " of the race. " I have had a Covenanting childhood ", said Stevenson, as one who had never recovered from it.

A little shy, a little awkward, very proud, yet with the power of fascination and the charm of feature and utterance that never left him, Louis Stevenson faced life at twenty and discovered that he hated the restraint of learning when it meant classes and stepping into his father's shoes. He found himself an artist, and he saw no reason why he should not live like one.

It would be quite unfair to Stevenson's parents, who are uniformly described as sensible and likeable folk, to suggest that the atmosphere of his home was one of restraint and gloom, or to blame them alone for his erratic behaviour. They had doubtless " spoilt " him, but if the reaction of every spoilt son to adoration and management were that of Louis, then the lot of parents would be a hard one. The real obstacle to his behaving like the harmless traditional undergraduate rebel and earning the traditional forgiveness when he had worked off his fever in nothing worse than a flourish of high spirits and stupidity lay in an extraordinary combination of immaturity and precocity. He was at that age the victim at the same time of a puritan prudishness that forbade the development of the cavalier and a headlong urge to be as bold as the next, to be a gallant by stealth to the eventual outrage of all if he could not otherwise attract the attention outside the nursery that he had so long commanded within it.

When Stevenson emerged from the sheltering walls of home he found a world full of ordinary people enjoying ordinary pleasures. He was too immature to take an everyday part in them, too precocious to postpone the enjoyment they seemed to offer, too full of his own importance in the estate of man and artist to do anything by half measures. Besides, he was utterly lonely, naming, when he wanted them most, no real friends of his own. There was nobody to take him by the shoulder and whisper to him as, years later, he made Kirstie whisper to Archie Weir : " Ye shouldna be impatient o' the braws o' life, they'll a' come in their saison, like the sun and the rain. Ye're young yet ; ye've mony cantie years afore ye. See and dinna wreck yersel' at the outset like sae mony ithers ! " He became a rebel, a rebel against the creed of his fathers and against the society that accepted it. He took a course marked out by Scotsmen before him, knowing that it was the way of Burns and of Fergusson.

There is a passage in *Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh*, which he wrote when he was twenty-eight, in which Stevenson speaks of " a dismal sprinkling of mutineers and broken men from higher ranks in society, with some mark of better days upon them, like a brand ", who might be seen, cast out from their homes and existing in idleness, among the

loiterers in the Old Town of Edinburgh. They were the men who had descended into the underworld. Eight or so years earlier he himself had become one of them. How it began one can only guess, but very soon this only son of respectable parents had become familiar with life in the lowest haunts of a city that at that time was notorious for the vice that flourished beneath its pious exterior. Engineering and Law he successively abandoned; only writing remained, and to that he was constant. Intemperance was the least of his sins, and it must have rent the hearts of his parents when, repeated lecturings having failed to mend the matter, he not only declared himself an atheist but asked their sanction for a marriage with a woman of the streets.

IV

One dwells at length on this period of Stevenson's career rather than the time of his reconciliation with his people and his fame, because something of the bewilderment with which he emerged from these early contacts with life remained in his mind to the end. Mr. Stevenson, said J. M. Barrie of him a few years before he died, " experiments too long; he is still a boy wondering what he is going to be ".[1] He was still trying to see, whole and entire, the tremendous complex of life, a distorted vision of which had been too early revealed to him.

Perhaps the one thing above all that is remembered of Stevenson's youth is his own story of how, in this very time of his outlawry, he played the " sedulous ape " to Lamb, Hazlitt and the rest, so that he might learn from the manner of their writing to write for himself. But—the exaggeration of that story admitted—if he had to learn his trade the hard way Stevenson had to do a harder thing for which he has got little credit. He had to overcome the effect that his early false moves in life might have had on the writing of a lesser man. " No man ", says Chesterton, tilting at the " sedulous ape " story, " ever wrote as well as Stevenson who cared only about writing ".[2] Few, with the spectacular copy in hands that his adventures in the Edinburgh underworld could provide, would have refrained, as Stevenson did, from using it until he believed that he might work out the moral issues that it must evoke. If he is otherwise the most autobiographical of writers, he is, in this respect, among the most reticent.[3]

There is little indication in anything that Stevenson wrote and published before he began *Weir of Hermiston* of the tremendous struggle of his student days. A few passages of pure autobiography tell of the

[1] J. M. Barrie: *An Edinburgh Eleven*, p. 99. This was written in 1888.
[2] G. K. Chesterton: *The Victorian Age in Literature*, p. 243.
[3] J. A. Steuart: *Robert Louis Stevenson*, I, p. 134, reminds us that there is the evidence of Henry James that Stevenson did make some use of this Edinburgh material in a book. If this is true, and if it was more than a fragment, he suppressed it.

" howffs " in the vicinity of Leith Street and in the Lothian Road where he was " distinctly petted and respected " while his companions were " seamen, chimney-sweeps, and thieves ". But in the writings which he himself made public, or which were published with his family's approval after his death, there is no hint of the Stevenson of whom Henley speaks. The story is now well known of the appearance twenty years after his death of a bundle of Stevenson's unpublished papers in an auction room in America. They were later printed in that country, and the official biographies of earlier times were shown by their contents to have omitted facts of his early life, an omission that was soon made good by the appearance of two new *Lives*.[1] But against this relatively small accumulation of fresh material, little of it in form for publication and all placed on one side by himself, stands the whole range of his work to bear testimony to his reticence on this one series of personal matters.

The fact that he so long postponed the serious handling of the theme of *Weir* in which the pent up memories of Edinburgh and all that it really meant to him were at last to have utterance had a notable effect on his work. Chesterton has remarked that he had a happy boyhood but an unhappy adolescence, and that, when he recovered from his green sickness, he sensibly adjusted the balance, became a boy once more and wrote as no one else could of pirates and blood and clean cut-and-thrust adventure, enough to delight the heart of any man who has not forgotten that he was once a boy. Yet, on the other hand, he created Jekyll and Hyde, a duality which, if it does not constitute what an Irish reviewer of the time called an immoral book,[2] is pretty strong meat; and he created the Master of Ballantrae, who carried a flag far blacker than any that waved above the endearing scoundrels of *Treasure Island*.

It is difficult to fit all of Stevenson into G. K. C's. version of him. Louis at sea without a pilot and finding that to steer a clear course for the nursery was the only way to come safely between the Scylla of puritanism and the Charybdis of Victorian pessimism and all that went with it—one thinks of Thomson's *City of Dreadful Night*—is an attractive picture. It doubtless explains *Treasure Island* and the *Young Folks* phase, and *A Child's Garden of Verses*. But Dr. Jekyll and Edward Hyde have no place in the nursery, nor has the Master, nor Huish with his jar of vitriol, nor Attwater with his rifle, nor Mr. Malthus of the Suicide Club, who " trifled once too often with his terrors." Stevenson furnished rooms other than the nursery for such as these, who were the children of—again Chesterton—his healthy " instinct for the actuality of positive

[1] J. A. Steuart's book already quoted (1924) and R. Masson: *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson* (1923). There have been many subsequent books, including Chesterton's (1927), G. S. Hellman: *The True Stevenson* (1925), and D. Daiches: *Robert Louis Stevenson* (1948). This year there have appeared or will appear a Stevenson selection, an " Omnibus," the Collected Poems and two new biographical studies.

[2] *The Nation*, 6th March, 1886.

evil." Indeed not the least notable feature of Stevenson is his immensely wide range. A modern critic[1] has listed as his achievement : " seventeen novels and *nouvelles*, many short stories, two books for boys, five plays, five travel books, two volumes of poems in English and Scots, a biography, a family history, two scientific papers, a descriptive and historical account of Edinburgh, prayers, fables, some forceful pamphlets on South Sea politics, a remarkable variety of essays, various other items, and five volumes of letters."

The fact that he was more often than not ill—indeed frequently at death's door—and, as a result, incapable of sustained effort on any one work, has been advanced in explanation of his astonishing variety of output, although it is no less astonishing that one who suffered so much physically could have covered so much ground. It may be that Barrie came nearest to having the last word on this variety, although Stevenson had not by any means had his when his brother Scot wrote of him : " It is so much easier to finish the little works than to begin the great one, for which," Barrie added, perhaps because he felt that his summary so far had been a shade severe, " we are all taking notes."

Chesterton is no doubt right in regarding the boys' books and the whole world of counterpane and *A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured* as an escape from the unattractive in man's existence. How much the poorer we would be without all this, let each one who loves Jim Hawkins and Dick Shelton and the realm of Skelt measure for himself, yet the escape satisfied Stevenson only for the moment. In between these works are his stories of the double life, his dexterous skating along the margin of the seamy side of affairs, which provide evidence that he was feeling his way towards an eventual wrestling with the whole series of problems that beset human nature, a wrestling that, when he was competent of it, would be mirrored in a novel with the elemental force of universal tragedy. Sir Sidney Colvin has said of Stevenson :

> He was a fellow of infinite and unrestrained jest and yet of infinite earnest, the one very often a mask for the other ; a poet, an artist, an adventurer ; a man beset with fleshly frailties, and despite his infirm health of strong appetites and unchecked curiosities ; and yet a profoundly sincere moralist and preacher and son of the Covenanters after his fashion, deeply conscious of the war within his members, and deeply bent on acting up to the best he knew.[2]

V

In his own affairs, Stevenson, once he had set a course, steadily pursued it. There were moments of melancholy, as when he was ill on the Riviera and when he wrote : " If you knew how old I felt ! . . . I am

[1] J. Hampden in the essay on Stevenson in *The Stevenson Companion* (1950). Several of these works of Stevenson were written in collaboration with others.

[2] Sir S. Colvin : *Memories and Notes* (1921), p. 101.

a man of seventy: O Medea, kill me, or make me young again!" He was twenty-three. But the mood always passed. For the next few years France rather than Scotland claimed him, and he pursued his writing with enthusiasm. *An Inland Voyage, New Arabian Nights, Travels with a Donkey* and a great number of essays and short stories appeared. He had set himself two goals. He would write something worth while: "Oh when shall I find the story of my dreams, that shall never halt nor wander nor step aside, but go ever before its face, and ever swifter and louder, until the pit receives it, roaring?" [1] And he would overcome all difficulties in the way of marrying the American lady, Fanny Osbourne, whom he had met in dramatic circumstances in the Arcadian wonderland that his own descriptions of it have made of the Forest of Fontainebleau.

He was to do both, and the one led him to the other. In writing, then as always, he was singularly fortunate, for he soon attracted willing friends who helped him to place what he wrote. He more than played his own part, keeping always to the hard way; he wrote slowly, he was his own most severe critic, and slowly he made his name as a stylist of a quite unusual quality. It was a quality that has since been assailed as sinning against what Quiller-Couch calls the first and last canon of a good style, in that it revealed the youthful Stevenson thinking more with his head than with his heart. But in the fulness of time, as he outgrew his precocity, heart and head poured forth words together that placed Stevenson in his acknowledged position among the greatest stylists of all.

And his romance? In August 1879 he sailed for America with "a shipful of failures, the broken men of England". His companions were emigrants, and he has written in *The Amateur Emigrant* of the causes of their Odyssey. The cause of his own he kept concealed until the end of the book, when, suddenly, the personal element takes charge and he bursts out in defence of "the man with any youth still left in him" who "would rather be houseless than denied a pass-key; rather go without food than partake of a stalled ox in stiff, respectable society; rather be shot out of hand than direct his life according to the dictates of the world".

The world frowned on his infatuation for Fanny, and he was still very much the rebel. He was following her to America, determined that, come what might, he would marry her. The journey in the rough emigrant ship and the rougher emigrant train across the continent to San Francisco all but cost him his life. For the first time in his career, and that at the moment when he proposed to couple the fortunes of another with his own, he had to work, literally, that he might continue to live. Unknown in a strange country, almost penniless, he came closer to absolute shipwreck than ever before. "The annals of Grub Street,"

[1] R. Masson: *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson*, p. 61.

says one of his biographers, J. A. Steuart, " full as they are of the horrors of sordidness and penury, contain nothing more dismal or distressing than the ordeal on which Stevenson was now entering. How he survived is not the least of the many marvels of his astonishing career."

In the end it was his father who saved him, relenting in his rejection of the prodigal when he learnt something of the misery of his case. He married Fanny in May 1880. Three months later they returned to Scotland, Fanny to make an immediate conquest of his parents, Louis to be fully and finally reconciled with the two people who, even in the darkest of his days, had not ceased to mean more to him than all the world beside. But his health was utterly shattered. He had been at death's door with what appeared to be " a galloping consumption " in America, and, save for some short months later on in the Pacific, he remained " a mere complication of coughs and bones, much fitter for an emblem of mortality than a bridegroom ".

Even in this description of himself at his physical worst one sees that the joke is uppermost. His good humour never for long deserted him, nor, despite his vicissitudes, did he ever cease to write. Slowly the good effect of his more settled conditions became apparent, and, as the years of constant changing of his household between Britain and the Continent went by, his father and his wife emerged as the hero and heroine of this still formative period of his career. His father, of course, was his mainstay. *Treasure Island*, which was published in 1883, brought him the first worthwhile money that he had earned, " a hundred jingling, tingling, golden, minted quid ". Without Thomas Stevenson's purse Louis could not have lived as a writer. It is ironical that the disclosures of the American auction room should have done so much to acquit the father of undue harshness towards the son—for they showed him merely as a parent striving to do his duty—and at the same time should have placed the memory of Fanny under a cloud. And it is one of the more pleasant aspects of the centenary that it has brought forth a vindication of her.

J. A. Steuart did her much less than justice, since he left his readers under the impression that she " managed " Stevenson to his disadvantage. The opposite was clearly the case. Stevenson needed a helpmate, and if Fanny's solicitude for his health estranged Henley and some others of his early companions, Stevenson lost nothing by the estrangement. He himself never ceased to speak highly of Fanny. She was " the best investment ever made by man " ; his marriage was " the most successful in the world." She was " a fellow-farer true through life ", and in the end of all, over the heads of the " old familiars ", her present service remembered before the " dear days of old, with the faces in the firelight " and all the thronging memories of the past, it was to her that he dedicated

Weir: " Take thou the writing . . . if any fire burn in the imperfect page, the praise be thine." It is therefore a fitting, if belated, tribute on a present day writer's part to record that, although Stevenson took fourteen years after his marriage to reach maturity as a novelist, " it may be the supreme tribute to Fanny that he reached it at all ".[1]

In 1887, when Stevenson, misled by British reports of Irish affairs, proposed coming to Kerry to oppose a boycott,[2] his work had already won him fame. *Treasure Island, Kidnapped, A Child's Garden of Verses* and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* had appeared. If he wrote nothing more than these " little works " he would still be remembered. Instead of the Irish mission, driven by the search for health he crossed the Atlantic and America to the South Seas. And then began on the great ocean beyond the Farallones and the Golden Gate that had so recently been a bourne of misery for him a brief Indian Summer of comparative health and freedom from anxiety. Thrice in his life does he appear to have been at ease, although always in his writings his gay good spirits seem brimming over: in Fontainebleau, when he discovered France, at Hyères after his marriage, and in the South Seas. In December, 1894, at the age of forty-four years, he died suddenly at Vailima in Samoa.

VI

The last seven years of Stevenson's life saw the production of most of his best work. There were Edinburgh folk who, long after he became famous, found difficulty in accepting him into favour because of the picture of his native city that he had painted in the *Picturesque Notes*. In the time of reaction to what had so nearly been the catastrophe of his youth he described the citizens of Edinburgh as " thronging by, in their neat clothes and conscious moral rectitude, and with a little air of possession that verges on the absurd ". He had turned away from the conventional Edinburgh to the Old Town for the doubtful pleasures of the time that was past. He had been looked at askance by the scandalised citizens, and when he held up the mirror in *Picturesque Notes* he made sure that something of the hypocrisy of the " unco guid " was reflected in it. But, far away in the mountains and the cities of America, on ship board in the Pacific and on the beaches of the dreamy islands he turned again and again and looked in memory over the Bridges at the chimneys of the Cowgate and up from the windy streets at the sunlight flashing on the distant coast of Fife.

He wrote constantly of the Scottish scene at this time. *The Master of Ballantrae* was begun in the Adirondacks, where the scenery reminded

[1] J. Hampden in the essay already quoted, p. 15.

[2] See " Robert Louis Stevenson and the Irish Question " in *Studies*, XXXIX, pp. 130 ff. (June, 1950).

him of Scotland. He wrote *Catriona* and *St. Ives*, and the burden of much of his verse is the call of home.

And then suddenly he began to write as he had not written before. *Weir of Hermiston* was begun : " he worked all day and all evening, writing or talking, debating points, devising characters and incidents, ablaze with enthusiasm, and abounding with energy ". He had begun a story that was to say what no story of his had ever said before, and he knew it. All of the boy who had kicked over the traces, all of his hopes and fears, was to be there ; and all of the man who had grown out of the boy. There was to be no more of the escape from reality, no more touching of reality here and there and then drawing back.

In these last months when the splendid fragment that is *Weir of Hermiston* was written Stevenson said many revealing things. He spoke of two love stories that were shaping in his mind, one which everybody would think " dreadfully improper " and the other " a love-story too, but not improper." And he spoke of a method of writing a story by taking " a certain atmosphere " and arranging action and persons " to express and realise it." [1] The atmosphere he had in mind was the atmosphere of Edinburgh, the Edinburgh of the tall tenements and narrow closes of another age, the " inclement city " that was, after all, the place of his heart. With the two love stories he was back at the riddle of his youth, which now that he was no longer young he had come to see as a " terrible hiatus " caused by a mistaken idea that " Christianity does not recognise and hallow sex."

He seems quite suddenly to have realised that the love story that he was struggling to write could have only one treatment. Difficulties about propriety and impropriety that had dogged him from the beginning suddenly fell away, and he saw life going forward as a mighty struggle of good and evil in which all must engage, a struggle in which righteous was not necessarily the same as right. The result was all that we have of *Weir*, for death struck him down in the midst of it.

No one who has ever written of Stevenson has failed to pay tribute to his courage. That he reached peace from bodily suffering towards the end of his life seems no more than his endurance deserved. One likes to think that the prayers which the Catholic natives of Samoa recited over his coffin were for one who, after the " coiled perplexities of youth ", had won peace of mind as well.

G. A. Hayes-McCoy

[1] G. Balfour : *Life*, II, pp. 141 f, 144.

WESTMINSTER AND WEMBLEY

REFLECTIONS ON A RECENT CENTENARY

BY JOHN MURRAY, S.J.

"WESTMINSTER" and "Wembley"—the names are not joined accidentally, for they recall and represent the final ceremonies in the grand week of Remembrance, celebrated by the Catholics of England and Wales towards the close of September. At Westminster that Sunday morning the cathedral was setting for the Solemn High Mass, sung by Cardinal McGuigan of Toronto in the presence of five other cardinals and some seventy archbishops and bishops. At Wembley that afternoon, the same company of prelates, with the addition of the Papal Legate, Cardinal Griffin, was the core of an enthusiastic and devoted gathering of one hundred thousand Catholics. Together they saw a pageantry of Catholic history and experience in England and Wales, devised with rare imagination and admirably executed, and they assisted at a second High Mass at an altar erected during the previous night in the middle of Wembley stadium. The vast stadium, which has become an English national shrine for the complicated ritual of football internationals and Cup Finals and was the scene of the Olympic Games in 1948, rang to the full throated sounds of the Latin Credo and the two English hymns, so expressive of the double loyalty to Catholic faith and Holy See, "Faith of Our Fathers" and "God Bless Our Pope": or it was hushed into reverent silence at the moments of Elevation and Communion or during the address, there broadcast, of Pope Pius XII. It was an impressive climax to a most memorable week.

I

It is not my intention to describe the Centenary ceremonies. Details in plenty have been given in the English Catholic press which rose nobly and generously to the occasion. One or two points call, however, for slight notice.

Catholics in England and Wales deeply appreciated the attendance of six cardinals as visitors, their Eminences of New York and Toronto, of Cologne and Berlin,and of Malines and Lyons, and of many distinguished prelates from Ireland, from the Continent and from overseas.

The note of the celebrations was largely "English"; the Wembley pageant was an historical record of the faith in England and Wales. From the original Britons it ran through the Anglo-Saxons, with a focus shifting from King Lucius to Saint Alban and then to Augustine and the mission-

aries ; then it dwelt for moments on Dunstan and Thomas of Canterbury, flashed from Geoffrey Chaucer to John Dryden, and hovered over the heads of More and Fisher and the Carthusian martyrs and then on Campion and Cardinal Allen ; it illuminated the scattered groups of loyal Catholics in cities and in the shires, ministered to by wandering priests, Richard Challoner most typical among them. Then came Emancipation, with Daniel O'Connell its central character ; the Oxford Movement, springing forth from Newman ; the Restoration of the hierarchy, enfolding Wiseman. The pageant most happily concluded with a march round the arena of groups that represented every aspect of the reviving Catholic life.

This note of historical continuity was once more emphasized in the series of Masses celebrated at Tyburn convent and in the church near Tower Hill. The celebrants included a cardinal, Cardinal Spellman, an archbishop, the Archbishop of Armagh, and a bishop as well as members of religious orders—a Benedictine, a Carthusian, an Augustinian, a Dominican and a Jesuit, and the Masses were served by descendants of the martyrs. Among the martyrs so commemorated and represented by their own families were Saint Thomas More himself, Blessed Philip and William Howard, Blessed Margaret Pole, Blessed Oliver Plunket, Blessed Adrian Fortescue, and Blessed Edmund Arrowsmith, S.J. In memory of Blessed Oliver Plunket Mass was offered by his successor, the Archbishop of Armagh, while the Bishop of Southwark celebrated at Tower Hill, as successor to Saint John Fisher, cardinal Bishop of Rochester. It was a touching evocation of *pietas* and piety, in both the Latin and the English sense.

This looking backwards to a much more ancient England—to the England of Alfred and Dunstan, of Chaucer and Thomas of Canterbury, to the England of More and Campion and Challoner—did not distract the minds of those who glanced backwards from one highly significant fact : the fact, namely, that the position of Catholics in England had altered out of all recognition between the beginning and the middle of the nineteenth century. In 1800 Catholics, after the wearisome struggles of the previous century against penal discrimination and public hatred and contempt, were but a tiny handful, not large enough, so thought their contemporaries, to be dangerous or unpleasant ; these contemporaries began to regard them more tolerantly as an interesting, even a colourful, survival.

During the first half of the nineteenth century, three factors changed the situation and changed very considerably the position of Catholics themselves. The first was the French immigration during the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. Among the *émigrés* who were well received were many devoted priests who worked for their own countrymen but also for whatever English Catholics they could discover. Not a few parish churches in London, for instance, can trace back their origins

to these self-denying *abbés*, whose religious influence was by no means confined to their Catholic flocks. The presence of these priests from the Continent brought new vitality into sluggish arteries; many a non-Catholic Englishman found himself in contact with a new kind altogether of religious minister, very different from the traditional parson of the eighteenth century.

The second factor which altered the situation was the great immigration from Ireland before the mid-century. Catholics in England and Wales can never proclaim too loudly how much they owe to Ireland and the Irish. In fact that is almost an unreal way of stating the position, for so many of them are themselves Irish or of Irish origin. Even after 1880, Cardinal Manning, in one of his letter, could declare that " eight-tenths of the Catholics in England are Irish; two tenths are English ". And no one could look back fairly over a century of Catholic progress without a very generous tribute indeed to the priests and religious, men and women, from Ireland for the devotion they have given to the cause of the faith in England and Wales and for the burdens they have shouldered in its service. Nor was this tribute left unspoken, as may be seen from the lecture on " The Irish Immigration ", one of a double series of commemorative addresses, delivered during the centenary week at lunch time and in the evenings, at Foyle's Art Gallery and in Chelsea Town Hall.

The third factor was the large number of English converts, many of them ministers of the Anglican Church or members of the universities. They are usually associated with Newman and what is technically known as the Oxford Movement, but it is worth remembering that some of them had nothing to do with Oxford and were received into the Church twenty years before Newman himself. The new converts brought with them a contact with the English universities and world of letters from which Catholics had hitherto been debarred; they widened an horizon that discrimination and isolation had too long narrowed; they seemed at times positively to be blown into the Church, stirring the dust and hopes with equal vigour, the dust taking not a little interval to settle, while the hopes were sometimes badly out of tune with the atmosphere and attitude of a Protestant England. All three elements have played their significant part in Catholic development during the past century—the older English Catholics, centred in the shires round the families who had kept the faith, the new Catholics from Ireland, and the converts. No one will claim that they settled down together in instant harmony; that would have demanded too much from three streams of tradition so diverse. But the three streams enriched the Catholic heritage and in time have acted upon and fulfilled one another.

II

The fundamental note of the centenary ceremonies was accordingly that of quiet thanksgiving. Thanksgiving, for a hundred years of growth

and expansion ; gratitude, for a remarkable increase in churches, religious houses and works, in schools and organizations. There is no need to give figures ; they are sufficiently known. Mgr. Knox, in his sermon on the Sunday morning in Westminster cathedral, took for text the sentence from Aggaeus : " Not yet hath the corn ripened, not yet have vine and fig, pomegranate and olive, had time to blossom, but on all these my blessing lies henceforward ". So had Aggaeus prophesied when were laid the foundations of the old temple : this was what Newman foresaw for the Church in England as he spoke of its Second Spring. Was Newman right, asked the preacher. And he continued :

> We know that he was right. His Eminence has reminded us, in a recent pastoral letter, how, since the hierarchy was restored, the number of Catholics has trebled in a country whose population has grown to little more than twice its former size ; how we have six times as many priests, ten times as many schools, four times as many churches now, as then. It has not been a century of effortless progress ; there have been disputes, there have been scandals, and every patient forward step has called for sacrifice—to-day, perhaps, so far as money is concerned, we are called upon to make sacrifices greater than ever. But on the whole this little walled garden of ours, the Catholic Church in England, has fulfilled the promise of its spring ; vine and fig, pomegranate and olive have borne their fruit, and we have been enriched, not seldom, by windfalls from next door.

Further there was the note of thankfulness for the great change of attitude towards Catholics of their fellowcountrymen. The bishops of the Protestant Establishment greeted the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in 1850 with specimens of ecclesiastical Billingsgate which would be unthinkable in controversy to-day ; they were very different in tone from the accents of pained regret with which one of their successors has recently disassociated himself from the definition of Our Lady's Assumption. We have passed on a long way from the day when an Archbishop of Canterbury could speak of the Catholic Church in England as an Italian mission (one remembers that Pope Gregory once did send an Italian mission to these shores, led by a monk named Augustine) and when Catholic eyes might read the tell-tale notice, " No Irish need apply ".

In one of the Congress lectures Dr. W. J. O'Donovan dwelt upon the change in status of the Catholic doctor. " Two generations ago ", he declared, " Catholic doctors were found in gas-lit surgeries, in slum areas. They had no place in the opulence or in the hierarchy of Medicine. They belonged to no lodges. They did not become aldermen or mayors ; they were not members of Parliament, and there were no seats for them in the councils of their profession. They were taught but did not teach ; they were examined but did not become examiners. Over these centenary years our people have emerged from the catacombs. The Catholic priest now is not a curiosity, and a Catholic physician teaching in a metropolitan hospital is now not an objectionable oddity ".

The reasons for this altered attitude have been many and intricate,

in the first place, the growth of commonsense. The Englishman is a reasonably tolerant fellow, once he has the facts or, more exactly, he has learnt to become one during the long reign of Victorian Liberalism. But prior to 1850 or, in many cases, prior to the turn of the nineteenth century, he never had the facts about Catholics and Catholicism. In his eyes, Catholics were picturesque freaks or foreigners with doubtful affinities. All this has gone. The record of Catholics in the two World wars bore splendid comparison with that of any section of the English community ; and those two wars opened the eyes of many a non-Catholic soldier to the special qualities of the Catholic chaplain, qualities he had rarely, if perhaps ever, met before. Besides, the Englishman in upper or middle classes has Catholic associates in his profession, Catholic members of his clubs ; the working man has Catholic mates at his bench. Non-Catholics, men particularly, may still regard their Catholic acquaintances as slightly queer on a number of points : this mania they have, for instance, of running to church on Sunday mornings when the average Englishman loves to lie a'bed, their curious addiction to fish on Fridays. Yet, on the whole, he thinks of them as decent, reliable people, who at any rate do take their religion seriously and are ready to stand up for it. This test of *practice* means a great deal to the English mentality, and it has been the source of many an enquiry and conversion. It is the man's argument, not the woman's. One is familiar with the typical remark, " Padre, if ever I took to religion, I would be either R.C. or Salvation Army ". And though behind the comment there lurks generally a touch of the mood of " jesting Pilate ", it is none the less a commentary of appreciation.

The English have now become much more " used " to Catholics. There can be few of them who have no Catholic friends or at least acquaintances ; and more and more they find somewhere a Catholic relation. In the professions Catholics are accepted and respected. There persists a legend—unfortunately it remains a legend—that Catholics are strongly represented and exercise a forcible influence in the Foreign Office. But they have been conspicuous in literature and the press. Here names are too well known to call for listing, but those of Chesterton, Belloc and Maurice Baring, of Christopher Dawson, Douglas Woodruff and Christopher Hollis, of Graham Greene and Evelyn Waugh jump at once to the mind—to say nothing of priest writers like Monsignor Knox and Father Martindale, S.J.—a blend of cradle Catholics and converts, with this time at least the major accent upon the converts.

Political and generally public life in England has not witnessed a similar development. In the latter half of the nineteenth century there were Catholics of eminence like the Marquess of Ripon, Lord Landaff and Lord Russell of Killowen, and in the earlier years of this century, Sir Mark Sykes and Lord Edmund Talbot, afterwards Viscount FitzAlan. The Catholic membership of the House of Commons, since the departure

from Westminster of the Irish members, has remained constant round or below the figure of twenty, twenty out of more than six hundred, giving a percentage of three as against a Catholic percentage calculated variously as from eight to ten in the population. Here the Catholic community is clearly under-represented. The same is true of civic and rural administration. How far this is due to a certain *passive resistance* to the advance of Catholics in the political parties is not evident. Such opposition does exist. A Catholic can never be quite the party man, with one hundred percentage of allegiance to political chiefs and programmes. His colleagues may fear all the time that he possesses a philosophy and standards that take him beyond and above the political arena, that he is always capable of voicing the protest of Saint Thomas More, " the Party's good servant, yes, but God's first " : and this kind of attitude, in the hyperpolitical atmosphere of our modern world, is well nigh political heresy. Certain questions exist, that of education for instance, on which it is known that Catholics will stand together, regardless of party views and interests.

The very fact that no party exists in England that can lay special claim to Catholic allegiance on the grounds that its programme alone is consonant with Catholic principles or that the other parties are antagonistic to religion partly explains the lack of prominence of Catholics in the political sphere as it explains also a certain lack of interest and political enthusiasm on their part. They can be vociferous and emphatic enough in some emergency, and no English political party can remain assured of the Catholic vote. A serious issue that were to touch upon the fabric of Catholic life might swing a large proportion of that vote from one party to another. This the politicians understand. But had there been in England a party hostile to religion as are the Socialists on the Continent, then Catholics would have been compelled to adopt a firmer attitude and would no doubt have entered more effectively into political life. Two factors greatly assisted Catholic development in the later nineteenth century and still favour it, though less fully than before : the first, that neither Liberals nor Conservatives were opposed to religion, whatever particular issues, such as that of education, might emerge ; the second, that it was the policy of both political parties not to interfere more than was necessary with the activities of individuals and groups in the national community.

This second factor has definitely changed with the advent of the Labour government and its programme of State welfare and control ; indeed, the programme has in practice been accepted by the other parties, with perhaps a moderating tendency. The older Liberal State has gone for good—or worse. The growth of State interference, the extension of bureaucracy and the bureaucratic mind—these developments must inevitably raise problems for English Catholics. The official mind likes tidiness, would gladly reduce the many systems to the plain one. Catholics, with their private hospitals and separate schools, must appear untidy

or even awkward folk to the bureaucratic mind, with its mania for neat administration. And so, bigotry quite apart, the official mind could very easily drift into an unfavourable attitude towards Catholics. I am not suggesting that it has done so. There still exists, or so I fancy, a generally understanding and sympathetic spirit of administration. My fear is that it may not always so remain.

A word, finally, concerning Catholic affiliations in English political life. From 1850 till 1920 Catholics voted on the whole for the Liberal party. It was a vote of towns as distinct from the rural areas ; a vote for Irish Home Rule as against the Conservative and Unionist programme ; a vote for social betterment and fairer industrial conditions. Difficulties arose with the Liberal party over education, for the Liberals, with their strong Nonconformist background, were less favourable on this issue than the more Anglican Conservatives. But by and large Catholics were Liberals—always a puzzle to their Continental brethren, whose experience of Liberalism and Liberal parties was very different and far less fortunate. With the decline of the Liberals and the emergence after the 1914–18 war of the Labour party as the chief political opposition and as the representative of the working classes, the Catholic vote, as far as can be judged, has shifted in this new direction. It is generally asserted that about three quarters of the Catholics in England vote Labour. This they do, in the main for political reasons, just as the Catholics who vote Conservative or Liberal do so largely on political grounds. They vote Labour, partly because a large proportion of Catholics are of the working classes ; it is a class or solidarity allegiance. Other Catholics so vote, because of their conviction that the Labour party programme of social reform and welfare does correspond with Catholic social teaching, as they interpret this. I am not arguing that they are right *or* wrong in their contention. It would be only fair to admit that they have *some* serious grounds for it. Whether they are equally aware of the dangers—political and psychological —in such a programme, I am not sure and personally have never been happy (I am using the mildest of expressions) at the constant link-up in foreign relations between the Labour party of Britain and Socialist and Social-Democratic parties on the Continent. It is a link-up that has caused and causes grave concern to European Catholics, but I doubt whether Catholics in England, except for the small number with associations upon the Continent, are sufficiently aware of this dangerous development.

III

So much for retrospect. The general character of the centenary celebrations was, as I have mentioned, that of quiet thankfulness. There was much, indeed very much, for which to be grateful. The Catholic Church in England has received many a blessing during this first century

after its Second Spring; it has built its churches and parishes, developed its schools, organized its societies. We have briefly commented upon the measure of its success. What is the balance between this and its failure? Or can it be said honestly to have failed, where there has been so much success to register?

Failure is a discouraging word, and it would be unfair and unreal to employ it in this context. Shall we not rather transform the question? Better surely to ask, what are the problems which the Church in England is facing? Where are the weaknesses? What prospects lie ahead?

The gravest of all problems which confronts Catholics in England is that of the *leakage*. And I use the term in its ordinary significance, that of the lapse from practice—and inevitably in many cases from faith.

An examination of the centenary figures of actual growth in numbers raises some questions and misgivings. If there were a million Catholics in England and Wales in 1850 out of twenty five million or less inhabitants, and if to-day three million Catholics exist in a total of fifty or somewhat less millions, then the actual Catholic percentage in the country has advanced merely from four to six. When one reflects on the increase in the number of churches, schools and priests between those two landmarks—four times the number of churches, ten times that of schools, six times of priests—and when one dwells on the continuous work of the apostolate and of education over this hundred years, and adds the constant stream of new converts, the figures sink into a far more modest pattern. Has the progress been after all so remarkable? Have we done much more, with this advance in percentage of only two points in the hundred, than keep our place, than hold our own? One answer is of course that even to hold ones own in a hostile, materialistic world is itself a victory. The figures I have given are only approximate, and I have kept them so for ready comparison. Father Philip Hughes, writing in the volume of commemorative essays, published by the Hierarchy for the centenary (1), thinks that in 1850 Catholics were only "about 3.46 per cent." of a population about two thirds of what it is to-day. Bishop Beck estimates that Catholics are now roughly ten per cent. of the people. This would suggest a much greater advance in numbers than I have mentioned, an increase from somewhat under one million to four and a half. Certainly, the evidence provided during the second world war from enlistments in the forces would substantiate this percentage of ten. But the question remains, where are they. All ordinary figures available, from church attendance, baptism and marriage registers, would show a considerable gap between themselves and this ten per cent.

(1) *The English Catholics: 1850-1950.* Essays to Commemorate the Centenary of the Restoration of the Heirarchy of England and Wales. Edited by the Rt. Rev. George Andrew Beck, A.A., Coadjutor Bishop of Brentwood. Foreward by His Eminence Cardinal Griffin. London: Burns and Oates. 35s. The essays are in the main historical and analytic and provide an admirable and detailed survey of Catholic life in England and Wales during the century in question.

Many causes can be discovered—and very human, all too human, are some of them—for this leakage. Mixed marriages, where the Catholic partner is slack or timid or with little Catholic formation; the formidable array of marriages outside the Church; the acute problems of marriage relationship, rendered more acute under the post-war circumstances of English life; children in State schools or of non-practising parents; the prevalent decline in the standards of English family life; drift and demoralisation in the general air of secularism; the absence of corporate Catholic society for groups scattered throughout the countryside.

Over all hovers the often heartbreaking difficulty of atmosphere. Catholic boys leave school to enter into the bewildering world of industry or offices, into a setting strangely and dangerously novel. The atmosphere of the school diminishes and vanishes; they move out of a past that suddenly has become remote, of which sometimes they feel ashamed, into this hard, ruthless and cynical world, which long is a puzzle to them and a nightmare. So much then depends upon a Catholic home, on Catholic parents, and even these at times, in the mind of boy or young man, are linked with that now far off and unreal experience of Catholic church and school. A drift sets in, rather than any positive revolt, and the drift continues. This is not a particularly English problem but it is particularly difficult to handle in England, because Catholics are a minority; in any factory or office or firm they will be but a handful—and a handful as a rule not stiffened and thrown upon their mettle by active opposition but almost persuaded out of older allegiances by an amused or even kindly tolerance.

Lest the picture seem too grim—and grim it is—let me add that Catholics in England are well aware of the problem and that very real efforts are being made at least to stem, if not to solve it. Youth movements and parish clubs for the young and, later, the Young Christian Workers, after the model of the *Jeunesse* movements in France and Belgium, are most valuable aids in this campaign. The family atmosphere is all important; here can be felt the supreme importance of a genuinely Catholic home. A fuller formation in religious knowledge is very desirable, and on this point it may well prove a benefit that the school leaving age is eventually to be raised to sixteen.

A similar problem for Catholics in England and Wales centres itself round the universities. The young men and women who go to them are normally better prepared to confront their new surroundings than the lads of fourteen or fifteen who pass from school to factories. None the less, the problem is similar. How are they to adapt themselves to the new atmosphere, get what is valuable from university formation and experience, and yet not spoil nor endanger their Catholic outlook? There are no Catholic universities in England and Wales, and it is extremely unlikely that one could survive within the existing university framework. What

might be practical and would be of very real value would be a college in one or more of the modern universities. Such colleges would serve two important purposes: firstly, they would provide centres of Catholic scholarship, with which Catholic professors and teachers could be in close liaison, and which might be made a focus for research and publications; and, in the second place, they would be institutes, at which students would be able to supplement their other studies under Catholic guidance and in a Catholic atmosphere.

The English universities are not godless nor positively anti-religious. Their character in this respect is the sum total of the men who profess there and who frequent the lectures. But they do and must reflect the generally secular air of England. The prevailing thought is critical or destructive or, at best, empirical; there is a breadth of view which passes for toleration but, in Catholic eyes, must always be indifferentism. Efforts are being made to counteract these tendencies. Practically every university has its full-time Catholic chaplain and usually its chaplaincy with a chapel, for occasional services and conferences. Catholic societies exist, with their programme of social and intellectual meetings. In some cases regular lectures are provided on Catholic thought. In this respect, the Newman Association, with its International Centre in London and more than twenty branches in other cities, has done splendid work. In London it caters for this particular need with a two-years' course of philosophy, as also by regular lectures on many subjects.

The chief concern is not so much perhaps that Catholic students will be led away from their beliefs through university experience but that they may easily develop a split mentality. In other words, they can remain Catholics with the one half of their brain and think in Catholic terms on matters that are narrowly religious; and yet, they may be liberal or opportunist in their general outlook, whenever anything else is under judgment. The liberal Catholic was a well known phenomenon on the Continent in the nineteenth century: that is, one who was officially Catholic but thought and generally behaved just like a man with no religion at all. He may have clung, often with no great tenacity, to theology; but he had no Catholic philosophy. Again, I am not suggesting that Catholic students at the English universities to-day are slack or unco-operative. On the contrary, no little personal experience of some of them leaves me with admiration for them and esteem. But the problem is there, and it is—or could be—very serious.

The relations between clergy and laity are on the whole admirable. The laity look to their priests with genuine respect, mingled with a friendly affection. The priests do visit their flocks and are welcomed; the priest is usually the family friend. The collaboration between priests and people in parishes is generally good.

Having said all this, I would suggest that Catholics in England and

Wales are at times too parochial; their vision is limited to the parish or the town. The objects that bring them together are mostly parochial, and therefore limited, objects. This is truer perhaps of the North than the South, and therefore it is the Northern Catholics (in any case the more numerous) who enjoy the fuller advantages of corporate parish life. They are probably also the more parochial in outlook, the more limited in vision and horizon.

It is curious, when we remember how Protestant propaganda of two generations back portrayed the English Catholics as essentially foreign, that Continental Catholics can to-day regard them as somewhat insular and provincial, as remote from the main stream of Catholic development. It is one of the weaknesses of Catholicism in recent English experience that it has been compelled to stay on the defensive, with its eye upon the Protestant adversary and critic, that it has been sharply concerned with the fight for its schools at home—in fact so compelled and so concerned that it has had little opportunity to broaden its relations with Catholics in France and Germany and other Continental countries. Protestant propaganda has at times tried to play off one aspect of Catholicism against another and to draw an imaginary contrast between what it claimed to be the narrow, restrictive Catholicism of the English and the wider, more understanding outlook prevailing on the Continent.

These are growing pains in what is still—if we date it merely from 1850—an infant among the Churches. There are other growing pains in evidence in the gradual development of Catholic societies and organizations. Many Catholic societies exist and perform valuable functions: associations of men like the Catenians, the Knights of St. Columba, the Catholic Young Men's Society; of women, such as the Catholic Women's League; mixed societies for specific purposes, such as the Newman Asssociation, of university level, the Catholic Social Guild, the Sword of the Spirit; groups also like the Association of Catholic Trades Unionists and the Young Christian Workers. But with two possible exceptions, these associations are not strong, certainly not as strong in numbers and organization as they could and should be. In Catholic activity one discovers a constant and not altogether healthy repetition of names—the same company in a new piece and a different dress, and this makes one suspect that a large proportion of Catholics take little part in Catholic Action beyond immediate parochial activities. With this must be joined the complaint that comes from various quarters, that it is hard to interest Catholics in local and public life or, in the Trades Unions, in the running of Union affairs. The proportion of Catholics prominent on public Councils or in Trades Union administration is, by common consent, poor, and here, far less than with the political parties, is the reason for opposition within the Unions to Catholics. Catholics have not realised, to the extent they should, how important it is for them, as Catholics,

to make their presence felt, and to have their opinions heard and respected in their own *milieux*. The fundamental cause is not slackness but an aversion to long hours at meetings or in committees, the feeling that it is all " words and talk ". But " words and talk " these days are the hard path to influence, whether in Union circles or in the political parties. And the influence for good, when that has been secured, is worth all the " words and talk ".

There is one final point I would like to emphasize. It is not a weakness but an opportunity, which maybe we do not sufficiently register. The time may well have come, when Catholics in England are in a position to talk with guidance and authority, not only to their fellow Catholics but to the rest of their fellow Englishmen. Official religion has declined in England to what can only be termed a sad and pathetic extent. Outside the church going circles of Anglicans and Free Churchmen, there is little religious feeling, scant sense of a religious need. The majority of Englishmen who fifty years back would have been in some degree members of the Established Church now look at it as something strange and almost alien, with which they have no connection. A national day of prayer, as during the war, could stir some nostalgic feeling, but scarcely more. The uncertain position of leaders of the Church Established on moral questions of the highest significance, the weakness of Protestant churches on the Continent in their attitude to Communism, and their subservience in practice to the post-war Communist regimes behind the iron curtain—all these factors have urged many Englishmen to say to themselves: It is either real Christianity or Communism, and real Christianity is to be found only in the Catholic Church. This is not yet an approach of faith; it is a pragmatic avenue which may lead to faith. Indeed, I have been myself asked, and by a man of very considerable intelligence, whether it would be possible for the Church to admit a " convert ", who could not accept the Catholic faith but looked upon the Catholic Church to-day as the one and only bulwark of Western culture and civilization. There are many persons in England and Wales at present, without definite religious formation, without even the sense that faith and doctrine are essential for Christianity, who never the less are strongly attracted by the historic reality of the Catholic Church and its towering position of moral strength under the dark storm clouds of our time.

Such men are not yet ripe for the faith; they have maybe no *anima naturaliter Catholica*. But of two things am I certain: the first, that their number is very large; the second, that they are ready to listen attentively to what Catholics have to say, even if they may not be sufficiently prepared to receive it. It may well be—I put it modestly, though in my own mind I have no doubt about it—that a new era is opening for the Catholic Church in England and Wales, an era that may bring greater progress and more striking developments than any attained during the past century of no inconsiderable achievement.

JOHN MURRAY, S.J.

THE STORY OF THE DAMER GOLD

BY JOSEPH M. HONE

ALL accounts of Joseph Damer that I know of—and the story of this Banker of old Dublin has attracted a good deal of attention lately—open with the statements that he was the eldest son of John Damer of Godmanstone in Dorset, that at an early age he joined the Parliamentary army, being a captain of horse, became known to Cromwell, accompanied Lockhart, the Protector's ambassador, on a mission to Cardinal Mazarin and, on the Protector's death, retired to his friend and not thinking it safe to reside after the Restoration in England, sold his share of the family lands in Dorset, and taking advantage of the cheapness of land in Ireland, came there and purchased large estates.

This notice of Damer's early career appears to have been first published by Sir John Gilbert in his *History of Dublin*. It has been repeated with slight variations by Malcolm Dillon (*History and Development of Banking in Ireland*, 1889) and by all who have since written about Damer. Sir John Gilbert adds the detail that on his first arrival in Ireland he rented the room in the London Tavern, Fishamble Street, where, in Swift's words, he was to touch the pence " while others touch'd the pot."

Gilbert supplies no reference to the sources of his information, and on looking up Lockhart in the Clarendon State Papers and in Burnet's *History of Our Own Times*, I find no mention of his friendship with Damer. Lockhart, although he had married Cromwell's niece, was at a later date taken into employment by Charles II. He is well-spoken of, even by the royalist Clarendon, who confesses that he was proof against bribes and an excellent ambassador.

Mrs. A. M. Fraser in an article entitled " A Banker of Old Dublin," (*Dublin Historical Record*, March–May, 1941), suggests that Damer may have modelled his Irish career on the " magnificent example of avarice given by Mazarin, who died in 1661, worth twelve million." Hers is the most complete account of Damer that has been written, but she has not been able to give any further details of the usurer's early career as a soldier and a diplomat in contact with Mazarin. And it may be remarked in this connection that modern research has tended to show Mazarin in another light than that of a mere seeker after material gain.[1]

It is, however, established that Damer was a member of a landed family of Godmanstone in Dorset and a Cromwellian, and that he arrived in this country shortly after the Restoration, a young man of about thirty, and almost immediately bought a large number of acres from one or more

[1] The charge that excessive love of money was the mainspring of the Cardinal's actions was popularised by Voltaire who had it from Saint-Simon.

of the so-called Adventurers to whom the barony of Clanwilliam in Tipperary had been apportioned under the Cromwellian settlement. The land-grants he thus acquired were in the neighbourhood of the town of Tipperary and included the three villages of Shronell, Lattin and Bruis, and the first house he built was called Bruis Hill. It was mostly hilly country; he stocked large tracts of the estate with sheep and entered the wool business. He carried on a large trade with France, with a side-line in chandlery which side-line, if we may believe the Tipperary tradition, was to prove the foundation of the greater part of his fortune. The Tipperary story goes that, while purchasing tallow in Cashel, he noticed, on tilting one of the casks forwards, that it refused to yield to the pressure, whereupon, in spite of the owner's opposition, he purchased it and brought it back to Shronell where, on being opened, it disclosed the gold plate of a monastery that had been sacked by Cromwellian soldiery. The treasure melted down provided him with the wherewithal of the money-lending trade which he conducted from the London Tavern.

In other parts of Ireland, however, it is told that " Damer's Gold " was not monastery gold but Danish gold. Thus in her note to her play of that name Lady Gregory tells us that she called her miserly countryman *Damer* from a folk-story of a chandler who had bought a keg of gold the Danes had concealed in tallow when they were driven out of Ireland, and who was rich and a miser ever afterwards.

II

Damer was unmarried, his heirs were two nephews in Dorsetshire, Joseph and John. When John reached manhood, which was not until the close of the 17th century, he came to live with his uncle at Shronell. The Damer estates were now greatly enlarged. They were found in other counties besides Tipperary, as is shewn in the records of the Williamite confiscations, in which Joseph Damer's name appears both as a grantee and a purchaser. We may surmise that the nephew (often confused in the popular memory with the uncle) was entrusted with the management of these matters, and that the uncle now lived chiefly in Dublin, absorbed in the banking business. Indeed, so far as we can tell, it may only have been after John's arrival in Ireland that the Dublin office was opened; the notices of the Damer mortgages found by Mrs. Fraser all date from the early years of the 18th century.

Joseph, growing old, now began to present the appearance under which he has been handed down to posterity by Swift. He lived to the age of 90 and died in Dublin. The Dean was dining with Stella and Sheridan on the day (6 July, 1720) that the news of the death ran through the town, and with their help he composed " An Elegy on the much lamented death of Damer, the famous rich Usurer."

He walked the streets and wore a threadbare cloak,
He dined and supped at charge of other folk
And by his look, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms,
So to the poor, if he refused his pelf,
He used them all as kindly as himself.

Damer was buried in St. Paul's churchyard, Oxmantown Green. No stone marks his grave, although Swift had provided an epitaph.

Beneath this verdant hillock lies,
Damer, the wealthy and the wise . . .

It would be unfair to judge Damer by what Swift wrote against him. Swift was prejudiced against all bankers, regarding them as the chief support of the hated Whig interest. Bankers might, he allowed, be a necessary evil in a trading country like England, but in Ireland they could only be birds of prey. Damer's religious opinions, as well as his occupation, would also have invited Swift to hold him up to public contempt. The old banker was a Presbyterian and, in later life, a Unitarian. He must have been one of the first Presbyterians in this country to join the Dissenting congregation, for " the Great Conflict of the Synods " only began in the year of his death, and it was not until 1726, six years later, that the Munster Presbytery decided to support the revolting Presbytery of Antrim against the Presbytery of Ulster. In that year John Damer assisted the Bagwells, Perrys and Rialls (another banking family) in setting up a Unitarian Meeting-house in Clonmel,[1] following the example of his uncle by whose Will the school now attached to the Unitarian church in Stephen's Green had been endowed. In Ireland as in England, it was the wealthier Presbyterians who gravitated towards Unitarianism.

Mrs. Fraser has investigated Damer's career as a money-lender and so far as she can find, he never took more than the common interest, *eight per cent.*, the amount allowed by law. This bears out to some extent the tribute paid to him in the obituary notice in *Whalley's News Letter*—a Whig journal, to be sure (its proprietor was another victim of Swift's satire)—which describes him as a model money-lender, whose death was an irreparable loss to Ireland. " His purse was open to all whom he believed to be honest and where he thought his money secure." Damer's Will also offers evidence that he was not altogether indifferent to the human misery around him. It provided a home for decayed housekeepers in St. Mary's Parish and benefited the Blue Coat School to the extent of £500. Moreover, his clients had not been the more unfortunately circumstanced members of society ; " his humble debtors " as Swift acknowledges in another passage of the Elegy, were " Lords,

[1] *The History of Clonmel* by the Rev. W. P. Burke.

Knights and Squires." But miser he undoubtedly was and we may be sure that he had not the Dean's habit of giving to beggars on the street. In Tipperary, where he is remembered as " the Chandler," not as the Banker, a legend of how he offered his soul for gold but cheated the Devil in the end, and kept both his soul and the gold, survives to this day.

Mrs. Fraser says that Lockhart was his one true friend. But his Will refers to John as " my loving nephew " and to his brother George Damer of Dorchester as " my loving brother." The authors of a county history of Limerick, McGregor and Fitzgerald, writing in 1820, record of a certain Christopher Tuthill of Faha that he " is the nephew of Lord Massey and the grandson of George Tuthill of Ballilina, *the great friend of Damer called the wealthy and the wise* " ![1] We may also presume that Damer had gained the affections of the Rev. Nathaniel Weld, a dissenting Minister to whom he left £10 for mourning. Weld was one of his Executors ; another was Nathaniel Kane, a partner in David La Touche's famous bank at its start. Kane would have been one of the folk at whose expense Damer " dined and supped." He was an exceedingly wealthy man—the patriot party accused him of having acquired a part of his riches at the expense of the city funds.

III

The great bulk of Damer's lands and moneys was divided between his nephews John and Joseph. His estate was valued at near £400,000, sufficient to enable both, as he seems to have desired, to take their place among the great landowners of Ireland. In his note on the " Character of an Irish Squire," Swift brackets John with two other wealthy upstarts, Connolly, the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and Garret Wellesey, the ancester of the Duke of Wellington: " The Esquire takes the title of great man with as little ceremony as Alexander or Caesar. For instance, the great Damer, the great Wellesey."

John, who inherited all his uncle's original landed property, as well as lands acquired in Kilkenny, Clare, Galway, King's County and Kerry, settled at Shronell, where he married Margaret Rowe, the attractive daughter of an impecunious neighbour, Rowe of Roxborough. It was a forced match on the girl's side ; she had many admirers and shortly after the wedding her husband took the drastic step of locking her up in a tower built for the purpose and, allowing no one but himself to go near her, he fed her thrice a day with his own hands. Meanwhile his brother Joseph, whose inheritance from the usurer included lands in the Tipperary baronies of Killenara and Eliogarty, had come over from Dorset with his wife Mary Churchill and had settled at Roscrea. He

[1] An item which interested the present writer, as George Tuthill is among his ancestors.

died in 1736, and his children being still minors, John of Shronell was sole executor of his Will. His son Joseph—Joseph III we may call him—who had been educated at Trinity College, subsequently came in for the bulk of his Tipperary lands, his son John, an LL.D. of the same University, succeeded to the Manor and Lordship of Roscrea and his son George inherited his Dorsetshire property and became M.P. for Dorchester.

Joseph III passed the greater part of his life in England. He sat in Parliament for Weymouth, and on George's death in 1752, succeeded to his parliamentary seat and also to the Dorset property, which he greatly extended by the purchase of Milton Abbey and its estates from Sir Jacob Bancks. In the year following the purchase, he was created Lord Milton of Shronell in the Irish Peerage, and in 1762 he married Lady Caroline Sackville, daughter of the Earl of Dorset, and was elevated to the English peerage as Viscount Milton of Milton Abbas.

Swift's "the great Damer"—"little John," he was called in the countryside—still lived at Shronell, watching from afar his nephew's spectacular successes. He lived alone, even the tower was empty, for his wife had long since been rescued by a young officer of the Tipperary garrison, who had carried her off to London. He had designated Joseph III his sole heir, as is indicated by the fact that the latter had tacked "of Shronell" on to the Irish Peerage. Maybe he dreamt that the Viscount would one day return to Ireland and occupy the palatial residence which he had begun to build, probably between 1740 and 1750, at Shronell. It was called "Damer's Court" and is thus described by Mrs. Fraser.

> The best cut stone was used for the building. The masons and labourers were Scotsmen, specially brought over and housed and fed upon the premises; local tradition says that there were 600 of them . . . The house was to contain 365 windows—one for every day of the year; it is said that the mortar was mixed with the blood of the cattle on the estate while the hair from their backs held the bricks together, and the leather from their hides made suits and coats for the workmen.

Like his uncle, John was interested in education, and he opened a school at Shronell Cross Roads. It was for the children of his Scotch and Protestant workmen, but he made no attempt to stamp out Catholic education, and there were two flourishing hedge-schools in the parish. The Damers, both the old usurer and his nephew of Shronell, are credited with having shown a liberality in religious matters singular in their times. "No one dared to molest the Catholic clergyman or his flock while there was a Damer there to protect them," says Mrs. Fraser. But averse from persecution as they appear to have been, neither uncle nor nephew, as has already been noticed, had been reluctant to take advantage of the Williamite confiscations.

There is also a tradition that "little John" was very good to the poor during the Famine of 1746.

However that may be, the blind poet and musician of Shronell, William O'Heffernan,[1] entertained a very poor opinion of "little John." He called one day at Damer's Court for assistance, and found him dining with Rowe of Roxborough and Lowe of Kilshane. Turned away, he wrote a satire and made a prophecy. He satirised Damer for keeping his Scotchmen at work on St. Patrick's Day, and prophesied that there would soon be no Damer in Damer's Court, no Lowe at Kilshane, no Rowe[2] at Roxborough "but there will be a Heffernan in Shronell always."

IV

John died in 1768 and was buried in the old graveyard of Lattin, where his brother lay. He had reached the great age of 94.

Joseph III, Viscount Milton, now came into possession of Damer's Court and of the original Damer lands in Tipperary. A very rich man already he laid out a part of this large addition to his wealth on his Dorset properties. He pulled down all of Milton Abbas, a monastic building, except the hall, and built a new mansion to the design of Sir William Chambers. He also altered the village of Milton Abbey out of all recognition. Formerly a collection of hovels clustering round his residence, it was transformed into one street of detached, mathematically placed cottages with high thatched roofs—into the "model village grown old," "the make-believe village," now shown to tourists. In 1792, he was created Earl of Dorchester, and built the original Dorchester House in Park Lane.[3] He was then 70; like his uncle and great-uncle he preserved his vigour into old age.

Seldom, if ever, in Ireland, he partially fulfilled Heffernan's prophecy by demolishing Damer's Court. The date of its destruction is uncertain. In the *Post Chaise Companion* of 1786, Damer's Court is referred to as "the large and magnificent Seat of Viscount Milton; but according to Lewis's *Topographical Dictionary* of 1837, the greater part of the building was already gone in 1776, and little remained but the offices. To-day, Mrs. Fraser tells us, "there is still to be seen the front wall and the sightless windows."

Joseph III had three sons. Two of them lived the lives of men of fashion in London, and together contracted a debt of £70,000 which their father refused to pay. Again a blind musician figures in the Damer story. As a last fling, the elder John whose wardrobe was valued at £15,000, gave a great party at the Bedford Arms Hotel, and called in a

[1] Biographical note to Mr. Richard Foley's introduction to O'Heffernan's *Poems*.
[2] *ib.* and Mrs. Fraser op-cit.
[3] Where the Dorchester Hotel now stands.

blind fiddler to make music for a disreputable company. The night over, he shot himself. He is the only Damer who finds his way into the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and that on account of his wife, Anne Seymour, the sculptress to whom Horace Walpole devised Strawberry Hill.

I was forgetting to say that Blind William Heffernan was on the scene, when Damer's Court ceased to be. He rejoiced over the event in a poem,[1] the first stanza of which runs :—

" Ní bhón liom Cúirt Shónaill á leagadh
Gan balla gan fiodhba le fagáil
Ní bhón liom an cóbhac lag marbh—
An ghrádain seo raimh le fán
Ní bhón liom an t-ór buidhe á scaipeadh
Ag an tsean-dhoc liath 'san áit
Is feóirling ní thabharfadh dhon tsagart
Dá dtagadh dá thabairt ón mbás."

V

Joseph III died in 1806 aged about 86. George, born in 1746, his only surviving son, succeeded to the Earldom. George had sat for thirty years in the British Parliament as member successively for Chrichlade, Dorchester and Malton, but was rejected at one election because the electors did not like his face. In 1794 he was appointed Chief-Secretary to Lord Westmoreland and was nominated for Naas. Ten years earlier he had been described as " a violent party man " by Lord Cornwallis who doubted the propriety of his being given an Irish post, and when Earl Fitzwilliam, the conciliating Viceroy, arrived in Ireland in 1795 he was dismissed from the Chief-Secretaryship. It may be presumed therefore that he had departed from the Whig principles of his family, and joined the Ultra-Tories. Possibly, it was rage at his dismissal that caused him to dismantle Damer's Court.

After his father's death he lived with his sister Lady Caroline Damer at Dorchester House which had been closed to Society for some time, and so had come to be called " Milton's Paradise Lost." Brother and sister, we are told, enjoyed the private friendship of George III and Queen Charlotte and were " so comfortable and happy " that " it quite does one's heart good to see them." He died in 1808, leaving the " Damer gold " to Lady Caroline, who endowed several Protestant charities on the Irish estates,[2] and on her death in 1829, it devolved upon her cousins,

[1] The Poem is given in full by Mr. Foley in his edition of O'Heffernan.

[2] There was a Damer Lawn Tennis Club at Roscrea in 1887, perhaps called after her.

the Dawsons, the Earl of Portarlington and his brother, who assumed the additional surname of Damer. They were the grandsons of the second Joseph whose daughter Mary had married the son of another Dublin banker, Ephraim Dawson of Kildare Street. Ephraim Dawson had bought the Portarlington and other estates in Leix, through which the first of the Damers in Ireland must so often have passed on his rides from Shronell to his Counting-house in Dublin.

In this way, the Damer gold returned to Ireland, where it had originated. The Dawson-Damers reigned at Emo Park, Portarlington, for another seventy years or so, escaping bankruptcy under the 1849 Encumbered Estates Act at a cost of some £350,000, near the amount of the wealth amassed by old Joseph the usurer. Emo Park is now St. Mary's, a Jesuit Novitiate.

Sources :

Mrs. Fraser, op-cit ; Malcolm Dillon, op-cit.; Sir John Gilbert op-cit ; *Journal of the Cork Archaeological Society*, May 1894 ; *Institute of the Bankers of Ireland*, Vol. II ; Richard Foley, *op-cit* ; and D. J. O'Sullivan in the *Irish Folk Song Society Journal* ; Swift's *Works* ; Dorset County Histories ; Journal of the Archaeological Society of Co. Kildare. I should also mention a fascinating article, entitled " Wanted —an Historical Novel " which appeared in the *Irish Library Bulletin* for October, 1946. The writer, who signs himself N.Umis, M.A., relates how one August evening when, driving through Lattin, he heard his companion, a native of those parts, murmur " Old Damer is buried there, in fact two of the old fellows . . . " and thereafter, wherever he went, something happened to focus his attention on the Damers. As N.Umis says, the story of the Damer Gold might well attract an Irish historical novelist.

DEATH AND THE EXISTENTIALIST

BY JOSEPH O'MARA, S.J.

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THERE is an irrational quality about death that is frightening. It has the all too solid incomprehensibility of zero which, as J. D. Sheridan puts it, " is less a number proper than a tiny infinitesimal gap across which the spark of reason flashes in terror on its way from plus to minus ". The mind shies away from the contemplation of the thin fissure that cuts a bottomless rift between the firm ground of present existence and the vague, mysterious terrain of survival. Still, death, importunate, taps insistently at the doors of thought. It will not be ignored and, whether we like it or not, will gain an entrance sooner or later. Poet or philosopher, saint or sinner, preacher or pew-sitter—every Tom, Dick and Harry of us has cast, at one time or another, an apprehensive eye on " the dreadful outer brink of obvious death ". For the most part, man's reflection on his own mortality is intermittent and curiously impersonal. Even the philosopher, whose business it is to delve for the hidden sources of reality, has been surprisingly aloof in his treatment of the problem of death—as if polite unconcern were the only dignified attitude in the face of such an irrelevancy. It has been left to the theologian and to the poet to probe, each in his own way, the heart of the matter—and to the plain man, to suffer the mystery in silence.

I

Within the last two decades, however, a group of thinkers, conveniently but somewhat loosely labelled ' existentialist ', has appeared for whom death is at once a personal concern and the subject of intimate speculation. But, perhaps, speculation is not the correct word here. The existentialist does not speculate ; he registers an experiential impact. He finds reality —as who does not, indeed ?—in that lived grip on being, which is the ' self '. In my surface, humdrum existence I am fragmentary and dispersed, unauthentic, lacking any real significance. If I am to know myself for what I am, and thereby know reality, I must break through the outer crust of everyday experience and penetrate into the hitherto unexplored depths of my own concrete being. As I descend, lopping off the superficialities of life on my way, my inward eye will be drawn down along the ever-changing contours of banal experience to a central core of existence, a basic situation, which constitutes my ' self '. This *situated self* is reality for me, the only reality valid at first-hand. All else is derivative and more or less shop-soiled.

It is from this point of the situated self that the existentialist looks out on life and its problems. And the acutest problem of life is death. Death is an enigma. Viewed as an absolute, it is nonsense : a not-living, a nothingness of existence, devoid of all meaning. Relatively, as the abrupt cutting-off of experienced selfhood, it is still nonsense : the final term and flowering of that subsistent absurdity, which is man. So it is, at least, for Heidegger and Sartre. In his latest analysis of existentialist thought[1], the Abbé Jolivet has outlined the position of Heidegger and Sartre regarding death. It is an interesting study of ontological depression. The atheistic form of existentialism[2] is singularly rich in gloom. Divorced from the transcendent and straitened within the small, tight square of individual existence, man is mere project, insufficiency personified, by definition an abortive gesture towards completion. Abortive, for there can be no completion. Reality is of its nature unfinished. This is not just the truism that, while he lives, man is always open to development. Man, the self, reality, *is* incompleteness. Contingence is an absolute, the very fabric of being. What is fundamental in man, therefore, his basic situation, is an ontological emptiness—(for Heidegger, *anguish* ; for Sartre, *absurdity*). Sartre's own words in *La Nausée* are sufficient commentary : " Just now my pen forms the word ' Absurdity ' . . . . Without formulating anything explicitly, I realised that I had at last found the clue to Existence, the clue to my Nausea, to my own life. Everything I have ever grasped since that moment comes back to this basic absurdity. Absurdity : still a mere word. I am struggling against words ; there, I had handled the thing itself . . . It was a moment that stunned. There I was rapt, motionless and chill, in an ecstasy of horror. Yet, within the very core of that ecstasy something new emerged. I had grasped Nausea ; I held it. Though I did not then express my discoveries to myself, I think I can now easily put them into words. That which is basic is contingence. I mean to say that, by definition, existence is not necessity. To exist is just *to be there* ; beings simply appear, are casually *struck up against*, you cannot *argue to* them . . . . . Now, necessary being cannot explain existence : contingence is not an illusion, a mirage that can be dispelled. It is the absolute and, consequently, simply motiveless. Everything is uncalled for—this garden, this town, I myself ".

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[1] *LE PROBLEME DE LA MORT chez. M. Heidegger et J.-P. Sartre*, par Régis Jolivet. Paris : Éditions de Fontenelle. 1950. Pp. 110.

[2] In 1945 in Paris Sartre delivered a lecture entitled *L'Existentialisme est-il un humanisme* ? (Eng. trans. by Bernard Frechtman, under the title *Existentialism*. New York, Philosophical Library. 1947. Pp. 92. $2.75), in which he said : " there are two kinds of existentialist ; first, those who are Christian . . . and on the other hand the atheistic existentialists, among whom I class Heidegger and then the French existentialists and myself ". Heidegger, it is true, has protested vehemently against this classification. The evidence of his published works, however, seems to be against him.

And death? It is contingence come into its own, absurdity definitively enthroned and justified. If man is project, essentially unfulfilled, death is the ultimate seal of vacuity set upon the absurdity of existence. Its supreme justification is to be unjustifiable; its highest credential, that it is the unwarrantable and total obliteration of human reality. Death is the final triumph of the substantial hopelessness of life. "Each day was one more betrayal of those early dreams of greatness; each day brought with it its own new future; from one expectancy to the next, from one future to the next, Matthew's days slipped gently away . . . . towards what? Towards nothing" (Sartre: *L'âge de raison*). It would be a weak understatement to call this pessimism; it is despair firmly accepted and given universal jurisdiction over the living and the dead.

II

In his *Existentialism*[1] Sartre notes one of the main objections levelled against him and his atheistic confrères. "We have been charged", he writes, "with dwelling on human degradation, with pointing out everywhere the sordid, shady and slimy, and neglecting the gracious and beautiful, the bright side of human nature . . . the basic charge against us is that we put the emphasis on the dark side of human life" (p. 11-13). Whatever be the force of Sartre's subsequent defence, this much is certain: existentialism need not take the despairing form of *La Nausée* nor necessarily view death as the hopeless climax of man's existential absurdity. There is another and brighter view of life and death. It is the view of Gabriel Marcel.

Although never given to morbid introspection, from his earliest days Gabriel Marcel has been acutely aware of his own reactions to people and to what might be called the breathable quality of his situation. An only child, sensitive and impressionable, he found the family climate faintly oppressive. The very affection with which he was surrounded weighed him down: the air was heavy with solicitude. He knew himself to be the continual subject of conjecture, the focal point of parental interest and planning. For the lonely, meditative boy there was something akin to exasperation in the thought that his every action took on a swollen importance under his parents' microscopic probings. As he lay in bed at night, he could hear the murmur of voices, and could guess what they were discussing: his health, his classroom successes and failures, the hopes to be built on him, the disappointments to be feared. Life became a drama, where trifles were big with momentous consequences. From his place at the centre of this circle of preoccupation, he looked out with the rather terrifying lucidity of childhood upon the faces of persons and things as they revolved about him. In later years he described with analytic detail what he saw; at the time his awareness was more a global sense of atmosphere than a clear-cut cataloguing of influences.

[1] cf. pg. 2, note 2.

Of the multiple forces that went to mould his temper and outlook, one of the most powerful was an absence. Death, as a theme for philosophic reflection, runs through his writings, and in many of his plays it is the hidden spring and regulator of the action. Death is no mere negation; to borrow a phrase from Chesterton, it is "as positive as an empty chair". It is more: it is a soil in which the roots of the living and the dead are entwined in intimate communication. This realisation of the continued presence of the dead has been constant with Gabriel Marcel. It dates from 1893, the year his mother died. He had scarcely known her. What memories he had of her were shadowy and imprecise. Beside the dominating figure of his aunt, who now as his step-mother ruled the home with a genuine but searching affection, his mother faded into a retrospective blur. Whether from fear or from shyness, he rarely asked questions about her. He heard an occasional mention of her, was shown one or other of her letters. That was all. Yet to him she was as insistently present as the living. His thoughts, his emotional life, his very inner substance were kneaded and shaped as much by invisible as by visible hands, and the former, perhaps, penetrated further into the secret places of the spirit. This interplay of two worlds, the hidden and the tangible, is central in the spiritual and philosophical development of Gabriel Marcel. It underlies his existential analyses of fidelity, of love, of communion, of despair and hope; it provides an important subject for the dramatic running commentary of his plays; it enters in as one of the bases to the colouring of his religious complexion. As an outcome of his analysis of human reality, death becomes for Marcel the meeting-place of two worlds, the testing-ground of life. How does he arrive at this conception, and what precisely does he mean by it? [1]

III

After a casual reading of the principal works of Gabriel Marcel,—diaries, essays, plays—it would be easy to form an impression of man and of his basic existential situation not very different from the repellent despond of *La Nausée*. Here are a few items for a possible dismal anthology. "My life. The fact that it can seem to me to be literally devoid of meaning is an integral part of its structure. It then appears to me as pure accident. But then, what is this 'I' which finds itself incomprehensibly dowered with this absurd existence, dowered with something which is the very reverse of a gift?" (*Etre et Avoir*); "The possibility of despair bound up with liberty. It is of the essence of

[1] If in this sketch of the existentialist view of life and death Marcel is accorded fuller treatment, it is because the atheistic conception has had the support of a subtler and more widespread propaganda. It seems only fair to try to re-establish some sort of balance between the parties.

liberty that it can be exerted in self-betrayal. Nothing outside ourselves can shut the door on despair. The way is open; one can even say that the world is so constructed that absolute despair appears possible in it" (*Ibid.*); "Time as a shaft going down to death, to my death, to my utter loss. The gulf of time; the horror of looking into time at whose depths lies my death, sucking me down" (*Ibid.*); "There is but one suffering—to be alone" (*Le Coeur des Autres*); "We can do nothing for one another. Man is solitary." (*La Chapelle Ardente*) . . . . and a score more such examples. The whole tenor of Marcel's plays is to underline the daily and hopeless destruction of love and trust and intimacy by the ingrained falsity and pride of man. And yet, his work is a gospel of hope and a vindication of spiritual communion.

For Gabriel Marcel the focus of philosophic reflection is man's fundamental situation of *embodiment*[1]. "Embodiment—the central datum of metaphysics. Embodiment is the situation of a being who appears to himself as bound to a body . . . . Is embodiment a fact? It does not seem so to me; it is rather the starting-point from which a fact is possible . . . A fundamental situation which properly speaking cannot be overridden, mastered or analysed" (*Etre et Avoir*); "In the strict sense I cannot set up an intellectual retreat outside of or beyond my body. Such a disembodiment is impossible, excluded by my very structure" (*Du Refus à l'Invocation*). It is the old crux of the union of body and soul. I can say neither that I *have* a body nor that I *am* my body. My body is not one of my belongings, part of my baggage, an object among other objects, just one item—albeit the most important and intimate—in the catalogue of my possessions. But, for all that, my body is not myself. To accept such an identification is to fall into a crass materialism, in which obvious spiritual values are absorbed and destroyed in the unintelligible confusions of biological and mechanistic makeshifts. I am at at once exterior and interior to my body. When, in an awkward moment, I try to hide my embarrassment from another, I am giving existential proof that my body both betrays and masks my inner reality. My body lies midway between what depends on me and what does not depend on me, between pure spontaneity and brute fact. The life of the body is half docile, half recalcitrant to my control. It is I, yet it is a stranger. What is this embodied reality, which is myself?

This mystery of embodiment is hinted at, and its elucidation suggested, in two passages, among many, in the writings of Gabriel Marcel. They are widely separated in time—the first written in 1921, the second in 1939—but both strike the same note. "For me, all reality is modelled on the pattern and as the prolongation of the reality of my body . . . . .

[1] In order to avoid what might be obtrusive religious associations, 'embodiment' and its derivatives have been substituted for 'incarnation' etc., which Marcel himself almost always uses.

Between me and everything that exists there is a relation—(this word is altogether inadequate)—of the same kind as that which links me with my body . . . . This comes to the same thing as saying that my body *is in sympathy with things*" (*Journal Métaphysique*); "When I say 'I exist' . . . this is what in some obscure way I am driving at: that I am not only for myself, but that I manifest myself—or better, that I am manifest . . . . . 'I exist': that means that I can be known or recognised by another—or by myself, in so far as in my own eyes I possess a sort of borrowed otherness. And all this is bound up with the fact that 'my body is'" (*Du Refus à l'Invocation*). My body, then, is a mediator, an existential bridge between all reality and myself. It is not merely an instrument through which I get in touch with things, a receiving-set for gathering in the myriad stimuli from the outer world and transforming them into my own personal reactions. It is my lived insertion in being, my mode of participation in reality. My reality is to be an embodied communion with all being. For me, to exist is to share being with the universe. My very particularity, concreted in my embodied condition of existence, is the guarantee and medium of my existential intimacy with all else. Such is man's ontological destiny.

Within this context of man's fundamental situation of embodied reality, Gabriel Marcel has elaborated his existential analyses of hope, fidelity and communion; and it is in the light of these analyses that he tackles the question of the meaning of death. Sartre begins and ends in despair; Marcel, too, starts with despair, only to arrive at the firm acceptance of life—and death. "Despair", he writes, "is possible in any form, at any moment and to any degree, and this betrayal may seem to be counselled, if not forced upon us, by the very structure of the world we live in . . . . I believe that at the root of despair there is always this affirmation: 'There is nothing in the realm of reality to which I can give credit—no security, no guarantee'. It is a statement of complete insolvency" (*Position et approches concrètes du mystère ontologique*). Despair is man accepting his embodied condition as a principle of isolation and a barrier to communion. Once let me realise that I am inserted into the texture of reality as a strand in a tapestry, and I have conquered despair. I have hope. Through my concrete situation of embodiment I adhere to the world, I am as it were kneaded into the mass of reality. Between myself and all reality there is reciprocal nourishment in being. "Hope consists in asserting that there is at the heart of being, beyond all data, beyond all inventories and all calculations, a mysterious principle which is in connivance with me, which cannot but will what I will, if what I will deserves to be willed and is, in fact, willed by the whole of my being" (*Ibid.*). Man's basic existential condition is that of a beleaguered city, for which the ultimate values can be none other than hope and loyalty. Whether I like it or not, I am committed to existence, set about by reality.

To reject this *engagement*, to act as a mere spectator of existence, is to become involved in an ever-quickening progression of mistrust towards being—my own and others'—whose final issue is despair. Hope and loyalty are man's triumphant welcome to the existential test of life—and death. " Speaking metaphysically, the only genuine hope is hope in what does not depend on ourselves ", but which is present to us ; and " fidelity is the active perpetuation of presence, the renewal of its benefits . . . This seems to me to have almost inexhaustible consequences, if only for the relationships between the living and the dead . . . We are here at the opening of a vista at whose term death will appear as the *test of presence* " (*Ibid.*).

IV

" Had we none but the living, Gisela ", says one of the characters in Marcel's play, *Le Dard*, " I think the earth would be utterly uninhabitable ". It is only in the recognition and acceptance of death that we can enter into genuine communion with the living. By the testing criterion of death alone can communion in being be authenticated, shown to be neither spurious nor merely spectacular. I am inevitably beset by the temptation to turn life into a piece of theatre, objectivising the various roles—myself, events, people ; at times even, I step back into the wings for a better view of the stage and the players. By thus withdrawing from the scene, I transform life into an endless series of so many problems to be solved. And the supreme problem, for the spectator, is death. It is meaningless, and yet the thought of it hems me in. Life becomes a condemned cell, the walls of which are steadily closing in upon me. My own death is being continually anticipated for me, as my prized possessions, my familiar loves, give way and vanish before the daily encroachments of dissolution. " Who shall deliver me from the body of this death ? "

But, in reality, death is not a problem ; it is a mystery, a mystery of presence. There can be no neatly worked-out, objective solution to a question whose primary datum is myself. Death, as a mystery, comprehends and transcends the questioner. By being a mere spectator of life I am denying my own inner reality, my own commitment to existence. I am knit into being, and death is but a challenge to me to be actively engaged in reality. If I have truly given myself over to being, whether in myself or in others, death can only be a call to ratify the gift. And, ultimately, my ratification of the gift must be love. " To love someone is to say to him : You will not die " (*Mort de Demain*). Love is the assertion, through hope and fidelity, that death is not a final rupture of communion but the vindication of an eternal presence. Being passes beyond corruption and the tomb. At first, when death has taken off the person whom I love, " I am left alone, irrevocably . . . . and yet, the roots of our communion may have been so deep . . . . that it continues

in being as an everlasting reality . . . Death ceases to be a mere gulf" (*Du Refus à l'Invocation*). Death tests the depth of our engagement in existence; it measures the extent and the genuineness of our gift of ourselves; it assesses the character of our hope and of our fidelity. Death is the door to a continued presence, the more intimate for being unseen. "Since the death of my parents", says Antoine in *L'Emissaire*, "I have discovered this: that what we call 'living on' is really 'living under'. Those whom we have not ceased to love with the best of ourselves become for us a quivering vault, unseen yet foreseen and even lightly touched, beneath which, in evergrowing awe and detachment, we go forward to that moment when all will be swallowed up in love". Marcel was sixty when he wrote *L'Emissaire*; yet the rich mind and the mature sensitivity are but the full-grown fruit of a child's bewildered insight into death.

V

Existentialism has been enjoying a most successful innings in the philosophic field. Nor is this surprising. Beside the dramatic, imaginative presentation of human problems found in existentialist writings, the classical philosophic treatment dwindles to an impoverished bundle of abstractions. In *Huis Clos* and *Les Mouches* there is a pace and an excitement that grip and carry one away. You might be inclined to nod over the *Summa* or the *Monadology*; Sartre brings you to the edge of your chair, and keeps you there. Even with the gentler discretion of *L'Homme de Dieu* and *La Soif*, Marcel can hold you taut, while he probes the hidden reaches of concrete experience. Here, precisely, lies existentialism's greatest force. It is a spiritual empiricism and has all the immediate attractiveness of warm, everyday contact with reality. To the question, for instance, 'How disentangle our loyalties in the face of death?', Sartre will answer with the brutal portraiture of *Morts sans Sépulture*, Marcel will give us the quiet agonies of *L'Emissaire*. No thesis to be proved, no terms to be defined; instead, experience is thumbed for its significant passages, and in the light of these passages man, his nature, his destiny, life and sorrow and death are thrown into stereoscopic relief. Reality is not demonstrated; it is *monstrated*. Seeing is believing.

For the Christian, and especially for the Catholic, Gabriel Marcel has an added claim to attention. The whole temper of his writings is religious. Long before his conversion to the Catholic Church in 1929 his interest was centred around questions bearing, either directly or indirectly, on religious issues. As a Catholic, this concentration on the *sacred* became more marked. Not only were the subjects of his existential analyses religious subjects; his treatment of them was religious. He had the *anima naturaliter christiana*. Reading him, we traverse familiar

and holy ground. We are at home with him, sharing a common background and common values. Certain phrases evoke in us an immediate and almost instinctive sympathy: "By death we shall throw ourselves open to that which we lived on earth" (*La Soif*). Our spiritual outlook is the same, and the things of faith draw from us the same responsive echoes.

From this twofold point of view, then—closeness to concrete experience and religious colouring—the existentialism of Gabriel Marcel can undoubtedly exercise a powerful attraction on the Christian reader. There is something to be said, however, on the debit side. And, first, to take the religious aspect. It might very well be—and, indeed, has been—objected that in his presentation and solution of the problems of existence Marcel has presupposed the reality and truth of Christian revelation. Marcel has foreseen this difficulty. "It will perhaps be said", he writes in *Position et Approches*: "All you have said implies an unformulated reference to the data of christianity and can only be understood in the light of these data. Thus we understand what you mean by presence if we think of the Eucharist and what you mean by creative fidelity if we think of the Church. But what can be the value of such a philosophy for those who are a-Christian—for those who ignore Christianity or who do not accept it?" The answer is ready. "It is quite possible that the existence of the fundamental Christian data may be necessary *in fact* to enable the mind to conceive some of the notions which I have attempted to analyse; but these notions cannot be said to depend on Christian revelation, and *they do not presuppose it* . . . . Now, as at any other time, the philosopher is placed in a given historical situation . . . . (which) implies as one of its essential data the existence of the Christian fact . . . . What appears to me evident is that we cannot reason to-day as though there were not behind us centuries of Christianity, just as, in the domain of the theory of knowledge, we cannot pretend that there have not been centuries of positive science. But neither the existence of Christianity nor that of positive science plays in this connection more than the role of a fertilising principle. It favours the development of certain ideas which we might not have conceived without it".

It must be admitted that there is a great measure of truth in this defence. Christianity is a fact, and the Christian contribution to thought has vastly enriched and enlarged the field of philosophic speculation. For a philosopher to deny the Christian fact or discount the Christian elements in our culture would be to cripple himself as a thinker and deprive himself of almost inexhaustible matter for investigation. To cut oneself off from tradition—that "democracy of the dead", as it has been called—is to commit a sort of mental suicide. Furthermore, the Catholic philosopher can, and should, take the truths of his faith as negative norms governing the course and outcome of his researches. He will know that

the established truths of revelation cannot be gainsaid, and that any findings of his that definitely undermine or run counter to these truths must be scrapped as false moves and deceptive clarities. All this is true. Yet the real kernel of the original difficulty remains. The Catholic existentialist will rightly draw light and guidance from his faith; in his strict role of philosopher, however, he must not use that faith as an instrument of enquiry. This is the main force of the objection which Marcel has put himself. He has not answered it. Take, for instance, the question of death and survival. How does Marcel arrive at his conclusions? Death, he says, is a door opening onto a fuller and a richer life; it is the definitive establishment, beyond the precariousness of immediate existence, of the fruits of creative fidelity and of hope. How does he know this? As a Catholic, he believes it—and rightly. As a philosopher . . . .? He has not reasoned to it. Nowhere has he *proved* the immortality of the soul. It would seem that he has accepted it as an element in the religious colouring of his existential situation. For the believer, this is a perfectly legitimate attitude to adopt; it will not suffice for the philosopher.

But truth, Marcel will say, is not demonstrated; it is *monstrated*. It is not reason which will discover the transparencies of reality; rather will they be made evident in lived coincidence with being. Here is the core of existentialism, and it is on this issue that it must finally be judged. Existentialism is of its nature individual. The only significant reality for me is my own existentially situated self. Being is valid for me in the precise measure in which I become aware of the pervading presence of reality. I find this recognition of being at that point of saturation with reality which is my basic existential situation: anguish, absurdity, communion. But which of these basic situations is the true revelation of being? They are all true—existentially. Philosophically speaking, it is a case of "every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost". Being has no universal value, and the first principles of reality and mind, wedded in abstractive thought and issuing in the dynamic certitude of ontological affirmation, are metaphysically barren. The intellectual grasp of being has been abandoned for the charms of affectivity. No one, indeed, can be merely a philosopher; it is not the intellect which thinks, but the whole man through his intellect. Saint Augustine was right when he said: "Ipsum verum non videbis nisi in philosophia totus intrabis". But this does not warrant the erection of the emotional concomitants of thought into the ultimate criterion of truth. The original sin of existentialism is a distrust of the abstractive power of the intellect to reach reality. It is the substitution of the heart for the head.

Life, luckily, is not the exclusive domain of the philosopher. Horatio was not the first—nor the last—to be instructed on this consoling truth. There is work to be done by a sane existentialism. It is good for us

to be reminded that the eternal verities are clothed in flesh and blood and that the fulness of reality overflows our narrow categories. It is good that we should be brought down from the cold heights of speculation and made to feel the warm touch of experienced being. But truth remains one, and it is the intellect alone that can grasp it. Understood in this sense, the words of Gabriel Marcel in *Etre et Avoir* are at once a challenge and an inspiration. " I think that the man who says ' It doesn't matter what you think so long as you lead a Christian life ' is committing the worst of offences against Him who said ' I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life '. The Truth. It is on the ground of Truth that we should fight our first battle for religion ; on this field only can it be won or lost. In the issue of that fight, man will show whether he has indeed betrayed his mission and his destiny ; we shall see, then, whether or no loyalty must remain the standard of a little chosen band of saints, advancing to their certain martyrdom, and indefatigably praying as they go for those who have chosen the shadows ".

JOSEPH O'MARA

SOME IRISH BARDIC POEMS

EDITED BY LAMBERT MAC KENNA, S.J.

XCVI

On death of Éigneachán (son of Neachtain) Ó Domhnaill, † 1497. Though he is styled Ó Domhnaill in st 7, the Annals say he was not head of his name.

1. Tuile ar ttrághadh trén Gaoidheal,
trághadh dar sén níor saoileadh ;
téid fúinn 's ní fóinn am énar
súil ler féghadh glóir Ghaoidheal.

2. Tárraidh rath 'n-a rath tadhuill,
mur do chaith gach rath romhuinn ;
ní hé a-mháin trén do thoirinn ;
fégh ar fhoirinn Chláir Chonuill.

3. Oighidh nach an a díoghuil
ar magh n-Oiligh níorbh iarraidh ;
táinig soin re síol nDálaigh
gur sháruigh goin ríogh riaghuil.

4. Béim súl oruinn do imdhigh,
ar chrú cConuill do chumhngaigh ;
tuile agas trén 'n-a leanmhuin,
sén teaghlaigh Mhuighe Murbhaigh.

5. Oighreacht nach iarr a cána,
ar soinne cia nach cuala ?
mairg far bhuail an tonn tnúdha,
fonn Úna a n-uair a uama.

6. Iongnadh d'fháth é dá oighidh
gurbh é do chách budh cobhair ;
níor chás giall acht 'n-a gheimhil,
beiridh an bás riamh roghuin.

7. Níor fhoghluim cách 'n-a ccumhaidh
bás Í Dhomhnuill gur dhuiligh ;
fuil ríogh ní riar 'n-a ghonaibh,
díol nach cobhair d'Fhiadh Fhuinidh.

8. Díoghuil 'n-a bhás do-bearar
ar ríoghuibh gur fhás omhan ;
díol iona ghuin má ghabhar
gabhadh an fhuil ríogh robhadh.

9. Congnamh tuirrsi d'fhóir Oiligh
a chuimhne dhóibh 'n-a dheaghaidh ;
ní liom do-chuaidh ón chumhuidh,
cumhuin liom a-dtuaidh Teamhair.

10. Iomdha gné ghubha ar mbróinne ;
fa ghul másа mé mhúine
ná bí dom chosg ag caoine ;
ní saoire a ttosd dí dhúinne.

11. Cobhair bhróin dí 'n-a dhiomdha,
fan rígh budh cóir dá comhdha ;
beag nach báidh re teagh tTeamhra
bearna Fháil na bhfear bhfoghla.

12. Ar feart Éigneacháin anuim,
beart 'n-a héigeanchás oruinn ;
re ceilt ndér ann ní fhuilim,
do-chluinim lén chlann cConuill.

13. Biaidh sein oirne 'n-a fholtuibh
teisd mo thoirrsi dá ttugthair,
mar tá mé tre mhac Neachtain
ná reacthair lat é a n-Ultuibh.

14. Mo ghul ag dul a ndéine,
cumha na mban nach buaine;
ní lá do chleith mo chaoine,
aoidhe mná ag breith mo bhuaidhe.

15. Ní beart cheilte mo chumhadh,
an dearc reimpe 'n-a robhadh;
grádh acht gidh bé do-bhearadh
treabhadh é is crádh 'n-a chomhar.

16. Ní seal do chleacht a chaoineadh
bean ar a fheart 'n-a hénar;
léig don mhnaoi do-ní nuaghul
más fuaradh caoi dhí a dhéanamh.

17. Ar sén fa lár do leigeadh,
ní gnáth trén ris nach teagar;
fada an fhleadh bhróin dá bagar,
abar an teagh óil d'eagar.

18. Mac Neachtuin cia nach caoineann,
—mar bheantair giall a géibheann,
iongnadh an lén fhuair aoineang—
sgél le sgaoileann uaim Éireann.

19. Ráth Bhreagh—as céim dhá cumhaidh—
ar fhear dot éis ní fhuirigh;
má fhuair riamh as í t'oighidh
ní as dhoiligh le Fiadh bhFuinidh.

20. Nach lamhuid teacht tar tóruinn,
ceart 'n-a n-aghaidh fa Éirinn,
rug do ghuin chreich nach caoinim,
bheith ar aoineing d'fhuil Fhéilim.

21. Narbh áil céile dod chumhaidh
Éire dod ghrádh a ngeimhil;
bean Bhriain mar do bhaoi ad dheaghaidh
dleaghair do mhnaoi a ndiaigh dheighfhir.

22. Má tá díol t'álaidh d'fhiachuibh
ag síol Dálaigh dá ndúthaigh
tiocfa fós re fréimh tTuathuil,
do-chós uathuibh féin fúthuibh.

23. Tug anmhuin ar Áth Seanuigh
an damhruidh ó Áth Oiligh
Ráth Dá Thí uann 'n-a aghaidh;
raghaidh luagh nach í at oighidh.

24. Líon mar sein fad lia luighe
nachar lia fa fhleidh oile;
an fhleadh bhróin biaidh ar ibhe
fóir Line um dhiaigh go Doire.

25. Fleadh orchra d'ól níorbh fhuráil
do shlóghuibh comtha comhóil;
níor dhóigh le fear gá fagháil
banfháidh bhróin gurbh eadh honóir.

26. Ní fhuil an uairsi acht éinfhear
ar huaighsi—soin an saoghal!
gidh bé fa uain do héradh
féghadh mhé ar huaigh um aonar.

27. Leigthear huaigh dhamh fa dheireadh,
mo ghal do-chuaidh ó chomhar;
d'éis a deargtha d'fhóir Uladh
ceardcha chumhadh fóinn folamh.

28. Síol cConuill ar hfeart uile
ar seal oruinn dá fhaire;
ar huaigh do-chóidh ó chridhe
file uainn róinn nach raibhe.

29. Lé téid ar ttuirsi a ttruime,
do mhuirnsi níor léig linne,
beag nach biadh as úir uirre,
tnúidh fat uille riamh rinne.

30. Do chuirsi ót fheart a aire,
fan tuirsi ní tearc slighe,
má do fhégh ar uaigh oile
dér ó chroidhe fuair file.

31. Do chleacht omhan ret armuibh,
t'fheart ar th'fhoghuibh nar imdhigh ;
gráin ret uaigh do bhí ar bhiodhbhaibh
gérbh iomdhaidh shuain í d'inghin.

32. Láimh ris an bhfeart fa bhfuile
mo dhearc ag dáil a fleidhe ;
do chuir fúinn dul go Doire
croidhe ar ccur a rúin reimhe.

33. Mac Neachtuin ar uaigh d'iomdhaidh
fuair Teamhair mar gach turbhaidh ;
fiu a ghuin dá ttí re Teamhraigh,
rí an teaghlaigh ó Mhuigh Mhurbhaigh.

34. Riar cumhadh fa chrú nDálaigh,
tús rí tugtha dá ndéruibh,
leasg a dhul a cceann caoinidh,
fearr d'aoidhidh sgur dá sgélaibh.

35. Do dhíoth céile do charthuin
an síoth ó chéile cuirfidh ;
ráth Bhreagh ní bhí fa dheibhthir,
feithmhigh sí an fear nach fuighthir.

36. Sén na tuirrsi gá toradh ;
sgél an fhuinnsi i ngach ionadh ;
go dol dí tar fhonn Uladh
tonn chumhadh is sí ar síobhal.

37. Díoth Éigneacháin go n-airigh
críoch Éireamhóin níor fhalaigh ;
a ttug lé tar fonn bhFeimhin
beiridh tonn é 'n-ar n-aghaidh.

38. Do-ní an úir a cuid chaoinidh,
do thuig gach dúil gá dénuimh ;
dá ndeach sé dhínn gan díoghuil
do dhíoghuil síon é ar fhéghuin.

39. Seal caoi oruinn narbh aithnidh
gach laoi um ó cConuill cuirthir ;
dob fháth tar cheol do charthuin
marthuin deor do chách cuirfidh.

40. Ní thairg neach cló mo chumhadh
breath ar mo bhrón ó bhearar ;
má tá re caoi ionar ccomhar
omhan do mhnaoi an lá leabhar.

Tuile

Translation

1. The power of the Gaoidhil is as a spent flood ; we had not dreamt our fortune would ever ebb ; every eye—mine and others'—which looked forward to the Gaoidhil's glory is now downcast.

2. Only a passing prosperity was given this folk of Conall's Plain ; they have done with all their past good fortune, not merely has their power declined ; look on them now (with pity).

3. The slaying of a prince with its swift-following punishment was a thing not to be desired for the Plain of Oileach ; it has afflicted Dálach's race and passed all bounds.

4. An evil eye has afflicted us ; Conall's race is crushed (yet) the good fortune of the household on Murbhach Plain had been a flood with driving power behind it.

5. Who has not heard our story, (that of) an inheritance which has not laid claim to its due ? I weep for the Land of Úna on which, while she was gathering her strength, a flood of envy broke.

6. That he (Ó Domhnaill), being such a helper of men, should be carried off makes any thinking man wonder ; death, however, picks its victims as it chooses ; a prisoner is not an object of pity until he is captured.

7. Not all who lament Ó Domhnaill realise that his death was a disaster ; a prince's blood is not performing any function when it is being shed ; that is a service of no help to the Land of the West.

8. In his death all princes are chastised and terrified ; if his slaying be avenged let every princely race take the warning.

9. To recall the memory of that dead man may bring relief to Oileach's host in their troubles ; I have not succeeded in getting over my grief, I keep thinking of that Northern Teamhair.

10. Many is the form of grief our mourning takes on ; if thou wouldst advise me as to dealing with my grief (tell me that) sorrow is none the easier for being kept in, do not stop me from crying.

11. Some alleviation of Teamhair's grief may be sought in anger at the prince's death, an anger she should keep alive ; 'twould thus be almost a pleasure for her to inflict some harm on Fál with its warriors.

12. I keep near Éigneachán's grave though I find it a trial to do so ; I make no effort to hide my tears as I listen to Conall's race lamenting.

13. If there be talk about my grieving it will bring enmity on me ; tell not in Ulaidh how I am affected by the fate of Neachtain's son.

14. My lamentation, unceasing as women's lamentation, grows ever keener ; 'tis no time for me to restrain my tears when even stranger-women are outdoing me in laments.

15. My eye which feels the tears welling up can not disguise my sorrow ; any man who has fallen in love lives with grief as his companion.

16. Some lonely woman is crying unceasingly at his (Éigneachán's) grave ; when she bursts afresh into tears leave her alone ; that may cool the heat of her grief.

17. Our prosperity is laid low—a strong thing has always invited attack ; an orgy of lamentation has long been threatening ; let orders be given to prepare the banquet-room.

18. Is there not grief everywhere at the news about Neachtain's son, the news at which the bonds holding Éire together are bursting ? When hostages are being thus set free in a district exceptional must be the disaster afflicting it !

19. The Fort of Breagha—this is the way with her grief—is not looking forward to any man after thee ; if ever the Land of the West received a severe blow it was in thy death.

20. Thy slaying has been a *creach* (i.e. had a success) which gladdens me ; Féilim's race (i.e. Clann Dálach) has been forced to unite (?) ; judgement has been given against them, they dare not transgress it.

21. Éire is so chained by love for thee that she mourns thee and asks for no other spouse ; every widow should feel for her dead hero as Brian's spouse (i.e. Éire) feels for thee.

22. If vengeance for thy slaying be a debt which Dálach's scions owe their own folk the race of Tuathal (i. e. Éire) will be injured ; indeed they have already started attacking each other.

23. The heroes of Áth Oiligh built Áth Seanaigh to be a permanent fort, though on our side the Port of Dá Thí (i.e. people of Éire) opposed it ; now after thy death more important places will fall !

24. And so about thy grave the crowds shall be as great as crowds ever were at any banquet ; the folk of Line will follow me to Doire, a banquet of grief being laid out for drinking.

25. Crowds of banqueters have had to share in that feast of grief ; none of those partaking of it ever dreamt that " prophetess of sorrow " would be one of thy titles, O Doire.

26. Today there is only one man (i.e. myself) at thy grave—such is life ! Let those who once crowded to get their turn and were turned away look at me now, a lonely figure at thy grave.

27. Thy grave has been left to me when all have departed ; my grief has no one to share it ; that smithy for making sorrow was once made red-hot by the folk of Ulaidh, but is now abandoned and left to me.

28. All Conall's race once took turns round thy grave (on thy burial-day), guarding it against us (crowding in on it), but now one of us, a poet who had never come before, is come in pity to it.

29. (Folks') jealousy at thy being in my company has increased my sorrow for thee now ; it always kept me from enjoying thy favour, it (i.e. thy favour) was almost like food buried away (?) from me.

30. A poet has let his attention wander from thy grave ; if then—for strange are the ways of grief !—he notices even some other grave he feels his tears welling up from his heart.

31. A panic-rout of foes used to be driven before thy vanguard, and this power (of terrorising) has not yet departed from thy shafts ; even at thy grave, though (it is as little dangerous as) a girl's couch, horror seizes thy foes.

32. As I stand beside this grave where thou liest, my eye pours forth its banquet-wine (of tears) ; my heart, having deliberated on its purpose, forced me to come here to Doire.

33. Neachtain's son after all his troubles has found his Teamhair on his grave-couch ; this prince of the household on Murbhach Plain—his slaying has been worth it if by it he has come to his Teamhair !

34. Among Dálach's race there was a restraint on their sorrow, they used not to begin by weeping, they were loath to lament aloud ; 'twere more fitting for me, a stranger, to (imitate them and) cease speaking of them(?)

35. The Fort of Breagha, if left without a spouse to love, will cause unrest ; (but) she is in no haste (to seek a spouse) as she is still watching over that hero whom she can never get back.

36. Signs of this land's sorrow are on her fruits ; the story of her calamity is everywhere, a wave of sorrow advancing till it overwhelms the Land of Ulaidh.

37. Éireamhón's Land has not concealed how much she misses Éigneachán ; that wave is bringing on us all (the misery) which it has wrought over the Land of Feimhean.

38. The earth shares in the mourning for him, every growing thing feels it ; if he is not avenged by us the elements appear to be avenging him.

39. Without feeling its length (being stupefied by grief) we have been spending some time each day in lamenting Conall's scion ; this lament has a greater power over us than the charm of music, it will make our tears flow for ever.

40. No one, when he reflects on (the cause of) my grief, feels inclined to stop me from crying ; every woman dreads the length of the day she will have to spend with me in weeping.

Notes

MSS. : Book of O'Donnell's Daughter, f. 40 (D), O'Conor Don's Book, p. 207 (C). Text is D except as below.
2*a*. -rrth- C ; -ghuill DC *b*. chaigh C 3*a*. dhí C 4*b*. -mhgh- D, -mhguidh C 5*b*. ccu. DC *c*. a CD 6*c*. gei. CD 7*b*. Domh. C *d*. bhfui. C 8*c*. gabh. C 9*a*. cumha na tuirrsi C *c*. an cumh. C *d*. atuaidh D 10*a*. gné gubh C 11*b*. ccomhdha DC *d*. Fáil D 13*a*. sin CD *d*. -thar D 15*b*. ra. D 17*b*. ttea. CD 18*a*. ccaoi CD *c*. fu. CD 19*a*. breadh D 20*a*. ar to. C 21*d*. dei. CD 22*a*. táladh D *b*. ndálaigh D, ádhaim C 24*a*. sin CD ; luidhe CD 26*b*. sin CD *d*. me CD 28*c*. a chr. C 28*d*. uain tuile róin C 29*a*. a thui. C *d*. tnúdh D 30*b*. on tuirrsi C *c*. fhéch D 31*d*. ge hiom. C 33*c*. fiu guin C 34*c*. chaoi. CD ; *leg*. ndul ? 35-40 absunt C 35*c*. breadh D *d*. bfui. D 37*b*. fho. D 40*d*. do mnaoi D.

A NEW COSMOLOGY

BY RICHARD E. INGRAM, S.J.
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PERHAPS the most important feature of modern cosmology is the realization that space is not empty. Looking at the sky on a clear night we see the stars as so many bright points on a dark background. We know that the stars are on the average the same size as the sun, but separated from each other by millions of miles and apparently isolated in space. Recent developments in science and the latest theories of the universe call attention to this space.[1] It is not to be considered as empty of matter but filled with a tenuous gas, a cosmic dust. In some regions of space the gas is more dense and in these regions galaxies are formed. A galaxy consists of stars and interstellar gas ; our galaxy, the Milky Way is a thin disk of gas and stars with the sun and its planets near the edge. The gas in this disk, though denser than in other regions of space, is extremely rarefied. Mr. Hoyle estimates that on an average over the whole galaxy a match box full of the gas would not contain more than about one hundred thousand atoms, whereas the same volume from the sun would contain about a million, million, million, million atoms. But on account of the truly vast volume of space in the disk the matter comprising the whole interstellar gas is appreciably greater than that of all the stars put together.

" The crucial consequence to be drawn from this new development," writes Mr. Hoyle, " is that it is the interstellar gas and not the stars that rules the Galaxy. It controls the motion of the stars. It also controls their birth and the way in which they are allowed to grow." The Milky Way appears as a band of bright sky containing countless stars (we are looking at it from our place near the edge of the disk towards the centre). Originally it was merely a disk of rotating gas like a wheel on an axle. That rotation was unstable and where irregularities occurred the disk broke up into smaller rotating clouds. Again these smaller clouds broke up and the process continued with the gas becoming denser at each stage until stars had condensed. Now the disk contains gas and stars, and still rotates around its axis. The stars acquire some motion relative to the gas and thus drill tunnels through the gas and attract more matter to themselves. In fact, the slower the speed of the star, the wider the tunnel. Mr. Hoyle claims that the gas is being swept up by the sun at present, and during an eclipse was actually observed in the form of streamers falling into the sun. In other galaxies stars are being formed in the same way. " Not only this, but we can extend the condensation idea to include the origin of galaxies themselves." This is done by

[1] *The Nature of the Universe*. By Fred Hoyle. Oxford : Basil Blackwell Ltd, 1950.

supposing that a still more tenuous gas (background material) fills the whole of space and out of this general background material galaxies have condensed. The density of this background matter would be so low that a match-box of it would contain only one atom. Yet its total material exceeds that of all the galaxies combined. Just as it is supposed that it is the interstellar gas that rules the galaxies so it is argued that it is the background material that rules the universe as a whole. So we are to think of the universe as a cosmic cloud consisting mainly of background matter filling its space, but condensed in some few places to form galaxies of stars and interstellar gas.

Each galaxy—our own included—has the same history. It begins as a rotating cloud of gas and condenses into stars until the gas is used up. The stars, composed mainly of hydrogen changing into helium, pass through stages of decay until near the end of their lives. Then some become vastly extended before they begin to cool off, they are known as Red Giants; others end their days with a violent explosion, they are the Supernovae. The sun began its life as any other star, but, it is claimed, in its early history it had a companion. This companion was a Supernova and its explosion was responsible for the formation of the planets around the sun. The sun itself will grow more luminous as its hydrogen is converted into helium and, as Mr. Hoyle tells us, " will grill the earth "; then gradually it will swell and swallow the planets Mercury, Venus and the Earth. When the hydrogen is used up, it will begin to collapse, changing colour from red to blue and then to white and finally cool off until it is dead. It will be a piece of dark matter moving through space, aptly termed a " Black Dwarf ".

The great cosmic cloud of background material is not stationary in the new cosmology, but dynamic. It is expanding in all directions. We are told that if we look with a telescope at a distant galaxy—and one can be found in almost every region of the sky—we look at an object that is moving rapidly away from us. This fact is not to be regarded as a particular property of the part of space that we are in, but its common to space as a whole. Therefore the real space occupied by the Universe is expanding and increasing. This postulate was proposed some twenty years ago by the great American astronomer, Dr. Hubble, of Mount Wilson and Mount Palomar Observatories.

He offers a very simple example. The expanding universe is like a rubber balloon with small dots placed equally far apart on its surface. When the balloon is blown up larger, each dot becomes farther away from every other dot. The dots represent the nebulae. An observer placed on any dot would see the same picture. Every other dot-nebula is moving away from him. Not merely that, but the farther away it is the faster does it recede. The over-all picture would show the space of the balloon, the volume as it is, increasing as the possible larger space

becomes real. " But there is one detail you must get right " Mr. Hoyle warns " if the analogy is to be useful. You must imagine the rubber to be stretched in such a way that the dots themselves remain practically the same size—that is to say, as the stretching proceeds, the dots stay about the same size whereas the distances between them increase. What it amounts to is this. The distances between the galaxies increase not so much because they move in the sense we are used to in every day life, but because the space between them gets stretched ".

There is a conclusion that follows from the postulate of the expanding universe. There must be a limit to what can be observed. The velocity of a nebula is increasing according as the space between us and it is stretched. The giant two-hundred inch telescope on Mount Palomar can measure a nebula going away from us with a velocity approaching the velocity of light. With a telescope able to cover about twice the range of the Palomar telescope, an observer would see everything that could possibly be seen, for galaxies beyond that range would be moving with a velocity equal to or greater than the velocity of light. Hence as their light would never reach us, they could never be observed.

What is the fate of the galaxies we observe? Every receding galaxy will increase its distance from us until it is no longer observable. It will move out beyond the limit of two thousand million light years and no telescope, however powerful, could possible observe it. Eventually, if the Universe continued to expand without any other influence, the part of the sky that could be observed from any one galaxy would be empty of all stars save those belonging to itself. According to the new Cosmology this will not be so. The future astronomers are offered new galaxies for their telescopes, and interest in the heavens will not be lost for the want of something to observe. This is how Mr. Hoyle proposes the newest postulate :

> " Although I think that every galaxy we now observe to be receding from us will in about ten thousand million years have passed entirely beyond the limit of vision of an observer in our galaxy, yet I think that such an observer would still be able to see the same number of galaxies as we do now. By this I mean that new galaxies will have condensed from the background material at just about the rate necessary to compensate for those that are being lost as a consequence of their passing beyond our observable universe. At first sight it might be thought that this could not go on indefinitely because the material forming the background would ultimately become exhausted. But again I do not believe that this is so, for it seems likely that new material is being created so as to maintain a constant density in the background material. So we have a situation in which the loss of galaxies, through the expansion of the universe is compensated by the condensation of new galaxies, and this can continue indefinitely. The idea that matter is being created continously represents our ultimate goal."

So the ultimate explanation offered for the expansion of the universe is the continuous creation of matter. It is the new air forced into the

balloon that causes it to swell, makes the surface stretch and the dot-nebulae increase their distances from each other. In a similar way it is the new matter created in the universe that produces a pressure causing the expansion. The creation of new hydrogen guarantees an abundant source of hydrogen from which stars and galaxies may be formed.

II

Before attempting a criticism of Mr. Hoyle's work it is necessary to say something on the place of postulates in science because his exposition depends on the postulates he makes for the cosmic cloud. Postulates are introduced by scientists to unify our knowledge and to build a theory. For example, Newton formed the postulate that " every body persists in a state of rest or uniform motion in a straight line unless it is compelled by impressed forces to change that state." This statement could not be verified directly as every body observed had some impressed or external force acting on it. But it agreed with the well known fact that moving bodies which were almost isolated from external forces lost but little of their motion and that a force was needed to start a body moving. On this and on Newton's two other postulates the whole theory of dynamics was built and so well verified that the postulates became known as " Newton's Laws ".

To be of value a postulate should be both reasonable and necessary. In the large-scale questions discussed in cosmology it often happens that the only criterion of the reasonableness of a postulate is that it is not impossible. If a postulate or any part of it can be denied without changing the conclusions of the theory then it is wholly or partly unnecessary and should be amended accordingly. Many of the most important advances in science are generalizations of existing theories made in this way. They have the evidence of the former theories to support them and they lead to new conclusions. In the postulate already quoted " the straight line " is the straight line of three dimensional space. A generalization was made by Einstein who considered the equivalent line of four dimensional space-time. On Newton's theory an isolated planet should describe an ellipse around the sun, but according to Einstein that ellipse should be slowly rotating. This new effect, the slow rotation, was afterwards confirmed by observations on the planet Mercury.

A further step in scientific method is to make a number of postulates that do not contradict any known truth and deduce from them according to the laws of logic what must happen. If the deductions or conclusions do not agree with the known facts of the actual physical order then we know that one or more of the postulates is useless. When the actual physical order confirms the conclusions the postulates are acceptable and useful. The greater the number and the wider the scope of the physical

facts that agree with the conclusions the more acceptable and useful are the postulates. Newton's Laws were accepted because they explained all that was known about motion in his day. But when there is no known way of testing the agreement of the postulates with the real physical world, the theory built on such postulates must remain open to question. It will be supported by scientists who consider the postulates reasonable and rejected by those who think them unreasonable.

Mr. Hoyle's first postulate—that the cosmic cloud is expanding in all directions—finds fairly general acceptance today. Dr. Hubble discovered the " red-shift " in the spectrum, the reddening of the light of distant nebulae. The most obvious explanation for the astronomer or physicist is that the nebulae are moving away. We have an example of a similar kind in the behaviour of sound. Listening to an aeroplane flying fast and low we hear a change in the frequency of the sound (its pitch) as it flies away. If on another occasion we do not see the plane but do hear the same change in sound we would not be unreasonable in supposing that the plane is flying away from us. People might tell us that air currents or peculiarities in the atmosphere had affected the sound. But they would be rather unconvincing when we possess a satisfactory explanation already. So too with the light from the nebulae. We know from actual observation that when a light-source is moving away from an observer that there is a " red-shift " in its spectrum and it is reasonable to hold that a galaxy is receding when we observe a similar effect in its light. Critics may say that the light becomes reddened because it looses energy in its long travel through space. This is possible, but we do not reject a satisfactory explanation for one that cannot be proved. Moreover we have the authority of Einstein who writes " We cannot but consider Hubble's discovery as an expansion of the system of stars ". For Mr. Hoyle, the recession of the nebulae is an expansion of the whole cosmic cloud containing galaxies and stars.

The expanding universe accounts for the " red-shift " but gives rise to the question " Why is the universe expanding ? " Various explanations have been given. The most popular was that the universe started as an explosion that sent the nebulae spreading outwards into space. Another theory modifies the law of gravity so that distant bodies do not attract but repel one another when the distance between them is great enough. Mr. Hoyle rejects these explanations mainly because they do not agree with the calculated ages of the stars and galaxies. He explains the expansion as due to the pressure in any volume of space caused by the continuous creation of new matter. He describes continuous creation very definitely. " From time to time people ask where the created material comes from. Well, it does not come from anywhere. Material simply appears—it is created. At one time the various atoms composing the material do not exist and at a later time they do. This may seem a

strange idea . . . " It would have been a strange idea to the Atomists of the last century explaining everything in terms of eternal indestructible particles. It would be an unwelcome idea if it demanded severe alterations in the well-established conservation laws to account for the sudden appearance of new matter. But we are assured that the new matter does not appear in concentrated form in small localized regions of space and that our existing laws will remain exact to our degree of accuracy of measurement. Mr. Hoyle expresses the rate at which new matter is appearing mathematically in a concise form and finds that he can account for the expansion and maintain a uniform density in the background material.

Even though the postulate of continuous creation can be expressed in a neat mathematical form and even though it does offer an explanation of the expansion, it has not found favour. Scientists, though they recognize the importance of the background material, do not believe in its dominating role in the formation of the galaxies. They do not look upon the calculated ages of the stars and galaxies as accurate and precise determinations and declare that there is not sufficient reason for rejecting the former explanations of the expansion of the universe and that the question must remain open. The postulate that Mr. Hoyle offers, that matter simply appears and that no further question can be asked, does not convince them. For if it is a fact that matter is being created they have reached the end of their scientific investigations. They see how often in the past so called " final theories " have been proposed only to be rejected in the next few years. It is possible that Mr. Hoyle is correct, but he has postulated a fact that cannot be directly verified and until more information is gained about the background material and further conclusions are reached few scientists are likely to accept his view.

III

Catholics may ask if there is anything in the theory of continuous creation that conflicts with their religion. Mr. Hoyle says of created matter that " it does not come from anywhere ", that " it simply appears " and that " at one time the various atoms composing the material do not exist and at a later time they do ". For Catholics creation is the production of something out of nothing ; before the creative act that " something " did not exist nor was there any matter present from which it was formed. Mr. Hoyle's description of what takes place could be accepted by any Catholic philosopher or theologian. But the Catholic is chiefly concerned with the questions " Who created ? " and " Why ? " rather than " How ? ". It was to teach the truth that God is the Creator of the universe that revelation was given to the Hebrews in terms of their cosmology. (Mr. Hoyle shows that he has given no thought to the question involved when

he says that the Hebrews could not have received revelation because they knew less cosmology than he does). Revelation was given, not to teach a new cosmology, but to make known the truth that the origin of all things is God; it is left to the scientists to discover what they can about the nature of the universe and the laws that govern it. Catholics believe that God created in the beginning and that He conserves His creation in being. If the postulate of continuous creation were proved true, it would in no way contradict their religious beliefs.

But when Mr. Hoyle begins to consider the questions related to his cosmology, no Catholic could agree with what he has to say. He tells how the new ideas affect him personally and warns us that what he has to say has "no agreed basis amongst scientists" but fails to add that it is in no way a consequence of his theory. He approaches questions of the immaterial and the spiritual in a purely materialistic way. For example, he asks "Do our minds have any continued existence after death?" Though he has only the vaguest idea of what "mind" is, he does not hesitate to say "that mind, if it exists in the religious sense must gave some physical connections. That is to say, if the something we call mind does survive death then this something must be capable of physical detection. Both modern physiology and religion seem to be agreed about this point."

It is quite false to say that religion holds this statement as true. The soul is a spiritual substance and immaterial. It cannot be detected physically after death as physical detection can only be directed to material bodies. We know that the soul is spiritual because it has a faculty capable of an immaterial operation, that is to say the intellect can know universal ideas. The universal is immaterial, though verifiable in this or that individual object. Since it is immaterial, the faculty producing it (intellect) and the substance (soul) in which that faculty inheres, must equally be immaterial and spiritual. Being spiritual it cannot die—for it has no principle of decay. Therefore after the death of the body the soul must continue its life.

Much has been written on what this life of the soul might be—if the soul were left without any special assistance from God. But we know from revelation that God can, and will, raise the power of the intellect, strengthen it and communicate Himself in such a way that the intellect no longer labours and reasons to know truth, but sees all truth in God. This is the beatific vision. On this subject theologians and philosophers have written since the first centuries of the Church's existence. It is unfortunate that Mr. Hoyle is unaware of these writings. Had he consulted a Catholic theologian or entered any library and consulted the abundant literature on the subject, he would not have written that "it is impossible to write half a dozen meaningful sentences that do not involve some reference to the physical world". Nor can the beatifying

possession of the one object that completely satisfies both intellect and will be termed in any way " a frustration ". Let Mr. Hoyle remember the intellectual satisfaction that he must have known when he discovered his theory of the Universe, when he contemplated the cosmos from his point of view and saw how much of its nature and how many of its laws he could explain. That delight is as nothing compared to the satisfaction that a soul may have in seeing God and knowing Him as the First Cause of all things.

If Mr. Hoyle sees us " in this wholly fantastic Universe with scarcely a clue as to whether our existence has any real significance ", is it not because he unaccountably fails to consider the relation of all created things to God, their First Beginning and Last End? Why leave this one question unconsidered when he seeks a cause for all the other effects observed? Where does the continuous creation come from? What reason can there be for something which before was not and now is? Logically, Mr. Hoyle must affirm that God alone creates—and according to his own postulate, creation is continuous. Whether Mr. Hoyle's postulate is true or false, it can be proved from reason that God is the cause of the Universe and conserves that creation in being. But it is evident that Mr. Hoyle has not considered these questions and that religion is for him a " blind escapism, a blind attempt to find an escape from the truly dreadful situation in which we find ourselves ", a " deceiving " of oneself. Nor has he studied God's revelation and the evidence there is for believing. Still less has he reasoned to the consequence, that God has supreme dominion and power over all things as everything depends on Him. To acknowledge these truths and live according to them is to live religiously. We escape from nothing; instead of blindly closing our eyes to these truths, we see them; instead of being illogical, " deceiving ", we seek all the evidence we can find for the truth. Surely the " deceivers " are they who imply that the certain conclusions of modern cosmology—or of any branch of knowledge—cannot be reconciled with religion. Between the theologian, the philosopher and the scientist there can exist complete harmony in the pursuit of truth. It is a pity that Mr. Hoyle in his writings seeks to break this harmony. To seek to know the Universe, its nature, origin and destiny is to know the object that God has created. A complete knowledge involves the relation of the universe to God. From the knowledge of the universe and of its laws can come a knowledge of the power and wisdom of God Who made all things to act according to His design. Cosmology, the science of the universe, can have no full meaning for us if this relation be neglected.

RICHARD E. INGRAM

IN DEFENCE OF CICERO

BY PAUL ANDREWS, S.J.

SINCE the days of Suetonius even until now, small men have found endless fascination in lifting the veil that hides the private lives of the great. From a kind of inverted snobbery we like to satisfy ourselves that if we are in many ways not so great as they, still in other ways they were just as small as we. A frank autobiography, a revealing diary or correspondence was never so sure of a reading public as to-day. And the prototype of all such correspondence, written by one who was at once a great humanist and in many ways only too human, has aroused fresh interest in the last three years.

The first full and well-annotated edition of Cicero's correspondence, by Tyrrell and Purser, was published in Dublin about sixty years ago. At the same time it was translated into English that was then, no doubt, the current idiom. But such letters, vibrant with a parlance that is effective only because it is ephemeral, demand a retranslation at least every half-century. Mr. Wilkinson has presented the general reader with a selection in the English of 1949.[1] His renderings are neither vague paraphrases nor pedestrian transliterations, but graceful and competent versions of some of the frankest yet most literary letters ever published. But his book is perhaps more significant as a gesture, a vote of confidence in Cicero despite Carcopino's venomous attack, published in Paris in 1947.[2] He notices Carcopino at the end of his introduction, disagrees with him and disclaims the task of refuting him in a popular selection of the Letters.

I

Carcopino's work, *Les Secrets de la Correspondance de Cicéron*, reached its fifth edition in the year it was published and has since then involved its author in duels with Ciceronian reviewers throughout Europe. No one would question Carcopino's qualifications for writing about Cicero. Since the turn of the century he has been producing magnificent studies in all the phases of Roman history. In his interpretation of the fall of the Republic he has trodden close in the footsteps of the nineteenth-century Germans, Drumann and Mommsen. He follows them in their admiration for the absolutism of Cæsar, and in their contempt for the ideals and character of Cicero. Yet the avowed object of Carcopino's latest book is not to re-blacken Cicero's character, but to prove that

[1] L. P. Wilkinson: The Letters of Cicero: a new selection in translation. London. Geoffrey Bles., 1949.

[2] Jerôme Carcopino: Les Secrets de la Correspondance de Cicéron. Paris. L'Artisan du livre. 1947.

since his Correspondence was published he needs no condemnation; that from his letters his worthlessness is self-evident. The correspondence, he holds, was edited and published by order of the man who murdered him, with the express object of justifying his murder by demonstrating how unworthy he was to live; just as Mussolini's war-memoirs edited and published by a hostile scholar, were hardly calculated to enhance the Duce's posthumous prestige.

Carcopino's case stands or falls with the answer to this question—what was the impression made on Roman readers by the Correspondence? Rather than leave the answer to our own impressions, he examines the letters in detail, and draws up the brief for the prosecution under several charges: Cicero was a dishonest capitalist, extravagant, dissolute, hypocritical, venal, vain, avaricious; a faithless husband and father; in fact, a social, financial and political crook: *monstrum nulla virtute redemptum*. Yet it would surely be paradox of paradoxes that God's Providence should use the works of such a creature as the channel by which two of the most formative ideas of the classical legacy, the conviction of the existence of an absolute moral law, and of the moral value of the individual, should reach and inform Christian philosophy. The early Christian scribes neglected the generality of pagan authors, but they spent their vellum and their labour in transmitting the texts of Cicero and Virgil; these two were counted *animæ naturaliter Christianæ*. Ambrose imitated Cicero's *De Officiis*; Augustine's debt to Cicero has come more and more to light in recent years; Thomas Aquinas knew and respected him. The Jesuit educators of the Counter-Reformation almost idolised him, and made his works the staple of their course in humanities for innocent Catholic youth. Unless nineteen centuries of students have been preternaturally obtuse, Cicero would seem to have been a perennial influence for good. How then reconcile the monster of Carcopino with his undoubted influence on Europe? The answer lies in a comparison of Carcopino's interpretation of the letters with the letters themselves.

Characteristically, Carcopino starts from the finances of Cicero, on the ground that most of his other vices stem from his avarice and that his economics are the key to his character. In his catalogue of the properties owned by Cicero, Carcopino would seem at first to prove his contention that the man was one of the great capitalists of Rome. But the effect of his portrait of Cicero the property-owner rests on the absence of any background. The extent of Cicero's property is plain enough, and at first sight scandalous. At various stages of his life he owned ten houses, three of which were inherited, the others bought. At the end of his life he owned eight houses, the biggest number he ever had at any one time. He also owned some *deversoria*, small houses here and there on the great roads in which he could spend the night when travelling. The number of these was constantly fluctuating owing to their cheapness and the

ease with which they were bought and sold. Such were the properties of Cicero. But the catalogue is meaningless if taken in isolation from contemporary Roman standards.

It is generally recognised, first of all, that Roman extravagance surpassed our own in nothing more than in the love for many and beautiful houses and villas. Varro, Sallust and Horace, themselves writing from comfortable mansions, protested against the fashion to which they had succumbed. All over the Latin and Campanian plains were sumptuous villas, some more congenial to one season, some to another. Near Naples Lucullus had hollowed out the side of a mountain to make himself a fish-pond. Hortensius had set aside fifty acres of one of his estates for wild animals, which he trained to feed from his henchman's hand for the entertainment of his guests. In 78 B.C. the finest house in Rome, that of the consul Lepidus, was worth about six million sesterces.[1]

By 43 B.C. there were in the city more than one hundred houses which surpassed it in beauty and costliness. Crassus, the richest of Cicero's contemporaries, owned real estate worth two hundred million HS. Scaurus paid thirty million HS. for a villa, Clodius fifteen million, Lucullus ten million. Cicero's most expensive house, that on the Palatine, cost him in comparison three and a half million, most of which he had to borrow.

We know too much about Cicero's properties, too little about his contemporaries', to be able to make an adequate comparison. Yet it is clear that their ways were not our ways. Atticus, of whom Cornelius Nepos wrote " There was no one who bought or built less than he," owned five estates. Quintus Cicero, a bourgeois figure of praetorian rank and moderate wealth, owned at least nine. Julius Cæsar, at a time when he was in debt, thought so little of house-property that after building an expensive house at Nemus, he had it levelled again because it was not to his taste. Houses were freely exchanged in payment of bribes, debts and even military pensions.

Moreover wealthy Romans never accumulated money. When they had ready money, they used it to gain honour and influence, if they were senators, or to gain more money if they were knights. For the senators probably the commonest course was to enhance their prestige by enlarging their property.

II

Cicero entered the Roman scene with the airs, education and ambitions of a noble, but the heredity of an Italian bourgeois. A *novus homo*, he longed to become a Roman noble in the fullest sense, with all the power, social standing, property and virtues that had characterised

[1] It is very difficult to find even approximate correspondences between sesterces (HS) and the currency of modern Ireland. In 1891 1,000 HS was considered the equivalent of £10. To-day it would be nearer £100 in buying value.

the best of Rome's rulers for two hundred years past. He was confident that he had the virtues, and the consulate brought him power. His part was to attain to the social standing of a noble, which was intimately connected with the possession of property. For a man so sensitive as Cicero to the charms of country life, the enjoyment of books and works of art and the occasional need of solitude, money could serve no more congenial purpose than the purchase and furnishing of city and country houses. As a parvenu in Roman social life, he was moreover doubly sensitive to any accusation of being a burden on friends' hospitality, doubly careful to provide his own *deversoria*. So when he found himself with money to spare, he invested it in property. After his most daring purchase, that of the Palatine house, his enemies affected some surprise and indignation at the forwardness of the *novus homo*, and drew from Cicero a sentence which is his manifesto as a property-owner : " People have begun to realise that a man is quite entitled to use the financial assistance of his friends in order to attain social standing." We must remember that almost all Cicero's wealth was in his houses and their furnishings : for he had seldom much ready money, and the amount he was owed by others was cancelled by the amount that he himself owed. He bought his houses, not *en masse* but one by one, as the opportunity and the money offered itself. If we consider the Roman habit of multiplying dwelling-places, and Cicero's peculiar position as a parvenu ambitious to be a noble, then his estates will show his standard of living as that of a noble, not a prodigal nor a millionaire. Only when viewed through twentieth-century spectacles does Cicero appear as the *gros capitaliste* of Carcopino's description. Seen in his context, he is but a public man who lived up to his position.

There was venom and truth in Jugurtha's prophecy as he looked on Rome for the last time : *O urbem venalem et mature perituram si emptorem invenerit* ! During the last days of the Republic, Rome was indeed a city for sale, a city in which no door could resist a golden key. Crassus proclaimed that no man could hope to rise high in politics on an income of less than four million sesterces a year. It is difficult to conceive of any Roman entering public life and not becoming money-minded. Carcopino claims that money was the key to Cicero's heart and the chief motivating force in his life—a damning charge indeed against one whose published writings consistently upheld human as opposed to financial values.

The majority of Cicero's extant letters are addressed to Atticus who was his confidant, editor, adviser, chief banker, agent and close friend. Letters to one's banker are liable to mention finance, and it is easy to select from the Correspondence texts in which Cicero is fretting about the repayment of a debt or the recovery of a loan. But the conclusion we draw from these instances is not Carcopino's. It was Atticus who made possible the Cicero we know ; Atticus who was born with the purse-

strings in his fingers and was one of the best business-men in Rome. He shouldered the burden of Cicero's financial life, and kept on reminding him to pay his debts and recover his loans. Cicero trusted Atticus more than he trusted himself: "you are more careful of my interests than I am myself." There lies the kernel of Cicero's finances. Business bored and bewildered him, and he was happy to leave it in the competent hands of his banker. What he knew about money was this, that it was something to be used, not to be hoarded; that it was the prerequisite to living like a gentleman, helping one's friends, and engaging in public life. In itself it meant nothing to him. Nowhere in all his letters is there the least suggestion of a money-minded man who gloated over his gold.

What then of Carcopino's evidence? A house of cards. Because Cicero on a solitary occasion, when he was saving money to build a shrine, mentioned that he had 600,000 sesterces on hands (the text is probably corrupt and the figure too large), Carcopino pictures him as a Scrooge ever running gold coins through greedy fingers. In fact Cicero never accumulated money unless, as here, for a specific purpose. On the three occasions when he had to go abroad at short notice, he was forced to borrow his travelling expenses. When he came into a sum of money, as from Cluvius' legacy in 45 B.C., it generally went in paying his debts, making a few purchases he had promised himself, and helping his friends, or in this case his brother.

III

Carcopino pictures Cicero as a financier scheming to enlarge his capital by lending it at usurious interest to debtors in every rank of society, provided only they were good security. Now Cicero undoubtedly had debtors; but what debtors! and what security! The first of them was Pompey, who borrowed over a million HS. and never returned it. Many others range through the correspondence in varying degrees of recalcitrance. The usurious practices of Cicero are deduced by Carcopino from two exceptional cases in which a moderate interest was certainly charged. The cases were exceptional because in both the debtors had already tried to dupe Cicero and were manifestly untrustworthy. In no other of his many loans is there evidence of interest. Since the debtors were generally personal friends like Axius, Pompey or Quintus Cicero, it is more rational to presume that these loans were gestures of friendship and free of interest. His fellow-senator, the noble Brutus, did not scruple to exact a 48% interest from his provincial debtors at the point of the sword.

Was Cicero a harsh creditor? Carcopino wrests three rhetorical phrases from their context in the letters to show that he was. Two of these cases refer to strangers who had been "delegated" to Cicero by other debtors, and had put off his repeated appeals for repayment with

excuse after excuse. The third example of Cicero's harshness is the phrase *HS. DC. exprimes ab Hermogene* used in a letter to Atticus. But the etymological violence of *exprimes* was tempered by usage. Hermogenes, the victim of Cicero's "oppression," was the heir of twenty million sesterces. By such a process of generalising from exceptions and presenting evidence in isolation from its context, one could go far to proving any man a villain. On the other hand Cicero often showed towards his creditors a leniency which must have scandalised the business-like Atticus. He wanted to recover a debt from Messalla, but when he heard that the latter had been tried and convicted in Rome he wrote to his agent not to trouble him in his sorrow. On another occasion he set out to recover 13,000 sesterces from Axius, but instead found himself parting with a further loan of 12,000. Time after time his debtors put him off with promises, and he accepted their pleas.

Carcopino continues his inquisition through all Cicero's financial relations. But when the basic evidence is compared with Carcopino's interpretation, it is not Cicero's reputation that suffers, but Carcopino's. Cæsar, who bought Caelius, Curio, Aemilius Paullus and others with his Gallic gold, tried to lay golden fetters on Cicero. In April 56 the latter came to political terms with the triumvirate. Cæsar used all his charm, flattery and resources to bring the formidable oratory of Cicero under his thumb, and in 54 B.C. he lent the orator 800,000 sesterces at the low interest of $2\frac{1}{2}\%$. When Cicero left Rome for his Cilician province in May 51 he saw the possibility of a rift between Cæsar and Pompey, and the probability that he himself would be in the opposite camp to Cæsar. He considered it unseemly to owe money to a political opponent, and begged Atticus in letter after letter, from Tarentum, from Athens, from Ephesus, to repay the debt and the interest before it was due, even at the cost of borrowing elsewhere. By December 50, part of the debt had been paid.

Meanwhile Cæsar was trying to secure the alliance of Cicero by suave flattering letters, which doubtless begged him to forget all about that little matter of the debt. The temptation was grave, but with Atticus' encouragement Cicero resisted it. He determined not to depart a finger's breadth from his principles, and if necessary to borrow from Caelius in order to pay Cæsar. "Ah," cries Carcopino, "il songe seulement à rendre à César d'une main les sommes que, de l'autre, il cherche à obtenir de M. Caelius Rufus, c'est-à-dire d'un agent de César." And he concludes "Cicéron, dans cette affaire, est resté sourd à la voix d'honneur." Now M. Caelius Rufus was a young rake who for twelve months had been begging money from Cicero and who never had a *sou* to lend anybody. Cicero is obviously referring, not to this man, but to the Caelius whom he elsewhere mentioned as a regular banker. At the end of December 50 B.C. Cicero, who had been refused the triumph he

had hoped for, decided to use the money he had saved for it to pay Cæsar. It is clear that from the beginning of the business he had followed no other voice than that of honour, though the voices of profit and political expediency, of Cæsar and Balbus, were calling him in chorus to an easier path.

The reading public of Rome knew that Caesar in his youth had owed twenty-eight million sesterces, Mark Antony forty million, Curio sixty million, Milo seventy million. What would be their reaction to the revelations of Cicero's correspondence? Horror at the number of his debts, as Carcopino suggests? For readers with such a background, a far greater cause of astonishment would be the pains which Cicero took to pay them. The very references by which we know of his debts are generally instructions to Atticus to settle them. Cicero did not abuse the good credit that his character and talents had gained him. He preserved it by sedulously paying his debts on time, whether to intimates like Quintus or to money-lenders like Vestorius. Examples of this are legion. In 44 B.C. his credit was endangered owing to the extreme scarcity of money and universal uneasiness at the chaotic state of the Republic. He determined to free himself of all embarrassments. He told Atticus to vindicate his credit at any cost and to pay his standing debts, even if this entailed selling property or borrowing more money. To maintain his good name, he asked Atticus to pay debts even before they were due. When the backwardness of his debtors defeated his desires, he broke off his retreat from Italy and returned to Rome to defend his credit in person.

IV

Cicero was not interested in money values. But he was intensely interested in human values, in his honour and prestige, in the affection and well-being of his friends, in the pleasure that art can offer, in learning and philosophy. A great French Ciceronian, Père Laurand, has called him the most cultured spirit in Rome. Indeed his description, in the *De Oratore*, of the man of catholic culture (*doctus orator*), is the source of one of Europe's most formative educational ideals.

Humani nihil a me alienum puto : that casual coinage of Terence, is the theme that runs through and explains all the interests of Cicero. These extended even to a class of beings whom Aristotle had considered scarcely as human, the slaves. There were few masters in Rome who treated their slaves as Cicero treated Tiro. Yet Carcopino cannot spare him even here. Tiro is painted as an overworked menial whose energies were exhausted in restoring order to the chaotic account of a prodigal plutocrat. In fact, Cicero's treatment of Tiro is one of the most consoling details we know about the life of the decadent Republic. He raised his gifted slave to the level of a freed man and a friend, brought

him to Cilicia as his companion, found a friendly doctor when Tiro felt sick and left a blank cheque to cover all expenses. He trusted Tiro with domestic, literary and financial business; but such trust was a dignity, not a burden, for one who had known slavery.

The care of Cicero's accounts, which Tiro shared with another freed-man, Eros, and the task of negotiating with Cicero's creditors, were lightened by the high credit which Cicero enjoyed in Rome and by Cicero's constant readiness to stand forward when his credit was really endangered. Cicero was not an inconsiderate master. Having raised Tiro to a position where he could have private interests, he wished him to have leisure to attend to those interests and was reluctant to let even his own commissions interfere with them. "Do not let me drag you from your own business" he wrote to him, while entrusting a commission to him; "Charity begins with yourself." Cicero was not interested in matters of mere money. He could afford to leave these interests in more competent hands, and though he sometimes had cause to rue his trust he never completely withdrew it.

Tiro was the most trusted of a large body of servants—a superfluously large body, says Carcopino who traces twenty-six of them by name and presumes there were hundreds more. But Cicero owned several houses, each of which would require a staff. Moreover his political, literary and legal activities called for an exceptionally large trained staff. Most of the servants were trained for one special function in the household, since it was considered unworthy that one servant should have many jobs. Among the twenty-six names are two readers, four secretaries or library-slaves and two doctors. But Cicero did not own all these at the same time. Carcopino adds vaguely that there must have been hundreds of other non-specialists, for whose existence there is no evidence. In this matter the only basis for conjecture is the general truth that Cicero lived up to his position as a public man, and that he had several houses to staff; also his remark to Quintus, when the latter offered him Gallic slaves in 54 B.C., that he was understaffed in both his Roman and his country houses.

Moreover Cicero was such a master as the pre-Christian world saw but rarely. While he was careful to keep freed-men and slaves from becoming the domestic tyrants that they became in the households of Quintus and others, he treated them with an affection and respect that recognised the humanity in them and won their loyalty. It was not their service that he valued so much as their love. "What bitter news about Alexius!" he wrote when his physician died: "you could scarcely believe how it grieved me, not so much for the reason that most of my sympathisers suppose, when they ask me to what doctor can you go now. What need have I of doctors? And even if I had, are they so very scarce? No, it is the affection of Alexius and his sweet kindliness that I miss."

When Dionysius, a literary slave whom he had manumitted, was returning with Atticus to rejoin him in Rome, Cicero wrote to Atticus: "My kindest regards to Dionysius, for whom I have not merely kept a place but even built one." His well-behaved slaves were normally able to buy their freedom after six years of service, and even as slaves they were allowed some life of their own. Once, for instance, Cicero carefully avoided arriving at Pompey's Alban villa on January 2nd, lest his coming should interfere with celebration of the Compitalia by Pompey's household, and especially the slaves. He must have shown even more consideration towards his own staff.

V

But it is a thankless labour to dog the heels of Carcopino, analysing the mud with which he systematically plasters Cicero. The Correspondence, he says, brands Cicero as a prodigal. "Il n'y a pas de raffinements, si chers soient-ils, dont il ait renoncé à embellir ou égayer sa vie." We recall Republican Rome; before our eyes move figures who bore mighty names. Lucullus and Hortensius, who retired from public life about 60 B.C. to live in selfish luxury on their enormous estates, caring nothing for the Republic so long as their fishes were breeding well and their wine-cellars were full; Caelius and Caesar and Antony, who in the intervals of their frantic activities dallied in the embraces of their dearly-bought mistresses. We see dinners such as that given by M. Lentulus Niger in 63 B.C., which was attended by the Vestal Virgins, Caesar and other notables, and of which Macrobius has preserved the menu, a list of seventeen elegant preparatory courses and ten for the dinner itself. We see such connoisseurs of art as Caesar, who paid eighty talents for two Byzantine paintings, Lucullus, who gave a million HS. for a statue, Scaurus, who displayed 3,000 statues in the theatre at the public games. These were the typical luxuries of the Roman nobility, this was the field in which Cicero could exercise his prodigality.

Let us inspect the prodigal, as Carcopino presents him. His first passion is something of an anticlimax. He loved books and had a goodly collection thereof. At his Tusculan, Cumaean, Pompeian houses and at Antium he had libraries, and he has epitomised his affection for them in a fine phrase: *Postea vero quam Tyrannio mihi libros disposuit, mens addita videtur meis aedibus.* Cicero himself would neither gainsay Carcopino's charge nor blush at it. If he had to save money in order to buy these books, he considered the money well-spent and he certainly left none of the books on his shelves unrolled or unread. The Roman heirs of his humanism and his prose were no more inclined than we are to begrudge him his libraries.

It would be strange if the greatest artist in Latin prose were to prove what Carcopino next calls him, an egoistic collector with an insatiable and execrable taste in works of art. The evidence for his tastes is scanty but explicit. When buying statues for his villas he considered each room or each villa as an ensemble, subordinating individual pieces to the general effect. He did not yield to the temptation of packing his halls with costly but discordant masterpieces. Baroque ornamentation, the perennial love of the bourgeoisie, was clearly anathema to him. Each piece that he bought must be beautiful, but it must also harmonise with the rest of the room. A Bacchus, for instance, no matter how beautiful would never find a place in his library.

Carcopino takes umbrage at the price which Cicero paid for his statues. The highest sum we know him to have paid (20,400 sesterces for a group of statues in 67 B.C.) is a mere fraction of some of the prices for which individual works were bought by his contemporaries and peers. He takes umbrage at the number which Cicero bought. Yet all the orders for statuary in the Correspondence are confined to eleven letters, in which many different references apply to the same purchases. He takes umbrage at Cicero's subordination of individual pieces to a general effect, and infers that the beauty of a work was an unimportant factor in Cicero's selection because he once rejected some pieces which he admitted were beautiful. But Cicero rejected them in spite of their beauty, because they were unsuitable. Cicero was in fact the reverse of Wilde's prodigal. He had an eye for the harmonies of sculpture as well as an ear for the harmonies of prose, and in his choices he looked not to the price men put on a work, but to the judgment of his own fine sense of value.

There is a point, and Carcopino reaches it in his chapter on " Cicéron le Viveur," where accusations become so extravagant that they rebound on their maker. Colourful accounts of heinous sensual immorality were part of the stock-in-trade of every orator of Rome. Cicero himself was not above using them, and it was to be expected that the venom of his enemies would vent itself in similar eruptions. During the reign of Augustus, some obscure rhetorician (at one time unconvincingly identified with the historian Sallust) published a defamation of Cicero's character in the form of a speech. Two centuries later Dio Cassius incorporated a similar though longer speech into the forty-sixth book of his Roman history. They both charge Cicero with foppishness, gluttony, drunkenness, natural and unnatural lust. Both speeches are, as Carcopino admits, conflations of rhetoric and inventive malevolence; as independent testimony to Cicero's morals they are valueless. But perhaps they are corroborated by the evidence of the letters? Carcopino thinks so. Cicero was a dandy, for instance : " en se rendant à l'armée de Pompée, en 48 av. J.C., il s'était precautioné d'une riche collection de costumes de rechange." It would pay us here as elsewhere to consult the Latin

which Carcopino affects to translate. From Epirus in 48 B.C. Cicero wrote to Atticus : *A tuis et nummorum accepi HS. LXX et vestimentorum quod opus fuit.* Nowhere else in the correspondence are wardrobe or toilet so much mentioned. This is the sum of Carcopino's evidence for Cicero's preoccupation with clothes. Equally formidable are the proofs of his drinking habits. He admits that one night he left the house of his friend Trebatius *bene potus.* But his standards of intemperance are clear from the fact that when he reached home he was able to look up a knotty legal question which he had been discussing with Trebatius, note down the solution and send it off before he went to bed.

It is not hard to find Cicero at table. His twelve letters to Paetus, a wealthy Epicurean, are full of references to feasting. Cicero was not ashamed of his love of a banquet. But neither was he reticent about the reason for that love. " What I enjoy at a banquet," he wrote to Paetus, " is good company, where I speak à propos of whatever comes up and turn grumbling into shouts of laughter." A convivial discussion over a dinner-table showed the consular wag at his best. A good dinner meant for him, not the wine or the food, but the company, the feast of wisdom and the flow of wit. In February 43 he wrote a delightful letter exhorting Paetus not to abandon his old practice of dining with his friends. The reasons he urges reveal his own ideas on feasting. " Let me give you this advice, which deeply concerns the happiness of your life, that you consort with good congenial companions who are fond of you : nothing fits us better for life, nor helps us more to be happy. And it is not the pleasure I'm thinking of, so much as the sharing of our daily life and board and the recreation of our spirits which we experience in friendly conversation. There is no pleasanter form of this recreation than the *convivia* which we Romans name more wisely than do the Greeks. They call them " drinkings together " or " dinings together," but we call them *Convivia* because then only do we really live with one another."

This is but another aspect of the *humanitas* that directed all Cicero's interests to the human rather than the commercial value of money, and attracted him here to the social rather than the animal aspect of feasting. A life of isolation, albeit fruitful isolation, was for him an incomplete life. " So that's how life goes on," he wrote, again to Paetus, " Every day something gets read or written. Then, so as not to neglect my friends I dine out with them." . . .

It is significant of Carcopino's method that he quotes a large section of this letter to Paetus, and makes great capital of it in his description of Cicero the trencherman, while he shrewdly omits from his quotation the vital motive adduced for the convivial life. " It's not the pleasure I'm thinking of so much as the sharing of our daily life, etc."

In any case Cicero had too weak a stomach to be a *gourmand,* even had

he ambitioned that distinction. One amusingly pathetic letter tells how he, who could always say No to dangerous delicacies, was prostrated for eleven days by a concoction of simple herbs. When writing to Paetus he often acted the Epicurean and joked about the *recherché* food he expected when he visited his friend. At the end of such letters he would make it clear, either explicitly or implicitly, that he had been joking. Now Cicero may be as cumbersome as a camel when he waxes facetious, but he hardly deserved that Carcopino should quote his pleasantries as infallible proofs of his gluttony. Volumnius once invited him to a banquet at which the courtesan Cytheris was present. Cicero might have argued, by a process of reasoning which Carcopino elaborates through two pages, that Cytheris, a freed-woman of Volumnius, would be there, and he might have declined the invitation. In fact he did not think of it: "I swear to you, I had no idea she would be there." He accepted, and found to his annoyance that the courtesan was lying at the same table. Carcopino's conclusion? That Cicero cared more for a good dinner than for his chastity and his reputation!

From the dark-room of these bitter recriminations, which are sustained with equally full and equally partisan documentation through all the phases of Cicero's public and private life, it is not easy to escape to a realistic daylight view of the man. Boissier's *Cicéron et Ses Amis*, which was written in reaction from the attacks of Drumann, Mommsen and their ilk, still gives the most readable and balanced view of an extraordinarily complex character. Cicero was vain and in many ways an unmerciful prig. He had less political insight and foresight than he imagined. He had a moral sensibility that completely incapacitated him for public action in a conscienceless city, and an overfine perception of all the factors and facets of any situation which palsied his power of action, making every decision the occasion of endless soul-searching and vacillation. He shows the ultimate limitations, perhaps also the full potentialities of a morality based on self-respect. Though it was ever his ambition to be a man of lofty and inflexible virtue, he never attained to the self-assurance, the strength of will and the slightly inhuman hardness that made a martyr of Cato. Yet he was a just man in his generation, and it is through the unreserved confidences of a Correspondence never meant for publication that we know him as such. Nineteen centuries have not erred in their judgment. It is Carcopino who is wrong. His Cicero is not the Cicero of the Correspondence. It is to the letters that we must look for the real Cicero, bearing in mind Racine's words as he directed his son to the same reading:

> "Vous ne lirez guère d'ouvrage qui soit plus utile pour vous former l'esprit et le jugement; mais surtout je vous conseille de ne jamais traiter injurieusement un homme aussi digne d'etre respecté de tous les siècles que Cicéron."

PAUL ANDREWS

DIAMOND JUBILEE OF BELGIUM'S BOERENBOND

20 JULY 1890—20 JULY 1950

BY PAUL CRANE, S.J.

MY first personal acquaintance with the Boerenbond was three years ago in the autumn of 1947. At that time I was privileged to be one of a delegation of English Catholics invited to visit Belgium as guests of the Christian Social Party and the great Catholic organizations which have done so much to establish, as a working principle of its social and industrial life, that ideal of voluntariness which lies at the heart of Catholic social teaching. The greater part of a day of our all too brief visit was devoted to the Boerenbond. For an hour or so we sat down with the officials of the organization in the reception room of their offices at Louvain and discussed with them their work and the principles which guided it. In the course of the conversation one of our party asked Monsieur Conix, the Vice-President of the Boerenbond, whether his organization received financial assistance from the State. I shall not easily forget the uncomprehending, almost pitying look in his eye as he answered with quiet emphasis: "Monsieur, we receive none. None whatsoever. And we want none. Here in Belgium we stand by ourselves and value our freedom".

I

I mention this incident, because it expresses more truly than anything I know the spirit of sturdy independence which is so typical of this organization and of those who serve it in an official capacity. That spirit springs not only from the peasant origins of the Boerenbond, but from the Faith of the peasant farmers who compose it. The impression given is of something unbreakable, planted in the soil, untrammelled by ideological nonsense; finding its strength in a blend of piety and patriotism, which is expressed so typically in the spirit of independence to which reference has just been made. That spirit will have struck the visitor who was present last June at Louvain to witness the celebrations held by the Boerenbond to mark the Diamond Jubilee of its foundation. The 25,000 peasants who marched on that occasion to attend a Solemn High Mass of thanksgiving in Louvain's market square must have been conscious, as they went on their way, that they stood for an organization of which any country might be proud and that it enshrined a spirit whose upholding is essential if the West is to survive. In these days of the omnicompetent State it is good to find this assertion of an independent spirit whose roots are deep in Europe's Christian past. That, I think, is what gives the Boerenbond its special importance today. There is much that all can learn from an organization built with persistence by the painstaking efforts of those who are free. Such an achievement carries lessons that none can afford to neglect.

The great quantities of American grain, which flooded the European market in the seventies of the last century, brought Belgian agriculture near to extinction in the year 1878. Prior to that time the Belgian farmer had enjoyed a period of considerable prosperity. Now he found himself up against something which he could not fight alone. If he was to survive, he had to combine—not monopolistically, but in such a way as to secure for himself and his fellows the economic and social advantages that would follow a pooling of resources and a joint approach to problems that could not be solved in isolation. That he succeeded is clear from the position of Belgian agriculture today. Belgium is one of the most heavily industrialized countries in the world, yet even so there are at present more than 850,000 workers (one fifth of the country's manpower) engaged in producing about 80% of the food eaten by its inhabitants. This achievement has brought the peasant not only survival but an established place in the life of his country. And it has endowed his country with a stabilizing element, a peasantry trenched in the soil, to set against the rootlessness which the life of the industrial city breeds in its factory population. This is the achievement of the Boerenbond and it is an achievement that is greater than itself. It goes beyond the range of material welfare and takes us into the range of those imponderable spiritual forces which play so large a part, but often so indiscernible a part, in the shaping of a country's destiny.

The great organization was founded at Louvain on 20 July 1890, a year before *Rerum Novarum* was given to the world. Its founders were two laymen, Mm. Helleputte and Schollaert, and a priest the Abbé Mellaerts, who supplied most of the drive that led to the foundation of the Boerenbond and carried it through its early stages. Whilst curé at Goor-St-Alphonse the Abbé, who knew much about agriculture, tried to persuade his flock to improve their methods of cultivation. At first he had little success. Then, with the growth of his own reputation as an agriculturalist, his people allowed themselves to be persuaded and in 1886 the Abbé founded a co-operative guild, which possessed all the characteristics that later distinguished those which were typical of the local guilds of the Boerenbond.

The Abbé Mellaerts was forced by ill-health to retire from his work soon after his first efforts were enjoying local success. He went to Louvain and there met others as concerned as himself over the plight of Belgian agriculture and as anxious to lift it from the slough of despond into which it had fallen. Amongst them was M. Helleputte, a professor in the University of Louvain. Aided by M. Schollaert and others these two called a meeting of farmers at Louvain and, out of that meeting, the Boerenbond was founded on 20 July 1890. M. Helleputte became its first President and the Abbé Mellaerts its first General Secretary. This post he held until his death in 1902. Two years before the Abbé's death there were in the

Boerenbond 450 guilds with a membership of 25,000. In 1946, four years before its Diamond Jubilee and in spite of the ravages of war, the Boerenbond counted 1,290 local guilds and a total membership of 91,842 sprinkled over the area occupied by Belgian Flanders and the Walloon district of Malines, together with Eupen-Malmedy, which was recovered from the Germans after the first World War. Abbé Mellaerts had laid his foundations deep and sure.

Looking at the second Article of the Statutes of the Boerenbond—that which defines the purpose of the organization—one is given a fair clue as to why it has achieved such success. The Article is worded as follows :—" The general purpose of the Boerenbond Belge is to work for the religious, social and intellectual welfare of its members and to watch over their material interests ; in a word it seeks to make of our agricultural population a class powerful, instructed and Christian ". Clearly the scope of the Boerenbond is all-embracing. Its design, for its members, rests on a concept of man that is Christian in that it sees all his activities as integrated in and flowing from a nature that remains essentially moral and religious, whatever the form of activity upon which it is engaged. Man is treated as a whole and his activities, whatever they be, are regarded not as compartmented but as varied expressions of a personality that retains, always and under all circumstances, the moral and religious characteristics specific to human nature. Hence an organization that provides for him must provide for every side of that nature. So reasoned the founders of the Boerenbond, and that is the main reason why the organization has not only endured but has gone from strength to strength. It suits human nature because it provides for man as a human being. Hence its outlook sits easily on his shoulders and claims his allegiance.

When sketching the activities of the Boerenbond, little mention will be made of its specific religious practices. Apart from pilgrimages to local shrines of Our Lady and occasional visits to Rome, there are not many. There need not be. Religion is taken for granted in an organization that views man as a whole and sees his life *sub specie aeternitatis*. It is assumed that the peasant attends Church, just as it is assumed that he ploughs his fields. Both are activities of an integrated life, which the Boerenbond seeks to help to fulfilment through the deep note of religion which it introduces into all it does. That really is an understatement ; for, where the Faith is strong in peasant Europe, religion and the circle of daily living are so intertwined as to be incapable easily of separation, even for purposes of analysis and explanation. Small wonder, then, that part of the programme of study-days and congresses is quite naturally taken up with the moral and religious aspects of country life ; that the Boerenbond's periodicals contain their regular articles on religious and moral topics ; that the chaplains have words to say at each meeting of the local guilds ; and that the Boerenbond's priests meet regularly to discuss its affairs

amongst themselves. The outlook expressed by such an attitude to life holds a lesson for our rootless generation as valuable as that which flows from the sturdy independence, which is the other striking characteristic of this great organization.

II

The local guild is the pivot of the Boerenbond, which may best be envisaged as a voluntary federation of local agricultural guilds, each of which aims at the promotion of what can roughly be divided, for theoretical purposes, into the spiritual and material interests of its members. Locally these interests are taken care of by sections, which have sprung from the local agricultural guilds as the need for a specialized service has made itself felt in the area covered by the guild. Thus you have common to most guilds: area-machinery for the co-operative purchase of supplies and sale of products, a local credit bank, an insurance office, a co-operative dairy and an association of stockbreeders. Less common but equally prominent where the need for them has arisen are local federations of beet, fruit, chicory, tobacco and grape-growers, market gardeners and horticulturalists—all operating, like those which meet more widely-spread peasant needs, under the umbrella of the area guild of the Boerenbond.

The federated local guilds of the Boerenbond are served by a Central Organization, which has its offices at Louvain in the rue des Récollets. From here stem centralized services whose object is to assist, co-ordinate and stimulate those which are established locally. The centralized services work wherever possible through the machinery already provided by the sections of the local guilds. Headquarters at Louvain employs some fifteen hundred salaried officials and workingmen to organize its specialized, central services and place them at the disposal of the local guilds. Supreme authority over the whole federation of the Boerenbond, including Headquarters and its permanent employees, is vested in a Council acting through and with a Central Committee whose members are chosen by the Council. Committee members belong to the Council, which includes also representatives of affiliated local guilds, priests working with the movement and co-opted members.

The services put at the disposal of the local guilds by Louvain Headquarters are, as one might expect, social, religious and economic in nature. There is no over-concentration on any one of the three at the expense of the other two. All three dovetail to secure the general objective of the Boerenbond, which is the building up of a peasant community that is not only economically in a strong position but sturdy in its Catholicism. Outstanding amongst the services flowing from Headquarters are those which are provided by its Central Secretariat. The Secretariat publishes the weekly papers of the Boerenbond—*De Boer, L'Agriculteur, Der Bauer*—

as well as the monthly bulletins—*Onze Gids* and *Notre Guide*—a feature of which is the weekly moral or religious article specially adapted to the reader's taste and circumstances. In addition to its periodicals the Secretariat publishes first-class pamphlets and hand-books of a technical and social nature, possesses a splendidly documented filing system, and has at its disposal a library of ten thousand volumes. It organizes lectures (five thousand were given in 1948), displays, study days, congresses. A highly qualified, technical staff is employed by the Secretariat to engage in all those forms of agricultural research whose results are likely to prove of service to the peasant farmers, whose interests are its primary concern. So we find, under the general direction of the Secretariat, laboratories and experimental stations, which are efficient, well run and in the hands of qualified technicians.

Headquarters is kept in touch with the local guilds through its *Service d'Inspection*, which employs some fifty liaison officers, who are perpetually on their travels and whose task it is to stimulate local activity where it is sagging, to give advice where it is needed, and to keep an eye on the efficiency of the local services, which are set up by the area guilds and through which the centralized services are channelled to meet local needs.

The main outlines of the picture are, I hope, reasonably clear. They comprise a federation of peasant guilds, each constituted on an area basis and meeting particular needs through the agency of local sections. The federation is served by a Central Headquarters at Louvain, which provides specialized services to meet local needs more effectively, and which work locally, wherever possible, through the agency of the sections attached to the local guilds. Outstanding, perhaps, amongst the services provided by Headquarters are those which are under the aegis of the Central Secretariat situated, like Headquarters of which it forms a part, at Louvain. A *Service d'Inspection* keeps the finger of Headquarters on the pulse of the federation whilst the whole is under the authority of a Council, which channels most of its work through a directive Committee chosen by the Council and sharing authority with it.

The picture is not yet complete. Mention must be made of the League of Farmers' Wives, which is composed of the wives of those peasant farmers who are members of the Boerenbond. In a sense the womenfolk are already members of the Boerenbond ; for, though actual membership is confined to the breadwinner, the whole family is considered as affiliated to the organization through the father's membership and benefits accordingly. Nevertheless, the women have their own specialized needs ; and the general aim of the League, which in 1948 had 91,800 members grouped in 984 area guilds, is to fit the peasant woman for her vocation as wife and mother in the specialized circumstances provided by the life of a farming community. The interests of the younger girls are cared for by

a junior League, which was established at the end of 1946 and which has a membership of over thirty thousand sprinkled through 719 local sections. A similar organization was built at an earlier date for the boys. For the material needs of the family in general a service has been established at Headquarters to provide family allowances out of a central fund, which rests, like the whole of the Boerenbond activity, on a voluntary basis. Some idea of its scope is given when we realize that in 1946 this fund paid out 83,500,000 francs to assist the children of farmers who made use of its services.

III

Mention must be made finally of four great economic and social services, which provide efficiently and on an ample scale for the Flemish farmer's needs. The *Société d'Assurances du Boerenbond Belge* insures him, his family, his home, his crops and his cattle against every kind of risk. It not only protects him against risk, but enables him to take legitimate risks, which have to be taken if progress is to be made in his profession. He can go ahead with confidence as well as with caution, for he knows that failure will not spell his ruin. That way progress is made and the price is not high, for terms are good—the best in fact that the farmer could obtain anywhere in the country. On 31 December 1946 the assets of the *Société* stood at 435,000,000 francs. Though powerful financially, it does not regard itself as a profit-making body. Its dividends are subject to statutory limitation and its primary concern is the effective service of its members.

The *Comptoir d'Achat et de Vente du Boerenbond Belge* has centralized on a co-operative basis the purchase of supplies and, to a lesser extent, the marketing of produce. Both aspects of its activity have been greatly to the advantage of the peasant. Before the foundation of the Boerenbond, the Belgian farmers suffered at the hands of the middleman. Typically and from its first beginnings the Boerenbond realized the necessity of protecting the peasant farmers against this interloping. In 1906 the *Comptoir* was founded and at first it was a buying and supplying organization, for it was in this field of activity that the peasant suffered most. Moreover collective selling was a difficult business and its necessity was not obvious to a farming community able to dispose easily of its produce in nearby towns. So in the early days stress was placed on the buying-and-supplying side of the *Comptoir's* activities. Important headway has been made in this field. In 1945, for example, the *Comptoir* supplied to members of the Boerenbond 142,418 tons of fertilizer, 74,210 tons of grain and cattle food, 44,134 tons of lime and fuel. The figures for the last two items are not a real reflection of growth, for they are stamped with the imprint of war. A truer picture is obtained if we look at the 1939 totals, which stood at 325,315 tons for grain and cattle food and 76,972

tons for lime and fuel. The *Comptoir* distributes its supplies to the peasants through 21 regional and 118 local stores. It is rightly fond of its fine, modern flour mill at Merxem and of the up-to-date installations in the same town for the manufacture of cattle food and for oil-extraction and refining. Some idea of the scale of its supplying operations may be gained from the fact that in 1945 its purchases totalled in value 561,642,361 francs.

It has been explained why, in the early days of the Boerenbond, there seemed no need to organize on a general scale co-operative sales of produce. Hence activity in this line was confined to the sale of butter through the local co-operative dairies and the disposal on a co-operative basis of the early potatoes of the Malines area. Economic circumstances have now changed from the early days. The influence of the Boerenbond has improved farming and made it more specialized. Hence the necessity of finding export markets for a certain amount of farm produce. For this reason the *Comptoir* began to organize the collective marketing of certain types of products such as potatoes, eggs, butter, vegetables and fruit. In 1939 collective sales stood at 153,935,085 francs. The figures for the immediate post-war years were lower, but that was an effect of the war and of the unsettled state in those years of markets and supplies everywhere. There is little doubt that this side of the *Comptoir's* activity will grow in importance as the years pass by.

The *Service Technique du Boerenbond Belge* was constituted as a co-operative society in the year 1926. It serves the farmers' needs in the way of rural construction and building, hydraulics, agricultural machinery, electricity and dairying. The scope of its operations may be gauged from the fact that practically the whole of the co-operative dairying in the northern part of Belgium has been built up by this service. Lastly there is the *Caisse Centrale du Credit*, which provides the farmers and some of the centralized services of the Bond with credit on terms far more favourable often than can be obtained from the State. Through its agency the farmer is given help to buy his farm, to enlarge and improve it. At the end of 1946 deposits in the 716 affiliated local offices and in the central office of the *Caisse* amounted to 943,400,000 francs. During this same year loans granted by the *Caisse* to members of the Boerenbond amounted to a total of 354,800,000 francs.

In any sketch of this sort it is impossible to do full justice to the subject of one's writing. This is particularly so in the case of the Boerenbond, for its most valuable lesson is enshrined in its spirit and that has to be experienced to be appreciated as it should. It cannot be adequately described. All one can do is to make the attempt in the hope that a breath of that spirit will touch the reader as he runs through these pages. If that has been done, the effort will have been well worth while.

PAUL CRANE

REVIEWS

Economics

THE POPULATION OF IRELAND 1750–1845. By K. H. Connell. Oxford University Press (Geoffrey Cumberlege). 18s. net.

From his previous work, notably his paper in the *Economic History Review* for 1946, and indeed from the title of the present work it is evident that Mr. Connell's book owes its inception to the author's researches in correcting the traditional estimates of the population of Ireland in the pre-census period. The first Census worthy of the name was that of 1821, and Mr. Connell has unearthed no fewer than twenty-two pre-census estimates, from which it is clear that the subject of the size of the population must have been of great interest amongst enlightened persons of the period.

Mr. Connell's main research naturally leads him to consider the factors bearing on changes in the population—namely births, deaths and migration. As affecting these great elements in the movement of the population he is impelled to consider the social environment. His study of social conditions involves the consideration of the causes of death and, of great interest, nutritional standards. Mr. Connell's researches have lead him far afield, but what emerges is an eminently readable, well-balanced book.

This work has an importance which far transcends the historical. It has an importance of actuality, for the material and psychological effects of the Famine and the pre-Famine period live on in our times. As Mr. Connell shows, emigration was of great dimensions in the sixty-five years before the Famine and, in the years immediately following, reached the magnitude of a national exodus. Emigration still follows the tracks first beaten during those distant times despite the political changes, the great improvement in the standard of living in rural areas, the impressive degree of industrialisation whereby, in a static population, the numbers in industry have doubled since 1926. The persistance of emigration, notwithstanding these changes in social and economic environment, and its long history should give cause for thought to our institutionalists—i.e. to those who believe that to solve the emigration problem all that is required is to create suitable economic and social conditions. In mathematical terms these are necessary but not sufficient conditions. To lessen emigration the mental outlook of the people must also be changed.

Students of Irish demography have long been aware that the pre-Famine estimates of the population were far too low. In revising the estimates Mr. Connell follows the traditional method of applying to the number of houses (derived largely from the returns of the Hearth-money Collectors) and number of persons per house. He finds that the traditional estimates for the 18th century were about 1 million below the truth : for instance, he revises the figure of 2,690,556 (yes, the 18th century estimator gave the figure to the nearest unit !) for the year 1777 to 3,740,000. In the reviewer's opinion Mr. Connell's upward revisions, though drastic, seem too conservative.

The Commissioners, in fact, in their great Report on the 1841 Census, made an enumeration of births and deaths in the decade 1831–1841, but pointed out that the estimate of the number of deaths was under-stated by 25 per cent. As they scrupulously reconciled the increase in population between 1831 and 1841 with the natural increase (or the excess of births over deaths) and emigration during the decade, there are strong grounds for accepting the natural increase as reasonably accurate. It is important to observe that this assumption does not involve the assumption that the total of births and the total of deaths (as revised by the Commissioners) are separately accurate but that any understatement in each was about the same order of magnitude. The 1831–1841 natural increase averaged 12·7

per thousand population per annum. Mr. Connell assesses emigration in the sixty-five years before the Famine at the impressive total of 1,750,000, which is equivalent to 4·1 per thousand population per annum over the whole period ; so that, assuming that the 1831–1841 rate of natural increase subsisted throughout the whole fifty-five years prior to 1841, the average rate of increase of population should have been about 8½ (i.e. 12·7 less 4·1) per thousand per annum. (During the same period the rate of increase of population of England and Wales averaged about 11 per thousand per annum). This would mean that in 1776 (i.e. sixty-five years before 1841) the population of Ireland would have been about 4,716,000 as compared with Mr. Connell's estimate, already quoted, of 3,740,000 (for 1777). It is quite impossible to assess the plausibility of the assumption that the rate of natural increase was 12·7 per thousand throughout the whole period. Having regard to the fact that there were no epidemics worthy of special record in the period 1831–1841—the Commissioners did not attach special importance to the cholera outbreak of 1832–33—one's surmise is that the natural increase over the whole period 1776–1841 was, if anything, rather lower than 12·7 per cent. There are strong grounds for believing that the birth rate throughout the period was 33–37 per thousand. If the natural increase were lower than 12·7 per thousand, then the actual population in 1776 would be higher than the figure of 4,716,000 already quoted. It may be added that an extrapolation backwards of the " logistic curve " (which has proved remarkably successful for the representation of the populations of many countries) derived from the trend in 1821–1841 yields an even higher population estimate for the middle of the 18th century.

One would like to comment on other demographic aspects of this book. The numbers of children in Ireland in 1841 given in Mr. Connell's Table 6 are not correct, as the numbers, stated as those under 1 and under 5 years of age, are actually those under 2 and under 6 respectively. The number of children under 5 years of age per thousand women aged 15–44 should have been 532 as compared with the author's figure for England and Wales of 552. Accordingly, instead of being " remarkably higher," the effective fertility was lower in Ireland than in England and Wales in 1841. In what he hopes is also in a helpfully critical spirit, the reviewer must state his opinion that the increases shown by Mr. Connell's revised figures during the period of Grattan's Parliament, exceeding as they sometimes do 100,000 per annum, seem most improbable : there is no evidence of immigration of considerable dimensions.

On the general question of the birth rate in 1841, it may be stated that the fertility of marriage in Ireland was closely similar in 1841 and 1911. Assuming therefore the same fertility rate and having regard to the number of married women in each age group, the " expected " birth rate in 1841 would be 37 per thousand population. This is reasonably close to the rate of 33 for 1831–1841 derived without adjustment from the Census statistics of births, which must be understated from the manner of their collection : there must have been, for instance, a tendency to ignore large numbers who died at birth.

It is not within the reviewer's competence to comment on the historical implications of the fact that the 18th century population of Ireland is now revealed to have been at least one-half and may have been nearly two-thirds of the population of England and Wales. At present the ratio is one to ten.

Of the greatest interest also is Mr. Connell's Table 21 showing the nutritional adequacy of the Irishman's diet in the pre-Famine period. The author produces an impressive weight of evidence in support of his thesis that this diet consisted of 10 lb. of potatoes and 1 pint of whole milk per day, giving a calorific intake of 3,852 as compared with the present-day recommended intake of 3,000. Furthermore

he shows that, while the diet was monotonous, all the nutrients other than calories (protein, calcium, vitamin A, etc.) were far in excess of minimum requirements by present-day standards.

While Mr. Connell has obviously been at great pains to compile his table of nutrients, a few of his figures are open to question. For instance, he attributes 160 I.U.'s of vitamin A to a lb. of potatoes, whereas the British Medical Research Council publication *Nutritive Values of Wartime Foods* gives the potency as nil. The author states that he was unable to find an analysis of the niacin content of whole milk: the figure used in the recent Irish National Nutrition Survey was 0·03 mgm. per oz. These qualifications do not, however, vitiate Mr. Connell's general conclusion.

The result that the calorific intake was so much in excess of minimum requirements must surely be regarded as most remarkable and must make us revise some of our ideas in regard to over-population in the immediate pre-Famine period. Evidence not quoted by Mr. Connell tends to support his conclusion as to the substantial accuracy of his estimate of the fantastically high consumption of potatoes. In fact, from Dr. R. C. Simington's article in the September, 1941, issue of the *Journal of the Department of Agriculture*, it appears that the statute acreage under potatoes in six parishes in Counties Tipperary and Waterford in 1834, derived from the Tithe Composition Applotment Books, was 4,940. The 1841 population of these parishes was 16,451. Assuming that the yield per acre was 5 tons, this would be equivalent to 9·2 lb. per head of population per day. Admittedly the area to which Dr. Simington's inquiry extended is not typical, and furthermore some of the potatoes were fed to livestock. On the other hand the population of the six parishes comprises persons of all ages and includes the population of 8,369 of the town of Carrick-on-Suir where, presumably, the consumption of potatoes was much lower per head than in neighbouring rural areas. There can be little doubt that in this area the consumption of potatoes by men was well in excess of 10 lb. per day.

On the other hand, one may be inclined to question whether the consumption of whole milk by the rural population was as large as 1 pint per day. The general opinion is that milk consumed on farms at that period was largely in the form of skim milk. In 1841 the number of cows in the country was probably about 900,000 the milk yield of which, averaged over the whole population, would have been equivalent to about $\frac{3}{4}$ pint per person per day. Even having regard to consumption in towns (as milk and butter) and to exports of butter, these figures do not, however, positively invalidate an estimate of 1 pint per day for men in rural Ireland, which no doubt obtained over wide areas.

In the pre-Famine period one can readily understand how the iniquitous exactions of the landlords forced a subsistence economy on the farmers, for it would presumably have been more difficult for the rent collector to keep track of produce consumed in farm households than of produce sold. It goes without saying that, then as now, an adequate standard of living on farms is attainable only from the surplus sold. The word "subsistence" implies a low standard of living even if the consumption of food is adequate in quantity. It is a sobering thought that to-day, when farming is comparatively prosperous, no less than 36 per cent. of agricultural production is consumed in farm households on the basis of "final consumption" and that 23 per cent. of total produce is consumed by persons on farms on which it is produced. On small farms over wide areas of the country these percentages are of course far higher; and on all farms the recent National Nutrition Survey has shown that the intake of nutrients is more than adequate on the average. Subsistence farming and generally the low output of agriculture to-day are partly a heritage of the Famine and of the exactions of the landlords.

R. C. GEARY

THE SOCIALIZED AGRICULTURE OF THE USSR. By Naum Jasny. California: Stanford University Press; London: Geoffrey Cumberlege. 1950. pp. xv—837. 60s.

It is doubtful if the effects of the Communist experiment in Russian agriculture have ever been so fully examined as in this monumental book: it is certain that they have never been examined with such a wealth of detailed criticism. The author's qualifications are impressive. During the 1914-18 war he studied the food problems of Russia as an associate member of the Supreme Food Council under the Kerensky régime. Later, he acted as adviser to the Soviet Government on the export trade in grain. Still later, he acted as a foreign correspondent of the Food Research Institute of Stanford University. It does not appear whether his contributions at that time were written from Germany or from Russia; though it is stated that he took up residence in the United States in 1933. At any rate, the scope of this survey is so vast that it is certain to become a standard work on its subject.

Much of its length is due to the fact that criticism by statistical comparison is carried to the last refinement. This, as the author realizes, is not necessarily a guarantee of reliability. He writes in warm terms of the excellence of Soviet statistics between 1921 and 1929. After that: "'Neutral' statistics, *i.e.*, statistics of the usual type which present nothing but facts, were officially replaced by 'Marxian' or 'class statistics'. Instead of performing the function of statistics in non-totalitarian countries, Soviet statistics have been assigned the job of aiding in the 'socialist construction'."

This task, it seems, they discharge with considerable zest. On a later page it is shown how a decline of about four billion rubles has been changed, in the official computation, to a gain of about 1,250 million rubles. Clearly, a study that involves the constant use of such figures is a very considerable undertaking. It has been made still more hazardous by the policy of secrecy in recent years. We learn that, "according to the order of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet USSR of 9 June 1947, disclosure of any information of an economic nature which is declared secret by the Council of Ministers USSR is punishable by eight to twelve years in [a] concentration camp".

There are some aspects of Soviet agricultural policy that can be discussed without the aid of statistics. The author believes that the drive towards socialization was an inevitable result of the Bolshevist revolution rather than the outcome of a struggle between different groups in the Party. By 1927, he argues, both industry and agriculture had regained their pre-war level of production; but the rate of development was significantly different. Industry was growing rapidly and was, in its turn, creating expanding markets in the cities. Agriculture, on the other hand, showed little capacity for expansion. "The solution was sought in socialized, large-scale, mechanized agriculture, tied in with a peculiar system of distribution of the produce. Soviet or state farms had to be enlarged in scope many times and collective farms made the only form of peasant farming. It was expected that the new agricultural system would produce greatly increased quantities at greatly reduced costs."

Even to-day, the author argues, the productive power of Russian agriculture is too small to maintain the present industrial output. The régime has been therefore forced into measures of compulsion on an increasing scale. He believes that the collective-farm system would not survive the present régime.

Collectivization was pushed to the extremes that are attainable only under totalitarian governments. By 1938, individual farmers retained only 7 per cent. of the total area under crops and some 2.5 per cent. to 4 per cent. of the livestock. Their share in total agricultural output was 1.7 per cent. The collective

farms were not able to increase production significantly even in the last years of peace. In their early days they failed hopelessly to reach their targets. The cost of the experiment was measured in millions of human lives. " The use of proportions rather than of absolute figures conceals the disappearance of an unknown but very large number of households through deportation and outright deaths. The population of the USSR, where births exceeded deaths by over 20 per 1,000 before the drive, increased only 10.7 per cent. in the decade 1928-38; this fact cannot be talked away."

Mechanization has long been regarded as the most important feature of the new Russian economy. It has been claimed as such by the Soviet leaders themselves; and indeed nothing is more striking than the almost mystical admiration for the tractor and the combine. " If we could only provide agriculture with 100,000 tractors," said Lenin, " the peasants would turn Communists." This condition has been more than fulfilled. In 1928 the Soviet had 26,700 tractors; in 1938, 483,500. In the earlier year there were virtually no combines or trucks; in the later year there were 153,800 of the one and 195,800 of the other. This development, so easily translated into impressive statistics, remains the principal achievement of the régime—an achievement that seems impressive so long as its appalling cost is forgotten.

Surfeited with statistics, the reader may ask what measureable change was effected; to what extent has mechanization paid its way; how greatly was production increased? The answers to such questions, which cannot be conclusive and which space will not allow us to examine in detail, will be found in the book under review.

Admittedly the author distrusts the statistics that he uses, and it may be that something should be allowed for the partiality that few exiles can escape. Nevertheless, the impression given by this book is that the Soviet experiment was prejudiced by too great a speed in collectivization at the outset. In later years, when the false start had been overcome to some extent, the growing measure of State control has constituted an increasingly heavy handicap. It does not appear that the experiment has been conducted with a technical or administrative skill superior to that known in western countries. Dr. Jasny's pages show that bureaucracy is as inefficient in the east as it is in the west. It has only the advantage that, so long as the party or personal dictatorship lasts, it may ignore its cost in human suffering and life.

J. F. MEENAN

EDUCATION

REPAIR THE RUINS. Reflections on Education from the Christian standpoint. By H. Blamires, M.A., Senior Lecturer in English, King Alfred's College, Winchester. London: Geoffrey Bles. 1950. Pp. xiv, 175. 12s. 6d.

" YOU may believe in Original Sin, or you may accept an educational theory which denies it; you may believe in Free Will, or you may accept a psychological theory which denies it; but intellectual honesty demands that you should not accept contradictions " (p. xiii). That many students of education do accept such contradictions is the problem which Mr. Blamires, in his capacity as lecturer in a teachers' training college, had too often encountered. This book is his attempt to search out the causes of the inconsistency and to propose a remedy. It is an honest and a courageous attempt, because some, at the very least, of his conclusions will be extremely unpopular in the country for which he writes.

The trouble is that education has always been something of a " no man's land ", a subject on which a specialist in other matters—however irrevelant they may be to the problems of education—feels himself competent to speak. So we have psychologists and physiologists, economists and historians, the literary critic and the champion of aesthetic values all theorising to their hearts' content about the right way to educate a child. Each sees his pet subject as the most important element in education, and so we have as many ' philosophies ' of education as there are branches of learning. But the real trouble is that most of these ' philosophies ' are not explicitly stated ; they are implied, those who propound them take for granted that their views are both necessary and sufficient. A psychiatrist may, for example, treat the ' delinquent juvenile ' as if his delinquencies were solely a product of maladjustment or of unfavourable environment or of whatever ' cause ' is for the moment fashionable. He does not overtly deny original sin but he implies that it either doesn't exist or doesn't matter.

Mr. Blamires' contention then is that students who read these books do in fact accept many contradictions. His students are christian by profession yet they unconsciously accept many attitudes which are quite nonchristian. He is therefore concerned with the ultimate result of such inconsistency on the faith and morals of the teachers of the future. How can they give an education to christian children if their own principles—in so far as they have any—are in fact, if not in theory, unchristian ? How can they, as he says, do a christian job with pagan tools ?

His answer is that they need a touchstone by which to test what they read, and that the only touchstone is an informed and intelligent grasp of the faith they profess. It is with the development of this thesis that most of the present book is concerned. He examines in turn what is called educational psychology, the teaching of literature and the arts and of history, and finally the purpose of education. Certain tendencies and implications in the exposition of these subjects, and particularly in the exposition of them in popular textbooks, are examined in the light of christian principles, and the author has little difficulty in showing that many of these tendencies and implications are contrary to christian beliefs.

Some psychologists, in particular those of the ' popular ' brand, may differ heatedly with a number of conclusions which he draws. Nevertheless what he has written in this chapter needed badly to be said. He holds that the modern psychologist, if he is to claim objective validity for his conclusions, must postulate certain invariable patterns of behaviour and so " psychology has a vested interest in Determinism ". He does not, of course, accuse all psychologists of denying free will, but he does make it clear that there is a tendency in that direction.

Again, in the modern tendency to lay undue stress on heredity and environment when there is question of treating delinquency he sees rightly a confusion between the cause of the delinquency (more correctly, of the evil act) and the factors which may be regarded as an excuse for the act, as conditions under which failure to be good is excusable. Apart from the extreme pathological case, the truth is that the evildoer was free to do good or do evil, that the failure is in fact a deliberate yielding to a suggestion of evil. And the corollary is that the evildoer himself must do something about it, not primarily that something must be done about him, that he is not to be regarded merely as a clinical case who can be cured only by the ' doctor '.

It is, however, in the chapter on ' The Purpose of Education ' that what the author has to say will arouse the keenest opposition. The slogan ' a full education for all ' has, he holds, led to a great deal of confused thinking and of more confused acting. The very laudable policy of opening to all the gates of what was hitherto the close preserve of higher education has led to two conclusions in popular thinking : that Jack Smith must not be regarded as in any way inferior to Tom Brown and,

secondly, that higher education is to be watered down so that all may share in it. The two concepts are, of course, contradictory but that is only an instance of the prevalent woolly thinking. An adequate exposition of Mr. Blamires' sane and courageous treatment of what education, higher and lower, should be would require too much space here. His conclusion, based on the inequality of intellectual abilities, is stated so (p. 138): " We believe that education involves the introduction of the pupil into a world in which certain objective values are accepted as the basis of truly civilised life. The academic minority should be led by the traditional disciplines to the *investigation* of these values. The mind which is unfitted for philosophical, historical or scientific inquiry must be trained to *acceptance* ". This is a conclusion which will be unpalatable to many people. It has, however, the advantage of being based on facts. He takes the traditional christian view of the values—Goodness, Truth and Beauty, and develops in a very lucid and practical way their application as ends in education under the aspects of moral, intellectual and aesthetic training.

Two criticisms must be made. Mr. Blamires' treatment of certain points of dogma is not satisfactory, in particular his treatment of the relation between revelation and reason in chapter II, and his ' inference ' from the natural to the supernatural as when he says (p. 71): " The objectivist view of value demands a supernatural source of value ". Again, (p. 142): " Teaching the child to accept Truth as real and objective involves teaching him to accept the supernatural as real ". The existence of the supernatural cannot in any way, as we know, be inferred from the natural. It is probable that what Mr. Blamires here calls the ' supernatural ' is what we would call the knowledge of God by the light of unaided reason, that is, natural theology or theodicy. But it is an unfortunate confusion of terms.

The second criticism concerns the final chapter of the book, 'Christian Morality in the School '. It may seem carping to find fault with a section which is so clearly on the side of the angels, which demands unequivocally for religious training its rightful place in the curriculum. However, one is brought up sharply when the author says (p. 165) :" We need utterly Christian schools, where doctrine, morality and practice form a coherent whole ", and then continues immediately, " this would be a depressing thought if it meant the recapture of our country's schools by denomination, but it does not. It means simply that teachers must be converted—and intelligently converted ". But the question may not unfairly be asked, converted to which brand of christianity? This is unsatisfactory from an author who is in general so sound, so thoroughgoing, so honest.

Seán Ó Catháin

Greek Religion

THE GREEKS AND THEIR GODS. By W. K. C. Guthrie. London: Methuen. 1950. 21s. net.

In this very successful effort to popularise a difficult and confused subject Mr. Guthrie sensibly takes as his theme " the relations between man and God (or gods, or divinity) as they appeared to the Greeks of the classical period." A fascinating and informative introductory chapter sketches the history of the study from its origin in the rationalist movement of the 18th century down to the great generation of researchers immediately preceding our own. Frazer and Jane Harrison in England, Wilamowitz and Kern in Germany are perhaps the most representative names of that generation, but it included also Farnell and Rohde, (who defended Nietzsche against Wilamowitz) as well as the still-living Gilbert Murray and the

great Swede, M. P. Nilsson, who may be said to have summed up its achievement in his *Geschichte der Griechischen Religion*, published in 1941 in Munich and as yet only obtainable with difficulty in this country. The immense labours and the wonderful learning and skill devoted to the subject by these and many other scholars have left to the twentieth century a very different idea of it from what was available a hundred years ago. The sad fact is that our world is on the whole much less interested in these matters than the world of our teachers. Yet it can still be said that a clear understanding of the nature of Greek paganism can illuminate many dark places not only in regions frequented by scholars but in the civilisation we have all inherited from the long past of Europe and the Near East.

Mr. Guthrie's book, easily written and full of authoritative personal views, is admirably designed to put this most useful knowledge at the disposal of all who care to seek it. He is careful to emphasise that we are no longer as interested in obscure origins or the survivals of primitive savagery or the curiosities of ritual as were our predecessors. Nowadays there is at once a greater appreciation of the fact that the Greeks were a highly religious people, gifted with much originality in this as in all other aspects of life, and a greater tendency to look for the expression of this religious originality in the only direction where it can be found as a living force—the great literary works of the Greek epic, lyric and dramatic poets and the still vital philosophic thought of Aristotle, Plato, and their forerunners. A reaction has set in against the peculiarly specialist approach to the interpretation of Greek works, while at the same time the work of specialists has made a closer and more subtle interpretation possible. Mr. Guthrie illustrates this difference of approach very skilfully from a famous controversy between Farnell and Professor Kitto in 1933–34 on the meaning of the *Prometheus*.

A very pleasing feature of this book, as of Mr. Guthrie's other work, is his complete lack of scholarly prejudice or of bias in favour of any fashionable school or doctrine. Although he does thorough justice to the work of men like Wilamowitz and Kern, which has not hitherto been properly appreciated in England, and even has a good word to say for that over-criticised book, W. F. Otto's *Dionysos*, he himself is always urbanely critical of his modern authorities. Thus he has the considerable temerity to differ from Nilsson on that great scholar's interpretation of the name of Demeter (a subject on which there has been acrid controversy between Nilsson and the famous folklorist von Sydow) while at the same time disagreeing with Wilamowitz as to the original nature of " chthonic " deities. Again he devotes some interesting pages to a criticism of Professor Rose's view that Orphism was a religion of the lower classes. Himself no mean authority on the " Orphic movement," Mr. Guthrie in this book summarises the discussion that has gone on since he published his *Orpheus and Greek Religion* in 1935. His chapter will be a useful antidote to the scepticism of scholars like Professor Linforth, which as he well says is so extreme that it incurs the danger of a reaction towards excessive credulity.

Every page of *The Greeks and Their Gods* bears evidence of long, cool and careful study. The book has had its origin in its author's lectures over a period of several years in Cambridge ; and this origin, with the frequent discussions to which the lectures evidently gave rise, has contributed greatly to the ease and simplicity of its exposition. Perhaps the most useful chapters from the point of view of the general reader will prove to be the long Chapter II on " the Divine Family " in which the most important individual deities, Zeus, Hera, Apollo, Poseidon, Athena and others are fully discussed, and Chapters VI and VII, devoted to Dionysos and Apollo respectively. Mr. Guthrie rightly emphasises the dual nature of most of these deities, compounded as they were of ideas inherited partly from the Indo-European element in the Greek people and partly from the high civilisation of the Bronze Age Aegean. On one point he may be held to be over-conservative : he

inclines too much, like most modern authorities, to read history into mythology, thus giving some countenance to the view that Kronos and the Titans really represent a pantheon displaced in historical time by that of the Homeric poems, and above all believing that the conflict between Dionysos and the King exemplified in the *Bacchae* mirrors a historical " invasion " of Greece by the god of the wild mountain orgies and a historical resistance by the State authorities. As this mysterious conflict lies at the root of all Tragedy and Comedy the matter is one of great importance, and here Mr. Guthrie seems an unsure guide. His chapters on Apollo, and notably his critical summary of the Hyperborean question, are excellent. In accepting—rightly—Hrozny's derivation of Apollo from the Hittite *Apulunas* he omits to mention that the same paper in which this was published gave an equally acceptable derivation of Artemis.

Other chapters discuss the relation between gods of heaven and gods of earth with special reference to the emergence of a belief in immortality and in a judgment after death, and the hopes and fears of the ordinary man as revealed by sepulchral inscriptions, *defixiones*, the belief in ghosts and the Eleusinian mysteries. Finally Mr. Guthrie gives a satisfactory, if brief, account of the contribution to religion of Greek philosophy, with its consummation in Aristotle's sublimely rational, and yet mysterious, conception of Deity.

MICHAEL TIERNEY

HISTORY

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Keith Feiling. London: Macmillan. 1950. 30s. net.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND. From the Earliest Times to 1204. By Douglas Jerrold. London: Collins. 1949. 21s. net.

THE great test of a historian of England is his attitude to the sixteenth century. In the second of the chapters which he devotes to the reign of Henry VIII, Professor Feiling indicates how much things have changed in this respect over the past generation. " Before modern Britain—a united Kingdom, Protestant, sea-faring, and capitalist—could come into existence, a vast work of destruction had to be done. It is not given to the pure and lowly of heart to do such work, nor need we be surprised at the wickedness which accompanied Reformation." Of Henry himself Professor Feiling says that " if greatness can be irrespective of virtue," he " must be held a great man." This splendidly-produced volume of over twelve hundred pages is explicitly intended to take the place of John Richard Green's *Short History*, which first appeared in 1874. Green's work, like that of the very different Froude, has by now become more a historical document than a history. Both are to be read less as inquirers into the truth about the past than as illustrations of the late Victorian mind.

Great progress has been made since their day in the search for objectivity. A generation full of wars has thrown a lurid light backwards on the glories of which the late nineteenth century was so complacently conscious. In a later chapter, headed " Peril and Decline " and devoted to the period from 1881 to 1914, Professor Feiling sums up what has now come to be the dominant opinion: " In this generation, one of the greatest of all revolutions transformed Britain: that rural setting, within which its arts and letters and political spirit had grown up, was broken to pieces, and with it the beauty of country building and country crafts . . . " The book ends with the " confusion of thought, the dire peril " of 1938, when England was facing an ordeal severer even than those she had come through after the French Revolution. The result of her efforts are now before us, and may surely be said to justify Professor Feiling's sobriety.

There can be no doubt about the great superiority of this work to its famous prototype. Written with equal vigour and even greater clarity and illuminating every phase of its long story with skilful illustrations and epigrammatic summaries of characters and events, it ought to be certain of a still longer reign than the work of Green. Professor Feiling has no formula such as was exemplified in the emphasis on " the people " in Green's title. He sees the history of his country as a very varying process, given unity most of all by a force neither royal, aristocratic nor popular : the " venerable common law " around which, as he says, " everything, good and bad, most charactertistic of the Constitution . . . had grown like a coral reef." He does not perhaps emphasise sufficiently two points about this so essential English thing to which other authorities have drawn attention : its solid basis in medieval Christian teaching and the grievous extent to which it has been eroded in the age of " Peril and Decline " by the anti-Christian forces which the Reformation set in motion, but which have only during the last century reached their full power.

An Irish Catholic critic must necessarily approach such a book as this with mixed feelings. On the one hand there is unbounded admiration for a really great intellectual achievement and gratitude for the labour put into a work which can not only be read with pleasure but constantly consulted on points of fact and judgment. On the other there must be vain regret for the inevitable bias which, even though mitigated to the extent shown in the verdict already quoted on Henry VIII, still leads a scholar like Professor Feiling to support in writing about the past a doctrine he would assuredly question if applied to the present : the doctrine that wicked means are to be justified by supposedly virtuous ends. The word " supposedly " is of course used with deliberation ; for the virtue of the ends attained by Henry VIII and all his Macchiavellian agents and successors down to the present day is a quality merely read into these ends by those who imagine themselves to have profited from them—a most striking instance of that Victorian complacency of which English historians are still so often victims.

The chapters in which Professor Feiling discusses the " Irish fringe " of English history illustrate this quality even more forcibly, at least to the Irish eye. There are in all three of these chapters : the first comes as a kind of epilogue to the Elizabethan age, the second deals with the period 1815–1848, and the third with Gladstone's attempt at a solution of the " Irish Question." There is, of course, much else about Ireland in the book ; Professor Feiling, in this field as in all others, is well acquainted with the facts ; but his attitude to the Irish component of his subject may not unfairly be deduced from his reference to Diarmaid Mac Murchú as " a bestial savage " and to Shane O'Neill as having lain " howling at Elizabeth's feet on his visit to Court." It is an attitude of disdain. From the dawn of history the Irish have constituted an unlovely, but of course insignificant, smudge on an otherwise noble record, an irrelevant skeleton in the aristocratic family's cupboard. Perhaps there is indeed some justification for this disdain ; in any case it is in the nature of things unarguable. What is important about it is that, like all such emotional manifestations, it is both historically and politically senseless. Serious study of Irish history, both ancient and modern, would make that of England more really intelligible than it can ever be when treated with the insularity which relegates Ireland to the fringe.

Mr. Jerrold's book, about half the size of Professor Feiling's, only covers the history of Celtic, Roman, Anglo-Saxon and Norman England down to King John's loss of Normandy in 1204. To this event Mr. Jerrold very soundly attaches capital importance. The conquest of England by the Normans and the brilliant expansion of the Angevin power had, by giving English rulers a constitutional position in French politics, greatly delayed the development of English nationalism, which might otherwise have brought about the union of England, Scotland and Wales

much sooner than it actually took place. Mr. Jerrold's book is hardly as well written as Professor Feiling's, and it is marred by a remarkable number of misprints, some of them serious enough to confuse the reader. It is, however, a great work of historical synthesis, boldly conceived and informed throughout by a powerful realist judgment and a grip of the historical process. "History," says Mr. Jerrold, "is the record, not of what has happened, but of what has mattered." Having mastered in the minutest detail the work of a whole generation of archaeologists, researchers in linguistics and place-names, and historians of constitutional law, he has produced what will long be considered the best introduction to English history.

What most of all gives Mr. Jerrold's book its character and value and raises it above the normal run of scholastic compilations is its striking freedom from the insularity to which we have referred. In no similar work is so much space devoted to filling in the European and even the more distant Oriental background of movements affecting England, from the earliest palaeolithic cultures to the Empires of Alexander and Augustus and the conversion of Rome. In this way each phase of English development is presented as part of an intelligible whole. The actual British story by no means suffers from this method of presentation. It would be difficult to find anywhere a clearer account of Celtic civilisation, of the Roman conquest and its results or of the usually so confusing Anglo-Saxon period, or one in which the most modern researches are so ably utilised to make up a satisfying and instructive story. Above all, Mr. Jerrold's narrative *moves*; even when he is summarising some of the most frequently-discussed episodes of Graeco-Roman history his vivid and imaginative treatment gives an effect of real originality and power. It is to be hoped that Mr. Jerrold will continue what must be an arduous task and give us further such informed and mature volumes on the later history of his country.

Michael Tierney

KNIGHTS' FEES IN COUNTIES WEXFORD, CARLOW AND KILKENNY. Edited with Commentary by Eric St. John Brooks, M.A., Litt.D. Dublin: Irish Manuscripts Commission. 306 pp. 1950. 30s.

Dr. Brooks has put all students of medieval Irish history very much in his debt during the past few years. His edition of the Register of the Hospital of St. John the Baptist, Dublin, was published by the Irish Manuscripts Commission in 1936; and in the same year the Royal Irish Academy published his paper on some unpublished charters relating to Ireland (1172–82), then preserved in the archives of the city of Exeter but since unhappily destroyed. Last year he was entrusted by the Irish Manuscripts Commission with the heavy task of compiling a Bibliography of Hiberno-Norman records, more or less on the model of the late James F. Kenney's most valuable *Sources for the Early History of Early Ireland*, of which, alas !, only the first volume was published in New York (1929). The present volume is more than an edition of two hitherto unpublished feodaries, now preserved among the Chancery Miscellanea in the Public Record Office, London. These feodaries give full lists of the knights' fees held under two of the co-parceners in the great partition of the lordship of Leinster which took place after the death of the last of the sons of William Marshal in 1245. Dr. Goddard Orpen knew and used a third feodary, giving the knights' fees held under Richard de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, in Co. Kilkenny, who had married one of the daughters of William Marshal. The two new texts deal with lands held in the counties of Wexford and Carlow; but Dr. Brooks has consolidated his work on all three feodaries, working out in detail and with minute accuracy all that can be discovered as to the extent of these fees in the middle of the thirteenth century, and their history down to the early fourteenth century when these feodaries were compiled.

Work of this kind will never command a wide reading public, and Dr. Brooks has packed far too much topographical and genealogical detail into this volume to make of it a readable narrative. But those who have had to plough their way through the morass of public and private records relating to the feudal tenures of medieval Ireland will appreciate the boon that this volume will be to serious students of the period. There are here no startling new discoveries, no fresh insight into the mind or policy of the more famous figures in medieval Irish history. But the patient study of three typical feudal documents, which have come down to us from a period when Hiberno-Norman feudalism was at the height of its influence in this island, gives us valuable insight into the working of a system which is remote from all our modern concepts of property and legal rights. Students of topography or family history in the three counties of Wexford, Carlow and Kilkenny will also find here an invaluable guide through many a puzzling by-path of Ireland's story.

AUBREY GWYNN

THE LIMITS AND DIVISIONS OF EUROPEAN HISTORY. By Oscar Halecki. London: Sheed and Ward. 1950. Pp. 242. 10s. 6d.

IN this book Professor Halecki has set himself the task of drawing out the full implications of the term 'European History', a task which involves the discussion of its geographical limits and chronological divisions. As a Pole, he naturally objects to those who treat 'European' and 'Western' civilisation as synonymous terms and ignore the achievement of East European nations. Under the influence of Christopher Dawson, he prefers to define Europe as 'the community of all the nations which in the favourable conditions of a continent small but full of variety, accepted and developed the heritage of Graeco-Roman civilisation, transformed and elevated by Christianity.' In this definition he finds the answer to a problem which bothers historians—namely, the unsatisfactory nature of the traditional divisions of history into ancient, medieval and modern. Professor Halecki, for his part, divides the history of the last two thousand or so years into two periods, the Mediterranean Age and the European Age. This second period includes what are normally termed the Middle Ages and Modern Times, but it has now come to an end and given way to the Atlantic Age.

Professor Halecki discusses European history in a stimulating way, particularly when he draws our attention to little known historical events in Eastern Europe which offer remarkable parallels to better known happenings in the west. Unfortunately however in his enthusiasm he has allowed himself to be drawn into an unrewarding discussion of the terms 'middle ages' and 'renaissance'. He is quite aware that 'it would be vain to look for any single date which would stand out as a landmark between the real Middle Ages and the Renaissance par excellence'. Yet in actual fact this is what he proceeds to do and succeeds so well that he plumps for 1378 as the most probable date. His argument rests on the assumption that the 'real Middle Ages' are the centuries when a universalist ideal obtained. Applying this test, the thirteenth century is medieval but the fifteenth is no longer so. But one can reasonably define the term 'medieval' in several different ways. The economic historian might prefer to place the end of the Middle Ages in the eighteenth century rather than the fourteenth. Historians of such intangible things as 'climates of opinion' are never tired of emphasising the medieval character of seventeenth century thought, let alone that of the sixteenth century.

It is a good thing to have traditional categories criticised in this manner. On the other hand, Professor Halecki must pardon us, if, as we move into the Atlantic Age, we hold on to our time-honoured prejudices and reject his new-fangled ones. 'Middle Ages', 'Renaissance', 'Modern Times'. Yes, we are sick of these terms. We cannot live with them and yet we cannot live without them. And good examination questions are not so easy to come by, that we kill off such a prolific source of them.

H. F. KEARNEY

THE RISE OF RUSSIA IN ASIA. By David J. Dallin. London: Hollis and Carter. 1950. 18s.

The coincidence of the publication of this book with the Korean War and its satellite struggles in Indo-China and Malaya naturally leads the reader to seek in it some guidance on the true significance of contemporary events in Eastern Asia. Will he find it? Perhaps that depends largely on himself, but it is only fair to say that however hard he may try he will find himself rather circumscribed by the limits which its author has imposed on this book, but not, alas, on its title.

The Rise of Russia in Asia deals with relations between Russia on the one hand and Japan and China on the other during the seventy year period 1860–1930. Outside of this it does not pretend to reach,—there is no word of the expansion across Siberia from 1550 to 1650, of the early treaties with China, of the conquest of Central Asia in the 19th century, or of the struggle for power in the approaches to India during the last century, with Britain as Russia's successful antagonist. Nor is anything said in this volume of the events of the last two decades in the Far East for the very good reason that this aspect of the subject has been dealt with by the author in the sequel to this book,—*Soviet Russia and the Far East,*—which was published a year before this earlier volume.

These limitations in time and space would be no defect in the book—unless they might mislead a potential purchaser—if the period and area dealt with were a natural unit, or should this not be the case, if the links with past and future, and with the rest of Asia, were described at least in outline so as to enable the reader to see the subject-matter in its proper perspective. It is true that the author sometimes refers to contemporary events in other parts of the world, and occasionally tries to place the Far Eastern theatre in a wider perspective, but he is not always successful in this; he fails completely to place his period in the context of what went before and what followed. If this book and its sequel are considered as one, it may be rated no defect for him to have ended this first volume as it were in mid-air, but there can be no such excuse for Mr. Dallin's bald opening, prefaced by no introductory remarks in regard to what after all is the title of the book—the Rise of Russia in Asia.

We find ourselves instead transplanted without explanation to the Russian Far East in 1848, and faced immediately with the Russian annexations of 1854–1860. No reference is made to the arrival of the Russians on the Pacific Coast in 1638, to their early plans to turn the Pacific Ocean into a Russian Sea, nor to the first annexations and important treaties with China that preceded the diplomatic coups of 1858 and 1860. Strangest of all we are brought through these dozen years following 1848 without even a reference to the Crimean War and these first important naval clashes in the Pacific between Russia and "The Allies". A passing reference to "the bay where the British had landed in 1856" is the only mention of this spectacular opening to the struggle between Russia and Britain for supremacy in the Far East.

In the earlier chapters the treatment is largely chronological, with permissible deviations to explain the origins and consequences of certain local events. But from the time when the Chinese and Soviet Revolutions appear on the scene, bringing with them Russian intervention in China proper in addition to the century-old struggle for the border provinces, we are thrown from Moscow to Canton, from Canton to Peking, from Peking to Tokyo and from Tokyo to Harbin, the years rushing backwards and forwards with disconcerting irregularity.

This uneven treatment is, however, inevitable in any attempt to deal comprehensively with such a broad and often disjointed canvas,—for even when the subject-matter is limited in time and space as it has been in this book the picture remains something of a panorama. Unfortunately, however, this indigestibility makes it

difficult to appreciate the very real merits of this book—its author's obvious familiarity with all the complex ins and outs of Far Eastern affairs, his intuition for the basic realities underlying the shifting alliances of Oriental and Western Powers, his grasp of the motives behind the frequent re-shuffling of these alliances, and his ability to detect the continuing influence of geography in a kaleidoscope of events where nothing seems permanent. This is obviously an important book that has certainly lost nothing through its topicality, but the reader will not emerge from it with a very clear picture of the events and trends in the Far East from 1860 to 1930 unless he brings to it some knowledge of international affairs generally during this period, and the kind of determination that is stimulated rather than discouraged when faced with a maze.

GARRET FITZ-GERALD

MORALS AND POLITICS

MORALS SINCE 1900. By Gerald Heard. London: Andrew Dakers, Ltd. 1950. Pages xv and 223. Price 12s. 6d.

Now that the twentieth century has run half its course, Messrs. Dakers have projected a series of *Twentieth Century Histories*, designed to give, in separate volumes, an account of all aspects of life, culture and activity in Britain since 1900. The book under review is the volume on Morals. A preliminary survey of the political background show how Imperialism, Liberalism and Socialism successively waxed and waned in popular favour. Then, getting to grips with his task, Mr. Heard divides his investigation of British morals during the half-century into three parts; the observance of the " Five Natural Moral Laws ", the moral effects of Pure Research, the application of " the three criteria of civilization ".

The five Natural Moral Laws " that sanction ethics " are said to be those regulating the use of force, of sex, of wealth, of speech and of thought. Force is perennially necessary as an instrument of social cohesion. How has this instrument been used in the first half of this century? Armies and armaments have been employed with disastrous ineptitude, in such wise as to destroy rather than further the cohesion of natural social groups. The sole hope remaining is the wise employment of the police force! What of the alterations in British " sex-mores " during the fifty years? Their general trend has been towards an " emancipation " of the woman from child-bearing and home-making, hitherto her almost exclusive occupation. The new *mores* permitted widespread use of contraceptives, uninhibited discussion of sexual matters, and new experiments in marriage. Women were set free to enter political, administrative and academic life. But the results of these new ways have not been happy, least of all for women. Mr. Heard knows of no completely satisfactory solution, though he proceeds to adumbrate one which looks remarkably like the traditional Christian attitude to sex, with its insistence on faithful and fruitful wedlock as a means not to sensual indulgence but to an ultimate spiritual destiny. Under the heading " Wealth " is described how the code of the gentleman, with its stress upon loyalty, gave way in the half century to the code of Economic Man for whom money was the supreme value. But, strange irony, when materialistic man wished to be his most materialistic, the sole remaining value itself became immaterial; for wealth became money and money became credit. Now credit is worthless if men are not faithful to their word; but what incentive does materialism hold to the practice of fidelity? In the domain of the spoken and written word, negative criticism and scepticism were encouraged as protection against advertising and political slogans, while deliberate nonsense (in the Edward Lear manner), detective fiction, and Freudian jargon furnished mental defences against the impact

of disagreeable fact. Mr. Heard's examination of the fifth " Moral Law " (Thought) forms a sort of unity with his second big sub-division (The Moral Effects of Pure Research). His general conclusion is that while " Applied Thought " (Rationalism, Psycho-analysis, " Progressive Education ") has had a corroding effect on morals, Pure Research, by building up a more adequate world-outlook, may well rejuvenate Morality. Finally, an examination of British Law, Education and Public Hygiene (" the three criteria of civilization ") gives the general impression that things have got into rather a mess. But Mr. Heard is not without hope. He looks confidently for a way out to Psychic Research and to training of the Thalamus or mid-brain.

I found this a disappointing and, indeed, an irritating book. The writing is often careless and obscure, forcing the reader to pause and puzzle out the meaning of complex sentences thereby losing the thread of the argument. There are not a few grammatical errors and the spelling is at times highly original. In an appraisal of the morals of a community one would expect some explicit statement of the ethical standpoint from which they are judged ; but, beyond some passing hints here and there, the author does not enlighten us as to his own ethical opinions. He displays an astonishingly wide range of general information and some acquaintance with the findings of modern science. These attainments, together with the large number of striking theories confidently propounded, succeed at times in stimulating the reader's interest. But the generalizations are so many, so sweeping and so self-confident that one begins to have misgivings.

Michael Connolly

THE DISCOURSES OF NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI. Translated from the Italian with an Introduction, Chronological Tables and Notes. By Leslie J. Walker, S.J. London : Routledge and Kegan Paul. £5 5s. net.

Recent history has revived interest in Machiavelli. It has shown that, whatever may be thought of his views from the side of ethics, they certainly have a tragical relevance to practical politics. For scholars, Machiavelli shares with Rousseau the interest that always arises from apparent ambiguity. There has grown up a vast literature demonstrating that Machiavelli must have meant this or cannot have meant that. The obvious meaning, the meaning that has been important historically, (based almost altogether on *The Prince*), has seemed an unsatisfactory explanation to many modern students. In particular it has often been argued that there are radical differences between Machiavelli's views in *The Prince* and in the *Discourses*. Whether this is true or not, it is obvious that a study of the *Discourses* is essential for any complete view of Machiavelli.

It should be said at once that Father Leslie Walker's translation of *The Discourses* is a most valuable addition to learning. It is much more than a translation. It contains an introduction and a critical apparatus which will be indispensable to all students of Machiavelli. There is no comparable edition of *The Discourses* in any language. Father Leslie Walker has expended on this edition a vast amount of learned and intelligent toil. He has eased the path of the future scholar in a great variety of ways. His conclusions are sane and balanced. If there is any fault it lies, perhaps, in a tendency to over-systematisation, as in his section on " Axioms implicit in Machiavelli's method ". Machiavelli was in fact rather slap-dash. It is one of his charms as a writer.

Machiavelli's interests lay in the domain of practical statesmanship rather than in political theory. What we find in him is not so much philosophy as practical observation. He did indeed seem to think that in attacking the problem of " what

ought to be the rules of conduct for a prince towards subject and friends " he was initiating a new *method*. " I shall depart," he tells us, " from the methods of other people ". Father Leslie Walker is of opinion that his claim is justified although he may have got hints of such a method in Aristotle's *Politics*. This new method was empirical, partly based on historical partly on personal experience. All such experience, he thinks, goes to show that the rules which guide a successful prince or state are the rules of statecraft not the rules of morality. " Our experience has been that those princes who have done great things have held good faith of little account and have known how to circumvent the intellect of men by craft and in the end have overcome those who have relied on their word ". The ruler who guides his actions by moral principles is a lamb in the midst of wolves. He needs to be a blend of the lion and the fox. Men are predominantly bad : " they are ungrateful, fickle, false, cowards, covetous, and as long as you succeed they are yours entirely ; they will offer you their blood, property, life and children, as is said above, when the need is far distant ; but when it approaches, they turn against you." A *reputation* for morality may be a valuable asset to a ruler but morality itself is often dangerous and commonly impossible. The ruler, therefore, may with less hesitation abandon himself to vices which are useful or unavoidable. The ruler must know " how to do wrong, and to make use of it or not according to necessity ".

This is the Machiavelli of " *The Prince* ". The Machiavelli of " *The Discourses* " has precisely the same doctrines but the emphasis is now on the republic or state rather than on the individual autocrat. Even if there is a novel element in Machiavelli's method there was nothing novel in his conclusions. The theory of the amoral state is at least as old as the discussion of the views of Thrasymachus in Plato's *Republic*. The historical argument for the amoral state, as Machiavelli develops it, is feeble. It only seems plausible when we take short views. If we overlook the total unified movement of history, if we are onesidely selective, if we pick out of the manifold mass what we call particular results and interpret them by a *post hoc ergo propter hoc* we can prove almost anything from history. The real pith of Machiavelli's argument lies in his personal observation of contemporary society.

What was the effect on his own age or rather on the ages which followed his own of Machiavelli's subversive speculations ? As Lord Acton suggests, Machiavelli has through the centuries a notable list of imitators and successors. Father Leslie Walker mentions many of them. The publication of his works at once aroused " intense opposition ". Still there seems to be little reference to them from professed philosophers or theologians. In so voluminous a writer as Suarez at the end of the sixteenth century I can discover only a single passing reference. Machiavelli's amoral state had little plausibility as a theory.

That autocratic rulers, from the sixteenth century down to Hitler and Mussolini, should have found support for their ideas in *The Prince* is not surprising. It is more interesting to trace the influence of Machiavelli on philosophers like Hobbes or Hegel who attempt to give a philosophical foundation to what was in Machiavelli himself mere cynical observation. At the present time Machiavelli seems out of favour. But a half-conscious Machiavellism is not uncommon. In the last generation *The Cambridge Modern History* (Vol. I p. 200) has the following comment on Machiavelli :

" He made, it is true, many mistakes, and there is much in his writings that is indefensible ; but on the whole later history has done much to justify him, and the view that is most essentially Machiavellian, that the art of government, like the art of navigation, is out of relation to morals, has hardly ever lacked authoritative support ".

Comment on this kind of argument would be futile. History deals with facts and affords no justification for an ethical theory, and if the art of navigation is out of all relation to morals a sea-captain would be as reassuring a companion as the Hyrcanian tiger. But it is important to realise that the ideas for which Machiavelli stands are never out of date, that we are certain to find them popular again and that the work of scholars like Father Leslie Walker is very relevant to the problems of our own time.

DENIS O'KEEFFE

STUDIES IN BIOGRAPHY

NEWMAN AT OXFORD. His Religious Development. By R. D. Middleton, M.A. Oxford University Press. 1950. Pp. viii, 284. 21s.

MR. MIDDLETON'S new study of Newman deals with his life up to his reception into the Catholic Church in 1845. As the sub-title indicates, it is concerned solely with his religious development, and thus covers a narrower field than Maisie Ward's *Young Mr. Newman*, with which it obviously invites comparison. The Preface states that the work " lays no claim to originality or distinction ". This modest disclaimer cannot be accepted without considerable reserve. *Newman at Oxford* is certainly a distinguished book, written with ease and grace, and marked by that engaging love of his subject and that large charity which characterised the author's recent account of Newman and his one-time fellow-worker in the Anglican ministry, J. R. Bloxam.

The absence of originality may, to some extent, be admitted. It is, however, no reproach, but rather a tribute to Mr. Middleton's soundness of judgment, to say that he throws no very revealing light on the long progress of Newman from Anglicanism to Catholicism. That progress has been recorded in Newman's own works and correspondence at such length, and with such honesty and ability, that any writer claiming to give a novel interpretation of it must necessarily be suspect of straining the facts to fit some preconceived notion. The part which Mr. Middleton modestly assumes may be compared to that of a very well-informed and enthusiastic guide in a great cathedral, who is able to recall aptly the historical facts which its monuments commemorate, and to draw skilful attention to the peculiar features and beauties of its construction.

Thus the main narrative of the book follows the familiar lines. There is the young undergraduate with his early conviction that the Church must be a visible body with a definite body of dogma. Under the influence of Keble and Hurrell Froude, he is drawn towards the High Anglican position, but realises that, to combat Erastianism from without and Liberalism from within, there must be some absolute norm of orthodoxy. This he finds in the teachings of the great Anglican divines of the 17th century, who claimed to hold the faith of the universal Church before the schism of East and West, free from Roman accretions or Protestant mutilations. The difficulty, however, is to reconcile this " Via Media " with the actual teachings of the Anglican Church, and his efforts to do so, notably in Tract Ninety, are rejected by the large majority of that Church. Shaken by this, he asks himself whether it could be possible that it is the Roman Church which, in spite of apparent differences, is identical with the Church of antiquity, and his study of the theory of development of doctrine completes his conviction that this is so.

Nor, in the main, does Mr. Middleton draw on unfamiliar sources for his study. The bulk of the quotations which he utilises are from Newman's published writings, or from such well-known works as Anne Mozley's *Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman* and the *Correspondence of John Henry Newman with John Keble*

and Others. His selections, however, are very judiciously made, and he has supplemented them by reference to a considerable body of unpublished material contained in the archives of Trinity, Magdalen and Oriel Colleges, and of the Oratory, Birmingham, for the last of which he gracefully acknowledges his indebtedness to that doyen of Newman experts, Father Henry Tristram.

The main virtues of Mr. Middleton's work are that it provides the reader with a sure guide through the mass of autobiographical material left by Newman, and that it emphasises minor, but significant facts hitherto passed over, and corrects not a few erroneous beliefs. Thus, for instance, it was from Newman's reading of certain Anglican divines, and not from his mother, that he derived his early Calvinistic leanings. It was, paradoxically enough, from such an advanced Liberal as Whately that he first learned to think of the Church as " an organized society endowed with spiritual powers and founded by our Lord ". The mere accident that Keble was not resident in Oxford in 1833 played a considerable part in thrusting on Newman the leadership of the Tractarian Movement. Golightly, the prime mover in the condemnation of Tract Ninety, was mainly moved to his momentous activity by a personal grudge against Newman, who had dismissed him from a curacy. Newman's often expressed view that the bishops' opposition to Anglican practice was the first cause of the undermining of his faith in the " Via Media " is confirmed by a hitherto unpublished letter, in which he records the embarrassment of a bishop asked by a young clergyman to give him his blessing. Though it has no bearing on the main theme of the book, it is interesting to learn that, in his old age, Newman confessed that he would not like to give an explanation of some of the lines in *Lead, Kindly Light*, an avowal which will console some of the greatest lovers of that poem. And ardent Newmanists, who have been confused by the information given by well-intentioned scouts at Trinity College, will be grateful for the authoritative note on p. 24 as to the exact location of Newman's rooms.

One of the appendices, " An Echo of Tract Ninety ", summarises a correspondence between Newman, Pusey and Hawkins in 1864-66, which is preserved in Oriel College and has hitherto been unpublished. The question under discussion was whether, on the occasion of the condemnation of Tract Ninety by the Hebdomadal Board, Newman had asked for a short period of grace in which to explain his position and had been refused. The curious thing was that the two persons most intimately concerned, Newman and Hawkins, had completely forgotten the incident, which undoubtedly took place—a disquieting comment on the reliability of the reminiscences of the elderly.

FERGAL MCGRATH

EDMUND BURKE: SIX ESSAYS. By Thomas W. Copeland. London: Jonathan Cape. 1950. 18s.

THOSE who would claim no more than a gentleman's acquaintance with, or interest in, Edmund Burke should not be misled by the title of this book. It makes no attempt to give us a new interpretation of his writings, or a new estimate of his standing as a political philosopher. Indirectly, it throws fresh light upon certain aspects of Burke's personality; but generally, and in intention, it is a scholar's book, concerned primarily with some half a dozen of the problems for investigation which Burke's career has set us. Professor Copeland's solutions to these problems are of much interest in themselves, but none of the questions which he sets himself to answer seems to be of really first importance. One can scarcely claim more for the essays than that they are the sort of groundwork which precedes a new, if limited, advance in interpretation. Indeed, Professor Copeland claims no more than this himself. He has found that historians are vague or silent upon many of Burke's activities, and that a certain air of mystery has hung about him since his

death ; and it is this *fact* of obscurity which he hopes to publicize. The essays are mere ' sample ' investigations, artificially isolated from the other mysteries for this particular purpose, and the introduction is devoted to the question of why such a general uncertainty should ever have arisen. Professor Copeland finds two answers to his question : one, that, by an unfortunate chain of accidents, Burke's papers have remained in private hands until a short time ago ; the other, that Burke himself deliberately concealed from his contemporaries many aspects of his personal, and even of his public, life.

The second of these answers, Burke's ' policy ' of concealment, forms the subject of the most generally interesting of the essays. That Burke had such a ' policy ' seems reasonably certain ; at an early stage in his career, he told his quaker friend, Shackleton, that ' the more circumstance of all these [details of one's private life] that are brought out, the more materials are furnished for malice to upon ', and this distrust of others is clearly reflected in much of his subsequent behaviour. Professor Copeland makes no attempt to track down the distrust to a particular cause ; he does not consider, for example, whether it might not be regarded as a racial idiosyncrasy, or as the product of Burke's ambiguous social standing. He is concerned rather with its effect upon Burke's career, and is, therefore, led in this essay into comparatively general considerations : the respective strengths and weaknesses of Burke's political situation ; the degree to which his promotion was retarded by his quasi-tribal loyalty to the other members of his family ; the weakening in his parliamentary position which the death of Rockingham brought about ; the growing hostility towards him, within the commons, during his later, and more intense, appearances ; and so on. And the only other essay which Professor Copeland classifies as ' interrogatory ', *Boswell's portrait of Burke*, is similarly ' broad ' in scope. It may set out to discover why Boswell, in his *Life of Johnson*, played down Burke's part in the Johnsonian conversations, or why Burke was so frequently disguised as ' an eminent friend ' or ' an eminent public character '. But it very soon debauches into an analysis of Boswell's personal relations with Burke and other more general matters.

The last four essays, the ' representative mysteries ' proper, (as the introduction calls them), deal in turn with the question of Burke's editorship of the *Annual Register* ; with the authorship of the *Register's* book reviews down to 1790 ; with Burke's relations with Thomas Paine ; and with the respective identities of the ' young gentleman ' to whom the *Reflections* are addressed, of the member of the National Assembly referred to in the *Letter*, and of the first French translator of the *Reflections*. These essays are at once painstaking and imaginative, but Professor Copeland's solutions to the rather esoteric problems which they raise are not invariably convincing. It is true that he brings much scholarship, ingenuity and honesty to bear upon them, and that he hedges his conclusions with due academic reservations. But even the layman is left with the impression that he does not avoid entirely what someone has called ' the faults of Higher Criticism and the Ph. D.'. Occasionally, he sees difficulties which may not be there ; occasionally, he appears to ignore very ordinary and plausible explanations of his ' mysteries '. Boswell's playing down of Burke, for instance, might easily be accounted for, (if, indeed, it needs to be accounted for at all), as the consequence of Burke's probable pressure upon Boswell to suppress the references to himself, and Boswell's known desire to ingratiate himself with Burke : both of which points Professor Copeland himself satisfactorily establishes. Nor does he always call upon the witnesses who might prove hostile to himself. In the essay on the *Register's* reviews, for instance, he adduces only the evidence which supports Burke's authorship of them, and does not consider the evidence which might support their authorship by any of Burke's editorial assistants, although elsewhere he makes much of their ability

to imitate Burke, and to work upon the lines he has set out. But these are relatively minor points, and to labour them further would be to misrepresent seriously the value of this book. Professor Copeland's initial aims may be modest, but his industry, scholarship and imagination bring him far beyond them. As a representative and pioneering work, this collection of essays must be regarded as a very valuable addition to serious Burke studies.

OLIVER MAC DONAGH

FATHER STEUART: A Study of His Life and Teaching. By Katharine Kendall. London: Burns Oates. 1950. Pp. 270. 15s.

MISS KATHARINE KENDALL, the violinist, was a close personal friend of the late Father Robert Steuart, S.J., and she has written a sympathetic and conscientious biography of the distinguished Jesuit. She gives us all the significant facts of his life, well-documented and in perfect order, and very strange and interesting facts some of them are. By his ancient lineage Father Steuart came of the royal House of Stuart, and there were all the traditional Scotch ghosts and hauntings at Ballechin, the beautiful family home in Perthshire.

He was the third son in a spirited family of six sons and two daughters, so that one would think that there was hardly room for the preternatural at Ballechin: but it seems that the ghosts were able to keep their end up with considerable aplomb. There was an outsize black dog which used to appear at intervals; the shade of an old priest was sometimes seen; and a mysterious woman in white would appear weeping in one of the bedrooms. Poltergeists rapped on the furniture, and at least one guest left the house, shattered, after a terrible night in 'the haunted room'. But however lively the preternatural at Ballechin, it was the Supernatural which really mattered. The Catholic faith had come back to the family through Father Steuart's grandmother, and his own mother, *nee* Miss Caroline de Hochepied Larpent, was also a very devout convert.

Miss Kendall writes:

> "Her children speak of her with loving reticence; one feels she was the gentle quiet force, guiding her husband and her high-spirited family. She had a marked literary bent and loved reading. Above all, she was deeply religious, a great lover of God, and it was the aim of her life to instil this love into her children."

How far she succeeded in this noble aim is particularly shown in the lives of three of her children: her daughter Vera became a Carmelite, and her youngest son a Benedictine; and as a Jesuit, Robert was to become famous as a guide and helper of souls.

Robert Steuart's first strong inclination in life was towards the sea. With all the hidden poetry of his soul he felt that the sea was a mysterious image of the Infinite. He was only baulked from joining the Navy by a minor ailment of no importance. He felt deeply the injustice and absurdity of such a disappointment, and there followed several years of frustration and suffering. He took it stoically, without rancour or complaint, seeking the one outlet of his type: ragging and wild living. He joined the Army instead of the Navy, and ragged his way through Woolwich, but with considerable distinction in mathematics.

Miss Kendall relates a wonderful supernatural incident at this juncture: he was driving in a hansom to a rendezvous where a dangerous man of bad influence was waiting for him. The cab was held up in Piccadilly, and a completely unknown young man, whom he had never seen before, put his foot on the step of the hansom and said three words very distinctly: "Don't go there." The young man disappeared immediately afterwards in the crowds. Robert was so impressed that he told the driver to turn round and drive away from the assignation.

"The Angels keep their ancient places." And it seems that Robert Steuart was driving away from possible damnation to eventual sainthood, because soon

after he disappeared into the Jesuit noviciate at Manresa. Through the long years of his training his soul appears only in flashes, chiefly in the letters he wrote to the mother and sister he loved so well. There is a feeling of slow but certain progress as his powerful soul was shaped and directed for his ministry. The reader has a sense of watching from far off a man climbing a mountain—now hidden, now in sight again, but always ascending. And a great mountain-guide of the spirit he was to become, knowledgeable in all the paths of prayer: a leader of the timid over the grass slopes to the harsh rock, and up the rock to the eternal snows.

Father Steuart's style in writing was perhaps a trifle too formal. It was in the spoken word that he excelled. His innumerable retreats were never forgotten by those who heard them. His royal blood appeared in his powers of giving. He gave spiritual help to others with reckless generosity, from the depth of his soul; gave with understanding, with commonsense, with tact. His perfect manners were a great factor in his influence. When that delightful period hansom turned about in Piccadilly, the fate of hundreds of souls was in the balance: perhaps thousands. To read his biography is to feel very grateful to the authoress for this remarkable portrait of a singular and noble spirit, one of the great priests of our time.

ELIZABETH BELLOC

STUDIES IN LITERATURE

THE AGE OF JOHNSON. Essays Presented to Chauncey Brewster Tinker. New Haven: Yale University Press. London: Geoffrey Cumberlege. 1949. 30s.

A BOOK which recognises the diversity and the interest of the eighteenth century must be of value. This volume, a tribute to Professor Tinker of Yale University, was offered on his retirement by former students who are inspired by his enthusiasm and who have had the privilege of working under a specialist in English literature of the eighteenth century. *The Age of Johnson* consists of thirty-six essays which range over the philosophers, historians, critics, biographers, novelists, poets, letter-writers and conversationalists of the period. Naturally in a book which contains contributions from so many hands, the standard of scholarship and of writing is uneven. The essays are classified under four headings: *The Club; The Novelists; The Poets; Other Aspects of the Age.*

Perhaps the best essay in this book is that of Bertrand Bronson on Thomas Chatterton. This excellent essay (which alone redeems a poor section on poetry) is worth a wilderness of monkeys. It is a fine piece of scholarship, written with insight, sensitiveness and balance. In his true conception of medievalism, in his recreation of the literary and social background of Chatterton's period, in his humane and yet critical treatment of Chatterton and his work, Mr. Bronson achieves a memorable revaluation.

Mr. Lewis P. Curtin's essay on 'Gibbon's Lost Paradise' shows far-ranging and acute judgment; and it is written in a lucid and temperate style. There is a sound and very interesting essay by Thomas W. Copeland on 'Boswell's Portrait of Burke'. Irving L. Churchill's 'Thomas Percy' is careful and scholarly. One might perhaps ask, if Percy 'regarded folk ballads as trivial compositions hardly worth the attention of a serious scholar', why he collected them at all. Benjamin Nangle, when considering Dr. Burney's *History of Music,* makes the following statement: 'Only when the author is maintaining some fantastically untenable theory, such as the antiquity of Welsh or Irish music, does the reviewer (Dr. Burney) become derisive or sarcastic'. It is difficult to judge whether or not Mr. Nangle subscribes to the notion that the antiquity of Welsh or of Irish music is fantastically untenable. Let us give him the benefit of the doubt.

The essays already mentioned occur, with one exception, in the first section of the book. To find anything of equal value, we must turn to the last section—i.e.

Other Aspects of the Age. Here we find a charming and sensitive essay on Gilbert White by Lansing V. Hammond. This writer says : ' Not until one pauses to reflect does one realise that it is not so much the intrinsic merit of the things described as Gilbert White's transmutation of them that brings us pleasure '. And again : ' Who, having read it, can ever forget the description of a yellow willow-wren that " haunts only the tops of trees in high beechen woods and makes a sibilous grasshopper-like noise, now and then, at short intervals, shivering a little with its wings when it sings " '. Vividness of perception, tenderness and humour give individuality to Mr. Hammond's writing. There is this gem of Johnsonian nature lore : " Swallows certainly sleep all winter ", Dr. Johnson told Boswell. " A number of them conglobulate together, by flying round and round, and then all in a heap throw themselves under water, and lye in the bed of a river " '. The other essays in this section are interesting, notably ' Horace Walpole and two Frenchwomen ' (Warren Hunting Smith), ' Barretti's Reputation in England ' (Donald C. Gallup), ' William Hogarth : the Golden Mean ' (Robert E. Moore), ' The Smiths of Chichester ' (Elizabeth W. Manwaring), ' Music in Johnson's London ' (Bruce Simonds), ' New styles in typography ' (Allen Hazen).

The middle sections of this book—*The Novelists and the Poets*—are largely unsatisfactory. These essays fall short for various reasons : firstly, because the writers tend to consider the eighteenth century as a self-contained strip torn from English literature. They are interested in counting the threads which are interwoven in this fragment of literary period, but they generally ignore that literature grows out of the past and into the future. To use another image, let us suggest that the literary critic cannot be the Robinson Crusoe of a small island—his chosen theme. There are no islands in literature. One misses also in certain of these essays not merely historical perspective, but that literary taste, that critical acumen which would have guarded against major errors. Let us mention a few of the objections which might be raised. In view of the gradual development of the novel during the preceding centuries, how can one agree with Miss Irma Sherwood that the creation of the novel was the enduring work of the eighteenth century ? In her otherwise useful essay on ' The Novelists as Commentators ' Miss Sherwood neither looks before or after. It might have been interesting to comment briefly on the continuance in Victorian novels of the habit of interpolating and moralising.

With the views of Mr. William M. Sale, Junior (' From Pamela to Clarissa ') it is difficult to agree. In choosing the theme of libertine lord and innocent maid of lowly origin, Richardson was not actuated by a social theory. Mr. Sale would have us believe that Richardson's choice of theme was ' an index of his need to make common cause with a superior social class. This need of the author is no more apparent in Richardson than it is in Shakespeare or James '. To support these surprising statements, the essayist offers this overwhelming remark : ' As Tucker Brooke said of *Lear*, Shakespeare's characters in that play are those whom he only could have understood " from sympathetic consideration of the life before his windows and which few have been able to reproduce save by means of the closest transcription ". Brooke shrewdly observes that Lear and his daughters are essentially bourgeois types. So are the Harlowes '. Reading on, we find that Pamela is ' the embryonic new woman '. Why not assert that Chaucer was *tendenz* in his picture of the patient Griselda ? In the fabrication of sensational meanings, Mr. Sale is untiring. Would that he had given us a few words as to the real value of Richardson's novels.

Mr. James A. Work's essay on Fielding's conception of the Deity need not detain us, except to ask whether it is true that Fielding had to choose ' between being a hackney writer or a hackney coachman ' ? Mr. Lewis M. Knapp's ' Smollett's Self-Portrait . . .' is concerned with biographical minutiae by which it is intended to identify Smollett with Bramble and to show that various other characters in *Humphrey Clinker* voice Smollett's point of view. The essay on Sterne by Rufus D. S. Putney barely touches the question of sensibility in the eighteenth century and certainly

overlooks the originality of *Tristram Shandy*. Might it not have been cogent to suggest that this novel—with its maze of tangents and arabesques—has affinities with modern developments in fiction, which include stream-of-consciousness? Might it not have been useful also to mention that Sterne was Irish and to consider whether, in his structure and technique, there is any point of comparison with James Joyce? Mr. William Ruff has nothing to say as to the true import of sensibility in the Gothic novel. Of Gothicism and its influence on the Romantic Revival, of the effect on Byron and Shelley of Ann Radcliffe's writing, there is not a word. There is no conception of the growth of the Gothic genre. On p. 190 we find: 'Even if she wrote Gothic romances, the Gothic trimmings interested her less than the moral principles she taught; she wanted to write in the grand tradition of eighteenth century letters and to be a moralist. The novel of taste, then, is Ann Radcliffe's contribution to English literature'. Such assertions must deprive of breath anyone who has studied the Gothic novel. But what are we to say when the essayist links Jane Austen and Ann Radcliffe because 'Jane Austen was a lady of taste too'. Has Mr. Ruff considered Jane Austen's attitude to sensibility? But the proofs of the link between Jane Austen and Ann Radcliffe we leave to the reader. They occur on p. 192.

We pass to the section on poets. In Margery Bailey's essay on Young, the consideration of Young as a poet *per se* never arises. His poetry is considered to show that Young had 'a stature beyond that of the mere moralist'. As a moralist Young is, in fact, excessively boring, as one may observe in his poem 'The Last Day'. Miss Bailey, however, believes that 'The Last Day' 'is more than a justification of the ways of God to man.' Opinion has never been divided as to the absurdity of Young's plays. Fielding's *Tom Thumb* amusingly burlesqued the rant and bombast of Young's *Busiris*. Of the main characters in *Busiris*, Miss Bailey says: 'Beside these self-lacerated giants the titans of Marlowe seem boyish". As to Young's ability as a playwright, we have also her statement: '[Young's] masters were Shakespeare, Corneille and Otway, and his dialogue has a tensity of emotion which does them credit'.

Mr. Ralph Williams offers an essay on Thomson and Dyer. It is difficult to see how Mr. Williams could prove that Thomson owed his interest in landscape to Dyer. It is even more difficult to see how he avoided mentioning the influence of Milton on both. Since Mr. Williams states the dictum of Jonathan Richardson that a painter must 'have the talents requisite to a good poet', one might have hoped that he would have glanced forward towards the future development of the Pre-Raphaelite group.

Mr. Donald M. Foerster's essay on Gray must be unique in that it makes only the following reference to the 'Elegy'. In his final paragraph he says of Gray's poems: 'Some, like "The Bards", are favourites of literary people; others, like the churchyard elegy, are admired even by those who can barely read'. Perhaps it is for this reason that Mr. Foerster concentrates his attention on 'The Bard'. One may certainly question that 'Gray's study of history was of immense value in the writing of "The Bard", and there is room to wonder whether Mr. Foerster might not have linked Gray's interest in remote history and mythology with a general tendency which was observable during the eighteenth century and which contributed to the Romantic Revival.

In a volume which evidently aimed at giving a representative picture of the Johnsonian period, it seems a pity that a general estimate of the drama is omitted. Sheridan might perhaps have been worth mentioning. Arthur Murphy is surely well known to American scholars, since Professor Emery and Mr. Howard Dunbar have already made him the subject of their researches. Goldsmith, in this memorial volume, is merely impaled on the pen of Mr. Edward L. McAdam as a subject for dissection of character. One could also have wished that that great Shakespearean scholar, the Irishman Malone, was accorded a place in *The Age of Johnson*.

B. G. MACCARTHY

Theatre in Goethe's Germany

THEATRE, DRAMA AND AUDIENCE IN GOETHE'S GERMANY. By W. H. Bruford, M.A. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 21s.

This admirable book of nearly 400 pages is a feat of scholarship, a triumph of mind over matter. And what matter! The bibliography alone, which is excellent and of excellent use to the student—of literature and of history—covers ten pages and is ordered in reference to the eleven chapters into which the treatment falls. Sound organisation of masses of material, clarification and condensation of detail and deft sprightly narrative of persons and events make for easy walking in a field where, despite the magic exercised by the overarching rainbow of the stage world, tough going might well have been expected.

This facet of life and art in Goethe's Germany is the second broad furrow which Professor Bruford has ploughed in a field that, in the last twenty years, he has made peculiarly his own. It is what he himself, in his recent book: *Chekhov And His Russia* calls sociological study. Indeed, in the course of the book, he more than once invokes and evokes that great liberal sociologist, philosopher and theologian, the late Professor Troeltsch of Heidelberg with whom I feel I have a nodding acquaintance through his one-time student and sometime editor, Gertrud von Le Fort whom I regard as one of the outstanding figures in recent and present day Germany—as novelist and as poet. In older fashioned terms of division in the much compartmented domain of literary history, such contributions as Professor Bruford's would have been called *Realstudien*. They are, in modern speech, documentaries, representing, in the world of the arts, a *constant*, the factual and historical, the actual and concrete as opposed to a *variable*, the more abstract and elusive, subjective and personal in the art product as expression of an individual, imaginative mood and vision. They are, perhaps, *representational* as against *surrealistic* treatment of the phenomena.

Though the range of this work seems limited in comparison with Professor Bruford's first contribution to this field, *Germany in the Eighteenth Century* (1935) and though the author tries to limit it still further by making his Age of Goethe end with Schiller's death in 1805, it still remains overwide. Not only plays of abiding value are dealt with, but many others, translations or adaptations, often by the actors themselves, which throw light on the taste of the time or which once afforded great actors the opportunity which more significant poetry denied them. Even if Professor Bruford cuts twenty five years off Goethe's Age, he begins his detailed study with Gottsched and so we have well over half a century left in which to follow what is his main theme—the evolution of *the regular theatre* with all the controversial figures and the contending theories associated with it—as well as to trace the varying forms and fortunes of the Stage in the several states, republican and monarchical, of Pre-Napoleonic Germany.

Each of these states or statelets felt it to be a matter of personal prestige to hold its Revels according to its own tenets. I use the word advisedly for, as Professor Bruford more than once emphasises, the Age of Enlightment was, in Protestant Germany, as, indeed, else where also, an age of secularisation. Religion, except as a State Service, had ceased to exist. Dogma and metaphysics were a theological backwater, not always indeed peaceful. Ethics survived but diverted into the secular channels of the Humanities, Self-Culture, *Bildung*. Of Ethics, in theory (for theory is allpervading in Germany) and in practice, and strained through the fine sieve of the Humane, Drama and Stage were destined to become in the age of Lessing, Goethe and Schiller, a powerful vehicle. Even though it may be significant of Goethe's distaste for moral theory in art form that it is Wagner who says to Faust:

Ich hab' es öfters rühmen hören
Ein Komödiant könnt einen Pfarrer lehren

and it is Faust who gives the non-committal answer:

Ja, wenn der Komödiant ein Pfarrer ist
Wie das denn wohl zu Zeiten kommen mag

the idea of the actor as preacher is the classical form of Lessing's apology to his distressed parents for deserting The Church for The Stage. In any event, Lessing and Schiller may well be the most illustrious but they are, as Prof. Bruford shows in a long list of significant names, by no means the only examples of would-be theologians or ex-theologians turned playwrights, men of letters, actors and men of the theatre, busied not only with the practice but with the theory of their art and minded to impress upon ruler and subject alike the moral and cultural values of The Stage. Its symbolic character had long since been attested by a greater than any of these, one speaking with the authority of genius for Mr. Everyman: *All the world's a stage.*

Culture, as the theory and practice of right living and as secularisation of a religious ideal, is one of the recurring themes in this book. As the author shows it working itself out in the arts and sciences to the enrichment of the private and the impoverishment of the public life of the individual, it seems to him dangerous—the clue perhaps to some of the phenomena that confronted and confounded the friends of Germany in the world of yesterday. As for the world of to-day who can now say what or where Germany is? She can scarcely be said to be freer in the ordering of her life than she was in the Age of Goethe. Her present experiences will hardly help her to evolve a synthesis of Thought and Will, of Art and Life. Nor is she likely, I imagine, to find in the theatre today that sense of a community of spirit and of cooperative effort as between actor, audience and author which was, according to Hermann Bahr, of the very essence of Barock drama.

Barock drama was, perhaps still is, a creation of the Bavarian Austrian world which unfortunately, despite some treatment, lay apparently outside Professor Bruford's otherwise heavily overtaxed plan. He quotes Grillparzer (on the German Mind, dramatic or otherwise) with respect and with a certain amount of caution. I read his creative work always with a sense of enchantment and everything he wrote, critical or creative, with a satisfying sense of nearness. One of the books I possess since 1924 when I was in Vienna for a long spell of opera and drama and play is a volume of the series *Theater und Kultur* under the general editorship of Hermann Bahr and Hugo von Hofmannsthal. It is on Raimund and has a critique by Grillparzer from the year 1837 (on Raimund's *Der Menschenfeind und der Alpenkönig*), which is full of good things on the *Volkstheater* over against the *Bildungs, drama* or *Wortdrama*. I should like to quote a few sentences (in translation):

(*a*) *We must not forget how much easier is the task of the author who can say or do what he likes over against those respectable workers who must constantly keep before their eyes the claims of Culture and of advanced consciousness.*

(*b*) *All things considered, Austria is to be congratulated that the sound common sense of the nation allows it to bring plays of such natural charm into production. It takes nothing from Raimund's great talent when we maintain that the public is as much the author of the play as the poet himself. His half unconscious gift had its roots in the mass mind and if the foolish zeal of well meaning friends had not uprooted him from his mother earth, we should still have what we once had and what all Germany lacks: a genuinely popular theatre in the best sense of the word.*

Did Goethe sense this vision in Grillparzer when he perhaps thought to "retain" him for Weimar and was Goethe, in the period of Faust II, the Barock poet in late germination? Will Professor Bruford extend his labours some day to include the nineteenth century and Austria? I recommend his book to all students and especially to the many young enthusiasts for Drama and Theatre. They should take heart at this record of fifty years' progress from *Barnstorming* to *National Theatre Playing* even though they do not need to accept all the implications of the progress and are minded to weigh the loss against the gain.

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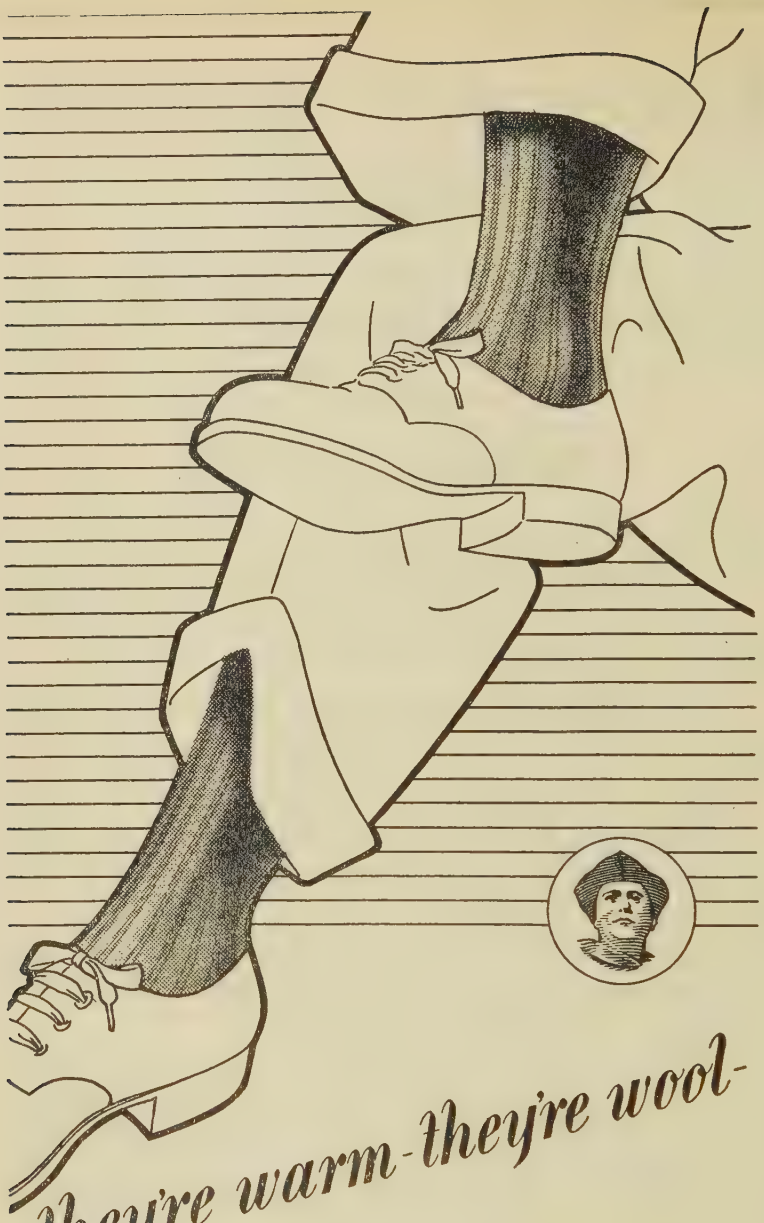

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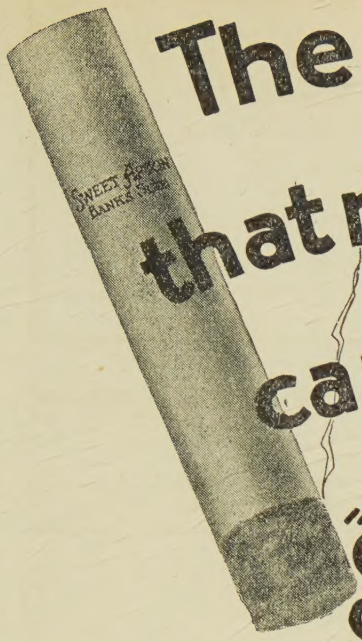

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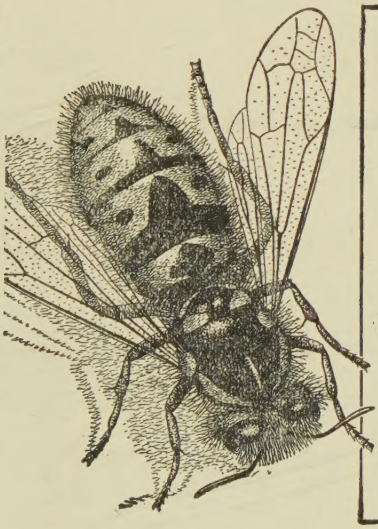

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